Mar. 8, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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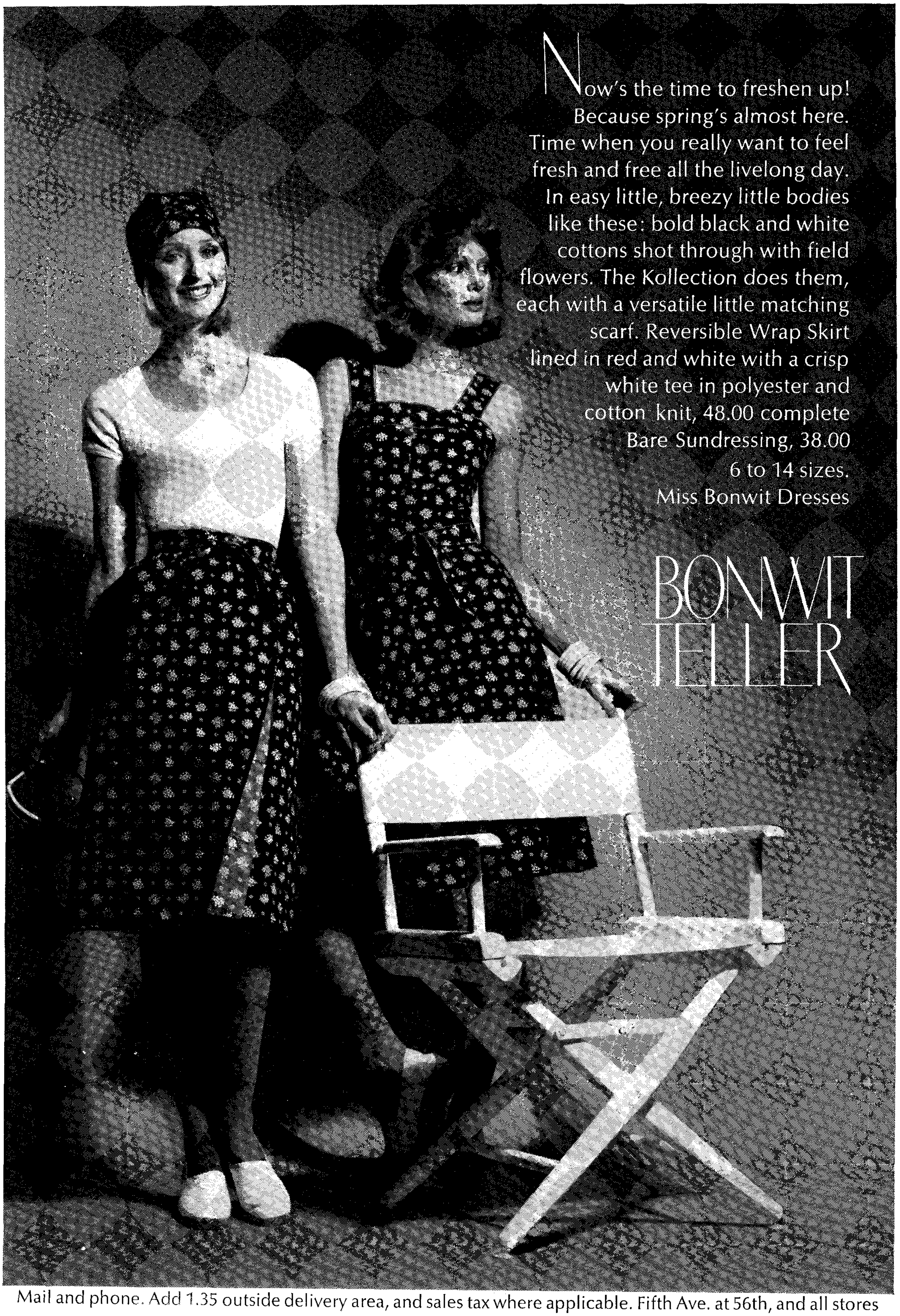

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Apple Pie—This work is billed as an opera, but Myrna Lamb's libretto is so much more obtrusive than Nicholas Meyers' score (appropriate though it is) that the show is more properly described as a musical play. It tells the story of an oppressed young woman, and although it often seems disjointed and muddled, and somehow out of date in point of view, it has its moments. Stephanie Cotsirilos does well as the heroine, and so do Lee Allen and Lucille Patton in other roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Boss—A revival of Edward Sheldon's 1911 melodrama. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, March 10, at 2. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A musical with a book by Loften Mitchell, with music by Eubie Blake, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Andy Razaf, Cab Calloway, Earl Hines, W. C. Handy, and others. Avon Long, Josephine Premice, Vivian Reed, and Joseph Attles head a cast directed by Robert M. Cooper. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Eden—A play by Steve Carter, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Opens Wednesday, March 3. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **MAGGIE FLYNN** will be the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, March 3. Opens officially on Thursday, March 4, and will run through Sunday, March 21. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Greatest Man on Earth—A play by Val Coleman. Opens Friday, March 5, and will run through Sunday, March 14. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, March 11, at 7:30. Free.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Matter of Gravity—Katharine Hepburn in joyous eruption as an elderly English widow with a splendid country house, a rather dim Oxford grandson, and the prospect of a half-black granddaughter-in-law eager to become "county." The play is by Enid Bagnold. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, March 8, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Lynn Redgrave is brilliant in this amiable revival of one of Shaw's earliest plays. Also on hand are Philip Bosco, Ruth Gordon, Ron Randell, Edward Herrmann, and Milo O'Shea. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 3, at 2:30.)

The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated—**ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, March 3, at 2; Friday, March 5, as well as Monday, March 8, and Wednesday, March 10, at 8; and Saturday, March 13, at 2. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, March 3, at 8; Saturday, March 6, at 2; and Tuesday, March 9, as well as Thursday, March 11, and Saturday, March 13, at 8. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Thursday, March 4, and Saturday, March 6, at 8; Wednesday, March 10, at 2; and Friday, March 12, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical curiosity, based on Commodore Perry's bullying visit to Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, and direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—A five-play repertory that will run for several months. Tennessee Williams'

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON and Arthur Miller's **A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS**, a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown: Wednesday, March 3, at 2 and 8, and Saturday, March 6, at 8. Thereafter, nightly, except Mondays, at 8, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Sidney Howard's **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**, directed by Stephen Porter: Thursday and Friday, March 4-5, at 8; final performance Saturday, March 6, at 2. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

THE PRIMARY ENGLISH CLASS—A one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

RICH AND FAMOUS—John Guare's imaginative and very funny fantasy about—of all things—a failed playwright. William Atherton is excellent as the hero, and he is well attended by Anita Gillette and Ron Leibman as all the other characters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 7.)

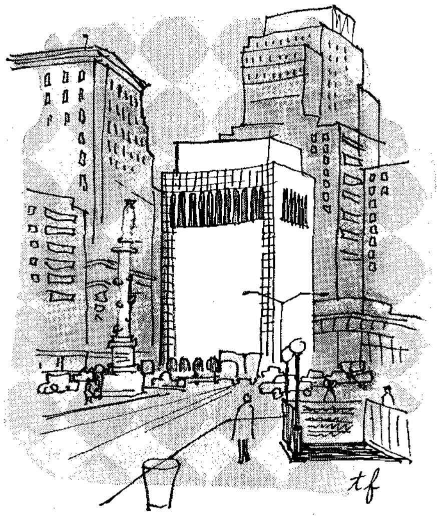
TRAVESTIES—A comedy by Tom Stoppard that ingeniously mingles history with outrageous make-believe. John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) is the spectacular star. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

VERY GOOD EDDIE—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YENTL—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 6.) . . . **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** *A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett.* Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Richard Burton, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,601 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** *A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all.* (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Harney, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY—A benefit performance of scenes from past Circle in the Square productions, performed by the original stars. Among those taking part will be George C. Scott, Theresa Merritt, Robert Klein, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Raul Julia, Anne Jackson, Eli Wallach, Maureen Stapleton, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. Monday, March 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-3270.)

DANCE

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Wednesday, March 3, at 8; Saturday, March 6, at 2; and Sunday, March 7, at 7:30: "Concerto," "Carmen," and "Rhythmetron." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 4-5, at 8; Saturday, March 6, at 8; and Sunday, March 7, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Bugaku," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux" (company première), and "Forces of Rhythm." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9-10, at 8, and Saturday, March 13, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Caravansarai," "Agon," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 11-12, and Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Design for Strings," "The Beloved," "Every Now and Then," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Rhythmetron." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, March 28.)

DANCE UMBRELLA AT ROUNDABOUT STAGE ONE—Final performances of a four-week season by seven contemporary dance companies. **KAZUKO HIRABAYASHI:** Wednesday evening, March 3, Saturday evening, March 6, and Sunday matinée, March 7. . . . **MARGARET BEALS & IMPULSES COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, March 4-5, and Sunday evening, March 7. . . . **DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS:** Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 9-10; Saturday evening, March 13; and Sunday matinée, March 14. . . . **FIVE BY TWO DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, March 11-12, and Sunday evening, March 14. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through Sunday, April 11—Wednesday, March 10, at 7:30: An unnamed ballet (première), "Fanfarita," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: The new ballet, "Viva Vivaldi!," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Secret Places," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—A six-member troupe in a program of contemporary dance that consists of "Ciona," "Pseudopodia," "Walklyndon," "Ocellus," and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 5, at 7:30; Saturday, March 6, at 8; and Sunday, March 7, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—In May of 1935, **DOLLY DAWN**, aged an extraordinary thirteen, took over as the girl singer with George Hall and his orchestra at the Hotel Taft Grill, where she sang until 1941, when Hall's band, which had become Dolly Dawn and her Dawn Patrol, was broken up by the draft. During those years, Dolly Dawn logged well over a thousand

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hours on the radio, made countless records, had several hits, and became a famous girl singer. Then she went out as a single, with Hall as her manager, and after his death, in 1960, she retired. But now she is back, and in splendid form. Indeed, there is little in common beyond good musicianship between the old Dolly Dawn and the new one. Her voice has deepened and become firmer, she is more daring, her intonation is faultless, and she has set aside the fruity mannerisms that singers often indulged in in the thirties—the growls and yoo-hoo effects and tears-in-the-voice grace notes. She has become a first-rate singer—a jazz singer really—in whom one can still distantly hear her early models: Mildred Bailey, Connee Boswell, and Ella Fitzgerald, who, it is said, also used D.D. as *her* model. She is a matronly woman with wild red hair, a merry laugh, and marvellous laughing eyes, and in the course of an evening one is apt to hear from her bottomless supply of songs (she rarely has to refresh her memory when she sings a song she hasn't touched in thirty years) such numbers as "Out of Nowhere," "Old Folks," "Old Man Time" (a Jimmy Durante specialty, and a fine, jogging song), "Gee! How I Hate to Go Home Alone," "Feelings," "Don't Cry, Cry Baby," "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie" (a big Dolly Dawn-George Hall hit record), "Fly Me to the Moon," "Don't Worry About Me," and a wonderful soft-shoe version of "Music, Maestro, Please." Her rhythm numbers, as she calls her fast ones, hum, and her slow ballads have a nice stateliness, a nice sense of unused space. Marty Napoleon is on piano, and Bucky Calabrese on bass. . . . ¶ On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival—New York, loves New Concepts, and his newest is being tested at Storyville, which opened last week in a spacious, beamed, high-ceilinged basement across from the Plaza Theatre. To wit: the music in the club, which is named after the justly celebrated place that Wein ran in Boston between 1950 and 1960, will change from night to night. If the Basie band happens through town on a Tuesday, perhaps a contingent from the band will appear. The next night, Zoot Sims might show up with a sextet, and the night after maybe it will be Dick Sudhalter and the New California Ramblers, who will give way the following night to Dizzy Gillespie and/or Thelonious Monk. Even more important, musicians will be welcome to sit in. The club will not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing by calling the above number or by checking a blackboard inside the club's street door anytime after five. And the place is inexpensive. There is a two-fifty music charge and no minimum, and drinks will be under two dollars. The club, like gossip, will be hard to stay away from, for think who you might be missing tonight . . . Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

•

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Mary Travers, who's singing more pop than folk these days, winds up three nights here on Wednesday, March 3. Thursday through Sunday, March 4-7, Randy and Mike Brecker and their tighter-than-tight soul-jazz-R. & B.-rock band, known collectively as the Brecker Brothers, will offer up some of the best current Top Forty disco-style fodder. Monday and Tuesday, March 8-9, will be given over to one of the elders on the rock-and-roll circuit, fiddler Papa John Creach—he'll turn fifty-nine later this month—and his youthful acolytes. On Thursday, March 11, **MOSE ALLISON**, whose hair is now gray and frizzled, will let go with exuberant and altogether decent piano solos, which he often abruptly follows with placid, floating, lazybones vocals. **WILLIE DIXON**, composer, singer, bassist, and, word has it, perhaps the most sagacious mover and shaker on the Chicago-blues scene, will be sharing the four-night stand with Allison. Dixon, who is a large, hulking man—he physically resembles his acoustic bass—is a mild-mannered performer; he rests on a repertoire that comprises mostly his own compositions—influential urban-blues classics such as "Hootchie Cootchie Man," "Little Red Rooster," and "The Seventh Son." Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform barely—if at all—amplified duets in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **TOMMY FLANAGAN** is here through Saturday, March 6; **JIMMY ROWLES** will return after a week's absence on Monday, March 8; and the Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. He appears twice Tuesdays through Thursdays and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, currently in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, back-pedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weeknights from nine-fifteen.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is fleet and immaculate, but the same cannot be said of the house instrument. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, March 9, the colorful baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting most nights at five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Another Sunday (this one being March 7) has been set aside for soprano saxophonists **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER** and their quintet, Soprano Summit. They will begin at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, who at twenty-four knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. The trio is well worth your time, and so is a trio headed by **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists. The Haig trio—guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** round it out—works on Mondays and Tuesdays, beginning at nine-thirty. From five to nine on Sunday, March 7, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson will work with bassist Little and pianist Hod O'Brian.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**GERRY MULLIGAN**, who has always kept design and logic uppermost in his improvisations, is here until Saturday, March 6, with Tom Fay on piano, Dave Samuels on vibraphone, Frank Luther on bass, and Bill Goodwin on drums. On Monday, March 8, **BILLY TAYLOR TRIO** will arrive with bassist **LARRY RIDLEY** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS**. Two or three sets beginning at ten. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

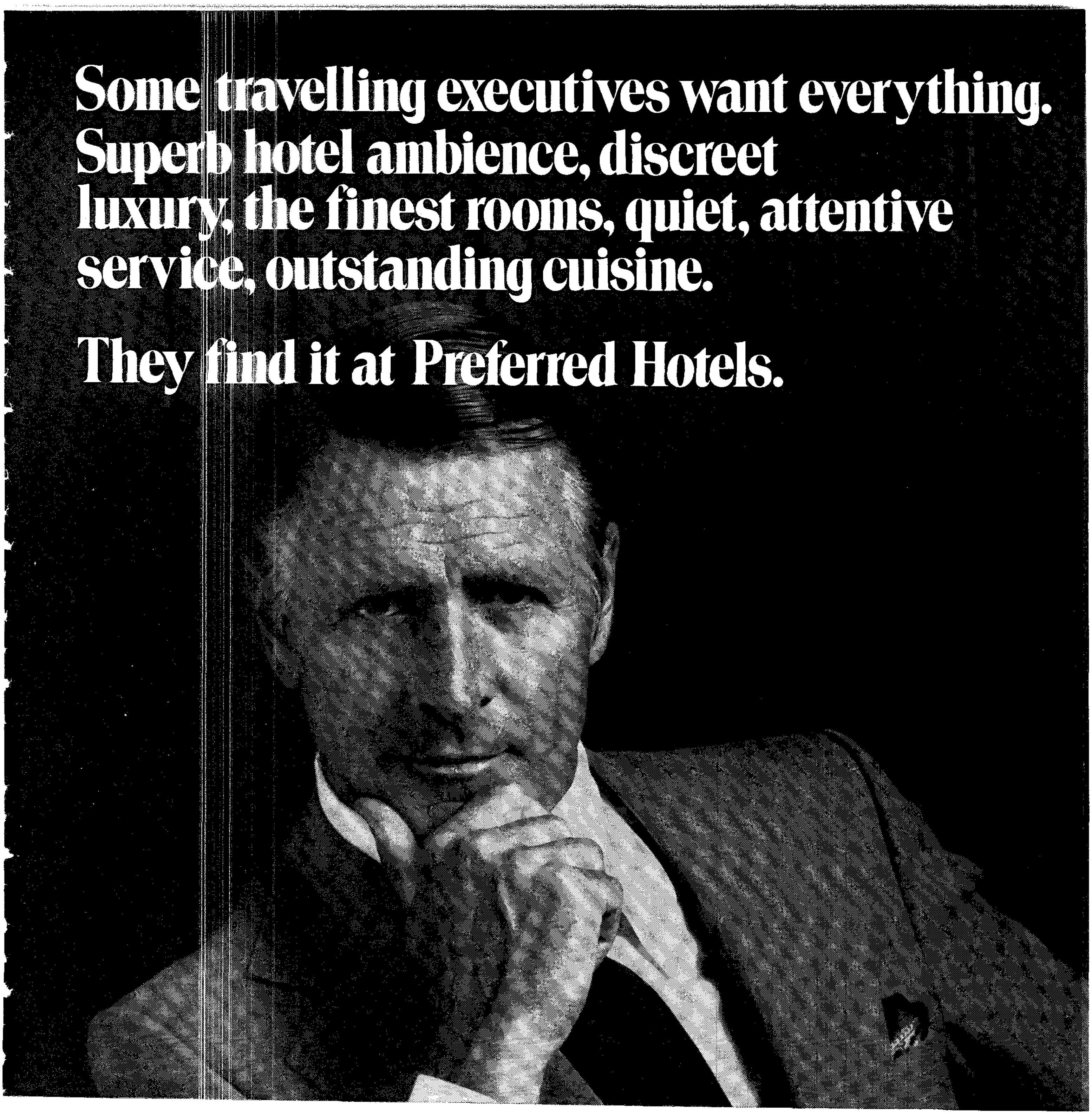
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** (piano, leader), **PEE WEE ERWIN** (trumpet), **BOB WILBER** (soprano saxophone, clarinet), **MILT HINTON** (bass), and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** (drums) have gathered together to play Scott Joplin, James P. Johnson, and Jelly Roll Morton, and it is an enlightening, and even exciting, event. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. . . . **HUBBELL PIERCE**, the singer and pianist, is here in the attractive Bird Cage after a long, long absence from the New York night scene. He has the insouciant, swinging approach that one associates with composer-singers like Matt Dennis and Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The wonderful rhythm-and-blues giants who have attracted so much attention here have left to tour with Joe Cocker for six weeks or so. (For the past week and a half, the place has seen shoulder-to-shoulder hordes of Westsiders, and even a few New Jerseyites, waiting for Cocker to take the stage and warm up with his band for the tour. Cocker, however, rarely moved from his corner table.) Now the canopied bandstand will be turned over to six weeks' worth of jazz-and-soul groups. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—David Sancious, an electronic-age keyboard wizard and ex-pianist for Bruce Springsteen, finishes up on Sunday, March 7. On Wednesday, March 10, Eric Weissberg and his bluegrass-reggae-rock band Deliverance return to this brick-backdropped stage. Weissberg, a Juilliard-schooled banjo technician, plays runs that sound as much like phrases from Bach partitas as they do Scruggs licks. The band begins its sets with gutless, uninspired, and technically disappointing bluegrass, but it sounds pretty fair by the end of a warmed-up forty-five minutes. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Le Petit Café, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES**, a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An attractive, easygoing haunt for belatedly decadent college freshmen, middle-aged couples from Roslyn, remnants of the neighborhood glitter element, and an occasional record-company representative. **ANITA O'DAY**, who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, is here with her refined and, sometimes, elusive musical insights Tuesdays through Sundays. Shows at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE**, who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings,



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Vancouver
GEORGIA HOTEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A clean-cut uptown bar with a shifting roster of small jazz groups that begin performing at nine-thirty. Guitarist Joe Puma is in charge of a sometimes sagging trio on Wednesdays. (Puma comes across best as a steadfast foil for his daring Sunday partner, Chuck Wayne.) On Thursdays, tenor saxophonist Eddie Daniels is in charge of a robust quartet that includes guitarist Gene Bertoncini and bassist Mike Moore. On Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** will bring in a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, Vera Auer, a vibraharp specialist, will lead a trio. The Sunday-night special is the **WAYNE-PUMA** team. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians, who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** dips into jazz archives through Sunday, March 7. On Monday, March 8, guitarist John Abercrombie, pianist Mike Nock, and bassist Rick Laird begin their excursions into lyricism. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A pleasant enough hangout. None of the music here is slick; lately, most of it has been characterized by rather bland small-group bebop dabblings performed by members of the post-bebop generation. On Fridays and Saturdays, Richie Cole, an alto-Echoplex saxophonist, heads up a combo that serves as backup for **EDDIE JEFFERSON.** Jefferson was a vocal-bop pioneer in the early forties, although he never became as well known as King Pleasure or Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, who came along nearly a decade later. Now he's in his fifties, with his hair turning white, but he's still a scat singer of authority—he looks like a black George Kennedy, the villain one is always glad to see. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate complex is alive and kicking on Friday and Saturday nights. On March 5-6, pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, works with a quartet opposite wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his latest group of apprentices. **CHARLES MINGUS** will be inspiring his quintet the following weekend, March 12-13. Music from ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but the place is nevertheless worth visiting. Dave Liebman and his band, Lookout Farm, which consists of electric saxophone, piano, bass, drums, and tablas, depart after Sunday, March 7. On Thursday, March 11, **KEITH JARRETT,** an acrobatic and innovative young pianist whose solo recordings are widely admired, and his impressive quartet—saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** and drummer **PAUL MOTIAN**—will descend the murky staircase. On Mondays, **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS,** and fifteen or so other of New York's finer studio men blast forth. Music from ten. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9-10.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby heads a quartet. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price, Buddy Tate, and Paul Quinichette get together for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

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Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—A non-bustling room that has been touched by the piano-bass fad. For one week, through Saturday, March 6, Andrew Hill will be the pianist. On Monday, March 8, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will arrive with the colorful Slam Stewart-inspired bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY.** On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 3, at 5:45: **JOSHUA LOGAN.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 5:45: **LARRY ADLER.**

Cat Stevens, the Majikat, and **Earth Tour**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, March 4-5, at 8.

Smokey Robinson—With Mighty Clouds of Joy and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 5, at 7 and 11.)

Carole King—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday through Sunday, March 5-7, at 8.

Carmel Quinn—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, March 6, at 8.

Geraldine Fitzgerald—Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Sunday, March 7, at 7.

Buddy Rich's Band and **Stan Getz**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Tuesday, March 9, at 8.

The Who—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.

Lionel Hampton—With Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Illinois Jacquet, Ron Carter, and the Collective Black Artists Ensemble. (Town Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

Billy Paul and **MFSB**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 8.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Phil Woods and his quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

Neil Sedaka—With an orchestra, and Kim Carnes. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

Clark Terry's Band and **Machito and His Afro-Cuban Orchestra**—An after-midnight benefit concert. (Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. Saturday night, March 13, at 1 A.M.—O.K., so it's Sunday morning. For information about tickets, call 688-8257.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Romare Bearden—Oil paintings on paper that continue this artist's American jazz series—a transliteration of the jazz idiom into pictorial form. Through Saturday, March 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Paintings and three-dimensional freestanding columns, by a veteran Neo-Plasticist. Through March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joseph Cornell—Forty-three of his box constructions, some of them on loan, done between the early thirties and the late fifties. Through March 20. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Norris Embry—Lurid mélanges, some of which depict, in paint and collage, an "I Am a Camera" view of the pre-Hitler German high life, except that some of the revelry evoked here seems to have been really entertaining rather than just sordid. Through Saturday, March 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Semi-abstracts by a German artist who might be called shortsighted in that his compositions seldom range beyond his studio walls—the taboret with the palette on top, the coat hooks hung with stained smocks, the paint cans on the floor. Occasionally, he looks out the window, and it is murky out there. (First one-man show in New York.) Through Saturday, March 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Geist—Sculptures (wood, stone, aluminum, and other materials) in styles ranging from figurative to abstract. Through Saturday, March 6. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Another series of this artist's large canvases filled with swirls of leaf-like flecks of color, often giving the effect of a gust of wind on an autumn day; the individual flecks, which look very much like collage, are actually built up of numerous layers of paint. Through Wednesday, March 10. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

George Greene—Abstract Plexiglas constructions, plus drawings. Through Saturday, March 6. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

James Herbert—Large canvases crowded with figurative elements in bright, splashy colors, which, combined, have the chromatic effect of a strawberry shortcake after the second bite. Through Saturday, March 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Leonid—Peaceful landscapes, some with figures, of seaside marshes and flatlands from Maine to Brittany, by an artist who is going on eighty and has been wading in the wetlands of the world looking for likely vistas most of his productive life. Through Saturday, March 6. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Jean François Millet (1814-75)—Four fully realized portraits, including an adoring one of his first wife, are the surprises in this show, which also, of course, offers examples of his more familiar, doggedly rustic works, which still evoke the smell of freshly turned earth. Through Saturday, March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Morris—There are two artists of this name now on the local scene; this is the new one, and he paints small grisaille works that have the quality of old snapshots, except that each contains either a jolting anachronism (Lincoln and McClellan in the tent where Brady snapped them, paying no heed to a swarm of helicopters thrashing by overhead) or an equally startling juxtaposition (a girl seated outdoors, in an old dentist's chair, calmly confronting the single-seater plane that is hurtling toward her, only a gasp away). First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 6. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Edgar Negret—Painted stainless-steel constructions from the last few years. Through April 11. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Peter Paul—Paintings of architectural subjects (buildings, columns, and so on) in tempera on canvas; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Donald Perlis—Large realist paintings of the artist's family and friends in everyday situations. Through March 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Philip Sherrod—Expressionist paintings of figures, including some portraits, and a few landscapes. Through March 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Barney Tobey—Cartoons from the last twenty-five years. Through Saturday, March 6. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Edward Whiteman—Acrylic paints applied to textured-paper surfaces. Through March 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Landscape paintings by, among others, Marsden Hartley and E. Ambrose Webster. Through March 31. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: One Aubusson tapestry by each of twenty-five artists including Sonia Delaunay and Stanley Boxer. Also two pieces by Alexander Calder. Through March 16. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: American Impressionist paintings by Childe Hassam, Maurice Prendergast, John H. Twachtman, and others. Through March 27. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors, plus a few oils and

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Yet for all its uncommon handling capabilities, the XJ-S is so very smooth, quiet and thoroughly insulated from the harshness of road surfaces and the wind at high speeds that it rides like a luxury sedan. The smoothness and quiet of the XJ-S in motion would be remarkable in any car. To find these qualities combined with the Jaguar S-type's outstanding level of handling and response is almost miraculous.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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drawings, by a group that includes Feininger and Klee. Through March 27. . . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings and drawings dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through March 20.

Sculpture—Jane B. Armstrong and James Kearns are two contributors to a show devoted to animal and nature forms. Through March 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Folk Sculpture—An exhibition, which changes from time to time, as things are sold, of wood or metal figures—weather vanes, figureheads for boats, marionettes, sideshow robots. Among the latter is a crouching life-size baseball catcher, whose hand and mitt snapped together on a ball if it was thrown accurately enough to hit a sort of push-button target between them. The lucky customer won a Kewpie doll. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **RUDOLF BARANIK** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **AGUSTIN FERNANDEZ** at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5); **KOMAR** and **MELAMID** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **BONNIE SKLARSKI** at Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

John Taylor Arms (1887-1953)—A comprehensive exhibition of etchings of Gothic architectural details. Through March 20. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Kendra Ferguson—White-on-white works on crisp white paper. Some are made by creasing the paper, some of them consist of patterns in white gouache that are hard to make out at first, and some of them are the result of meticulous folding. Through Saturday, March 6. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Morris Kantor (1896-1974)—Paintings and drawings from the twenties that reflect this artist's reaction to the successive waves of European influence—Cubism, Orphism, the Blaue Reiter group—that were washing over eagerly receptive young American painters at the time. Kantor eventually developed a distinctive style of his own, and left his stamp on a couple of generations at the Art Students League. Through Saturday, March 13. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Realist paintings by an artist known for his billboard-style depictions of people in groups. Through March 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—Video, chutzpah, and what must be an unlimited expense account are the tools of this unusual polemicist, who feels very strongly that Art has been betrayed by commercialism and who imposes his views, in thirty-minute orations, on audiences more or less trapped in a funereal lecture chamber lighted by candles. (The listeners are told that they are experiencing the first moment of death.) Also exhibited are bolt after bolt of fabrics printed with the legend "What Can the Federal Government Do for You?" as well as various costumes, male and female, made of the fabrics. Also, innocent passersby, tapped previously by a video inquiring reporter, tell what they wish the government would do for them—which seems to be to leave them alone. A thought well taken. Through March 31. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Hubert Long—Table-size assemblages of weathered wood that has been hand finished. Some of the pieces have been dowelled together, others have been put together with hooks. Through March 20. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Sylvia Mangold—Rulers, straightedges, and carpenter's squares appeal strongly to this artist, who paints them into her Precisionist renditions of tile and hardwood flooring, in which she neatly works out problems of perspective. Through Saturday, March 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Mogensen—Mathematical progressions of one sort or another are at the root of these abstract paintings, some of which are whirligigs of bright color on circular canvases, some of which are carefully plotted arrangements of color-field paintings, and some of which resemble outsize strips of computer tape. Through Saturday, March 13. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Landscape paintings, several of the coast of Maine. Through Saturday, March 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Thirty-five works, ranging from early worsted pictures to paintings completed in the fifties. Through March 20. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Two series of abstract constructions in wood, one group painted white, the other painted black. Through Saturday, March 13. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstractions in subdued tones, many of them based on themes from nature. Through March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Cesar Paternosto—Large, nonobjective works, all of them done on canvas stretchers four inches deep, which permits the artist to carry his patterns off the frontal surface and around the edge of the painting; a number of the works consist of two or three separate canvases grouped together. Through March 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Harold Stevenson—Paintings of anatomical details, some depicted as marble, some as flesh and blood. Through Saturday, March 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Drawings from the early twentieth century to the present by Burchfield, Hopper, Shahn, Levine, and others. Through Saturday, March 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—A show of ceramic sculptures by four West Coast artists, including Robert Arneson. Through March 25. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Victor Atkins—Painted circles of canvas attached to the gallery walls. Through March 17. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Howard Goldstein / Robert Stuart Cohen—Paintings made up of carefully calculated striations of color, worked out in geometric patterns that seem to shimmer in their frames. / Acrylic paintings of trees and landscapes, plus small collages of postcard scenery made up of torn bits of colored paper expertly assembled. Through Thursday, March 11. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Marylin Minter / De Es Schwertberger—Large-scale realist paintings of toys and other objects on floors. / Surrealist paintings of monuments. Through March 20. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract paintings characterized by one or two detailed forms on a field of solid color. Through March 31. (Duffy, 157 Spring St.)

Nam June Paik—Fish undulating along the ceiling are among the electronic wonders to be seen in this exhibit. Through March 18. (Bonino, in a new location, at 98 Prince St.)

Shirley Pettibone—Paintings of water, chiefly the ocean. Through March 20. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Martin Ramirez (1885-1960)—Fascinating collages and colored drawings by a paranoid Mexican mute who spent the last fifteen years of his almost wholly institutionalized life working out his own artistic vocabulary with the stub ends of pencils and crayons and whatever scraps of paper he could find and paste together into large sheets. He was absorbed by trains, automobiles, bandits, and saints, and it is interesting to see how elements of both Eastern and Western Indian art crop up, apparently spontaneously, in his work. Through Saturday, March 13. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—"Jammers" is a show of works made up of arrangements of materials (voile, gauze, silk) alone or with institutional-size tin cans and bamboo poles. Through Saturday, March 13. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Stephen Antonakos—India-ink washes on unstretched canvas. / A conceptual project of nearly two hundred wrapped packages, many of which, unfortunately, have already been mailed to the artist's friends, but enough of them are left over to convey the idea. Through March 24. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Joan Snyder—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Saturday, March 13. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Robert Swain—Abstract paintings of geometric shapes. Through March 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: A rotating exhibit of works on paper by about thirty artists, including at present Kline, Willem de Kooning, Steinberg, Wesselmann, and Red Grooms, plus erotic bronzes by Charles Frazier. Through Saturday, March 6. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Nine abstract painters, including Tom Boutis and Milton Resnick. Through Thursday, March 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Realist paintings by Robert Cottingham, plus works in a variety of mediums by three other artists. Through March 20.

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **DARIA DOROSH** at A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **JOEL FISHER** at Protetch, 157 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **DIANE KAROL** and **TOM DOYLE** at 55 Mercer Street Gallery (Through Wednesday, March 10. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6); **KATE RESEK** and **LUCY SALLICK** at SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Sol LeWitt—A single work: a wall drawing that fills the entire gallery space. Through March 19. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Aspects of American Realism—A selection of works from the Sara Roby Foundation Collection which harks back to what might be called the Old Whitney Museum school of American art. All the heroes of the twenties and thirties are represented—Hopper, Kuniyoshi, Burchfield, Levine, Marsh, Miller, Nadelman—plus a scattering of more recent luminaries, like Marisol, Gallo, Beauchamp. This first-rate collection, some of which is familiar and some surprising, has been kept largely under wraps since 1959, when it was shown at the Whitney. Through March 18. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University. The address given by the university is 100 Washington Square East, but that number is invisible anywhere except on the university stationery; the entrance is really on Washington Place, a block south of the Washington Square Arch and a few steps east of the park. You can't miss it.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Karl Blossfeldt (1865-1932)—Photographs of plants. Through March 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

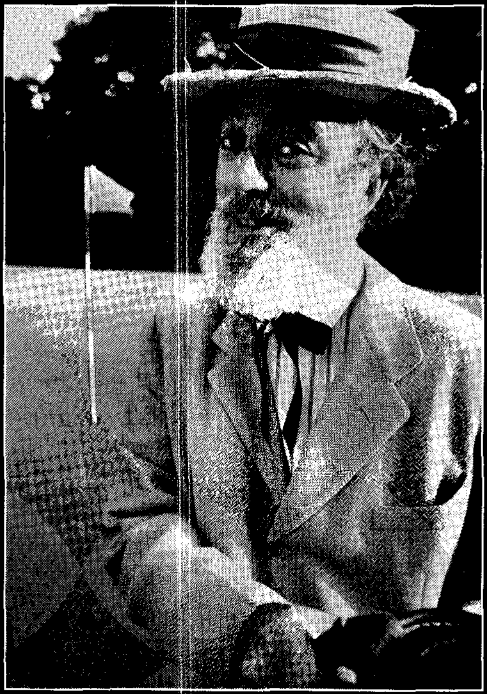
Fredrich Cantor—A series of photographs of Rome, plus other work. Through March 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Richard Goldstein—Cityscapes and landscapes in 360-degree panoramic views, taken with a rotating camera and printed as a strip. Through March 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Robert Heinecken / Benno Friedman—Erotic images on stretched linen, plus other works. / Manipulated prints. Through Saturday, March 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marjorie Neikrug—Snapshots taken in China in the past few months. Through March 30.

In 1895, James W. Tufts Came To North Carolina Looking For A Nice Place To Play Golf. He Found One.



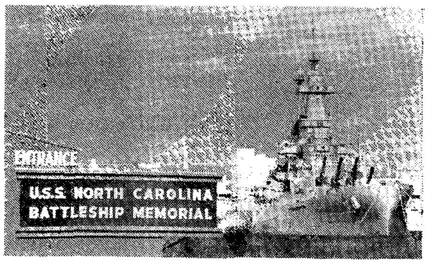
Pinehurst.

Of course, when the wealthy Boston soda fountain baron first arrived in North Carolina and purchased 5,000 acres of sandy, cut-over timberland, it wasn't much to look at. Local folks said the soil was so poor, people had to be buried with commercial fertilizer to afford some prospect of their rising on Judgement Day.

Today, Pinehurst is perhaps the most famous golf resort in the world, where the game can be played in fair weather 365 days a year on five immaculate 18-hole courses. It is also the site of the World Golf Hall of Fame. And in the Southern Pines-Pinehurst area, there is a concentration of many excellent courses — twenty of them in a ten-mile radius.

These are a few of the more than 330 first-rate courses located in the Tar Heel State. Other spectacular courses include Tanglewood at Winston-Salem, and an array of clubs in the Boone-Blowing Rock area — in fact, golf is played on fine courses year around in North Carolina, from the dunes on the coast to the rugged high country of the Great Smoky and Blue Ridge Mountains.

A lot of people today are learning what J. W. Tufts discovered: North Carolina has a special way of launching dreams and fulfilling expectations because anywhere you travel throughout the State, there is something for everyone to enjoy. Fascinating historical sites such as Wilmington, Cornwallis' last stop before his defeat at Yorktown and site of the U.S.S. North Carolina, relic of war from another era, and nearby Orton Plantation, a gracious Colonial estate; Tryon Palace at New Bern, often referred to as the most beautiful building in Colonial America; the elegant Biltmore House in Asheville built by George Vanderbilt on a 12,000 acre estate and Old Salem, a restored Moravian village founded in 1766 at Winston-Salem.



You can discover the haunting charm of the fabled Outer Banks, where the legendary pirate, Blackbeard once roamed; where the Wright Brothers made aviation history and where today visitors will find modern hotels, motels and shops among the quaint, weathered shingled cottages. You can visit the high country and see the outdoor drama, "Unto These Hills" on the Indian reservation at Cherokee. There is "Horn In The West" at Boone along with Tweetsie Railroad and down in the rolling Piedmont area with its great cities are attractions such as Carowinds Fun Park.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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(SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—More than fifty photogravures made before 1911. Through March 20. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through April 4: An anthropological show of photographs by Ken Heyman, with a text by Margaret Mead. . . . ¶ Milton Rogovin's portrait of Buffalo's inner city. . . . ¶ Pictures tracing various of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, civil-rights marches. (Open Sundays.) . . . **JANIS,** 6 W. 57th St.: Artists Matisse, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others are the subjects of photographs by a group that includes Man Ray, Brassaï, and Cartier-Bresson. Through Saturday, March 13. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY,** 344 E. 14th St.: Photographs by six young photographers. Through March 14. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Experimental works by Bobbi Carrey, Jim Cornfield, and George Obremski. Through March 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WITKIN,** in a new location, at 41 E. 57th St.: Examples of the work of Käsebier, Steichen, Stieglitz, and other Photo-Secessionists make up the first of a two-part exhibit of photogravures, halftones, articles, and advertisements taken from Stieglitz's quarterly, *Camera Work*. Through March 20. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred examples of American art from the museum's collection (among them paintings, sculptures, photographs, and decorative pieces), dating from the seventeenth century through the twentieth. . . . ¶ The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Iuvara, as well as drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through March 14. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A display of Near Eastern cylinder and stamp seals (dating from 5000 B.C. to 600 A.D.) and their impressions, from the collection of Mrs. William H. Moore. . . . ¶ "The World of Franklin and Jefferson," an exhibit of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs dealing with, to no one's surprise, the early history of this country. Starts Friday, March 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The exhibition "Drawing Now" offers examples by the better-known artists—Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Dine, Hockney, and the rest, along with works of lesser-known, rising stars. The show is confined to the past twenty years, and its objective is to tell us where drawing stands today. The lesson, one feels, is that drawing requires a lot more from the viewer now than it used to. Through Tuesday, March 9. . . . ¶ An exhibition entitled "Shinjuku: the Phenomenal City" acquaints us with a happy proliferation of tiny cocktail lounges, fast-food joints, bookstores, bawdy houses, rice bars, movies, jewelry stores, wig shops, and so on, that has grown up in the heart of Tokyo, mostly underground. Through Sunday, March 7. . . . ¶ Constructivist paintings, sculptures, and other works conceived by Polish artists during the years 1923 to 1936. Through March 25. . . . ¶ A survey of Cubism, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terracottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of drawings, taking up the two top turns of the ramp. This one overlaps the Museum of Modern Art show to a certain extent, since many of the same artists are represented in both, but the Guggenheim show dates back to the beginning of the century, starting with works by, for instance, Joseph Stella, Arthur G. Dove, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The museum is unveiling its big historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years *petit à petit*. The second section opens Tuesday, March 9, and the final one on Tuesday, March 16. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of objects acquired by the museum's decorative-arts department during the last five years, including a Bentwood side chair from the early nineteenth century and a Corbusier chair from the nineteen-twenties. Through May 23. This exhibit is open only until 1 on Wednesdays and Thursdays. . . . ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through March 14. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the illustrated book in England, covering the years 1790 to 1914. It includes books, drawings, engravers' proofs, autograph letters, and manuscripts, and among the artists on view are Blake, Turner, Beardsley, and Beerbohm. . . . ¶ The first volume of Adèle Hugo's journal, on which the Truffaut movie is based. Both exhibitions start Thursday, March 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," an exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure. Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—American Indian objects that incorporate the American flag and other symbols as design motifs. Wearing apparel, household utensils, and rugs are among the items on display. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia (photographs, programs, costumes, heralds, life-size cutouts of famous stars) celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century carafe, decanter, and bottle labels of silver, ivory, enamel, and other materials. Through April 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibition of drawings and models for stage settings, given in memory of Donald Oenslager, who died last year, and to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of the Yale School of Drama, where he taught theatrical designing for forty-five years. Mr. Oenslager's own works are shown, along with scene designs and costume designs by nearly sixty Yale drama graduates, among them Santo Loquasto, William and Jean Eckart, David Hays, and Carrie Robbins. Through April 10. . . . ¶ "Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through May 7. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Oils and watercolors by Boston artist Richard Yarde, including larger-than-life portraits of Paul Robeson and Jack Johnson as well as family scenes from the forties. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

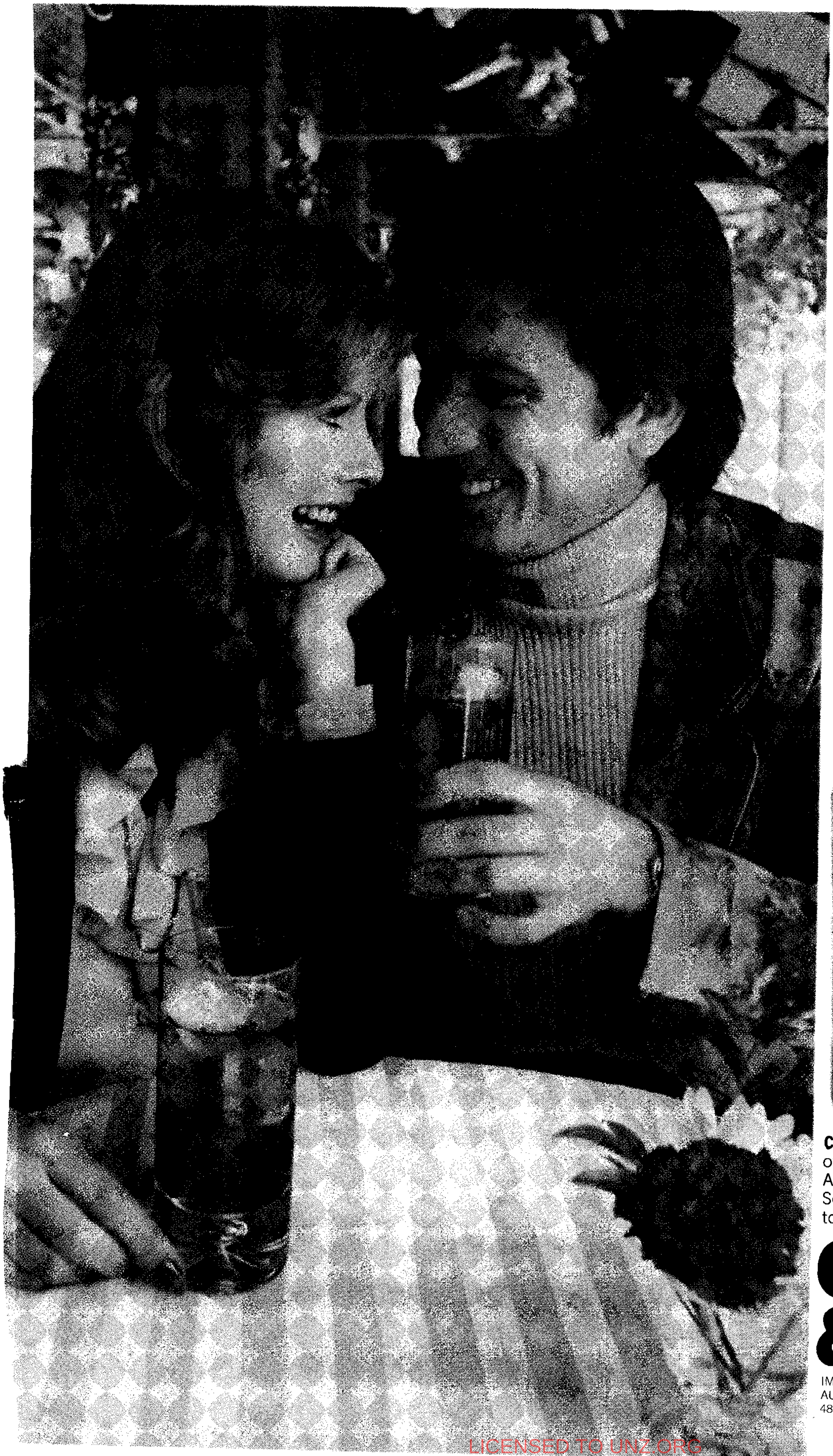
(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 3: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, John Alexander, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by Gianfranco Masini. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 4: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Shirley Love, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 5: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 6: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 6: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Bernabé Martí, and Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Shirley Love, Luciano Pavarotti, Walter Berry, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 9: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 10: "Aida," with Montserrat Caballé, Marilyn Horne, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Richard T. Gill; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 11: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 12: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Shirley Love, Luciano Pavarotti, Walter Berry, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 13: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 13: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Guillermo Sarabia; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 3, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Spiro Malas; conducted by Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Sung-Sook Lee, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, and Richard Fredricks; John Miner. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 1: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, John Alexander, Ara Berberian, and James Billings; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 7:30: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Clamma Dale, Tullio Pané, Richard

CAMPARI INSTEAD.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fredricks, and Robert Hale; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, Herman Malamood, and Adib Fazah; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 8: "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," with Frederica von Stade, Hilda Harris, Richard Stilwell, and Ara Berberian; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, William Harness, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Barbara Conrad, Emily Derr, Gaetano Scano, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Glenys Fowles, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Robert Nagy, William Justus, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Eliot Chapo, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, March 4, and Saturday, March 6, at 8:30, and Tuesday, March 16, at 7:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30, the last in a series of concerts, this one with Leonard Raver, organ. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 6, at 8, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . Saturday, March 13, at 8, and Sunday, March 14, at 5:30, with Murray Perahia, piano.)

Predilections—Daniel Shulman conducting a new chamber ensemble, with Ken Bell, bass. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Elwyn Adams, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Massenet's "Le Cid" in concert form, with Grace Bumbry and Eleanor Bergquist, sopranos; Placido Domingo, tenor; Jake Gardner, baritone; Paul Plishka and Arnold Voketaitis, basses; and the Byrne Camp Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 8, at 8.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Robert Goldsand, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

Carnegie-Mellon University Kiltie Band—Philip Catelinet conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the third in a series of five programs of American music, this one devoted to "The Great Sentimental Age—1850-1900." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

RECITALS

Raymond Lewenthal—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals of romantic ensemble music, this one with actress Stella Adler conducting a toy symphony, and with Constance Keene, piano; Robert White, tenor; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Rachmaninoff program. The last in a series of recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav Rostropovich—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 4, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 5, at 8, the fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Frederica von Stade and Michael Tilson Thomas—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

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Baroque Chamber Music—Jane Bryden, soprano; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; and Raymond Erickson, harpsichord. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 5, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Bartók String Quartet and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8, and Sunday, March 7, at 5.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 6, at 8.)

Juliana Markova—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 6, at 8.)

Ingrid Haebler—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 7, at 2:15.)

Prague Madrigal Antiqua—Miroslav Venhoda directing a group of eighteen singers and instrumentalists. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 7, at 1. . . . ¶ Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 7, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—William Masselos, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Paul Tobias, cello; and Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano, in the second in a series of three concerts at which composers (in this case Aaron Copland) comment on their own works. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, March 7, at 5. For information about tickets, call 860-1888.)

Gabriella Tucci—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 8.)

John Kirkpatrick and Daniel Stepner—Piano and violin, in an Ives-Ruggles program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 8, at 8.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 8, at 8.)

Erick Friedman—In the first of two programs of violin concertos, with the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Izler Solomon. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 9, at 8.)

Yehuda Hanani—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 9, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 9, at 8.)

Hamao Fujiwara—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

Beverly Somach—Violin, in the last in a series of recitals of music associated with Fritz Kreisler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Jacob Lateiner—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of five programs, this one with members of the Da Capo Chamber Players and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

Irma Costanzo—Classical guitarist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of music from medieval and Renaissance Spain. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Friday, March 12, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Celebration of Contemporary Music—The final concerts in an eight-day Juilliard festival and symposium devoted to twentieth-century music. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:30: Richard Dufallo conducting the Juilliard Ensemble, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet, in a free concert. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8:30: Pierre Boulez conducting the New York Philharmonic, with Ursula Oppens, piano, and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8:30: Pierre Boulez conducting a chamber orchestra from the New York Philharmonic, with Paul Zukofsky, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; and Miss Oppens. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Tickets are available only by mail, and then only by filling out the festival's form, which doesn't help much. Anyway, the relevant telephone number is 799-5000, Ext. 238.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, March 9, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, March 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Sunday, March 7, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Thursday, March 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 12, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, March 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, March 7, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, March 4. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, March 6. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, March 9.

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 6, at 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Swift, Saturday, March 6, and the Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 13. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Thursday, June 10. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 6.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 6. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, March 8, through Monday, May 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Richard Howard and Donald Justice reading from their own works. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Yvette Mintzer and Marge Piercy reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

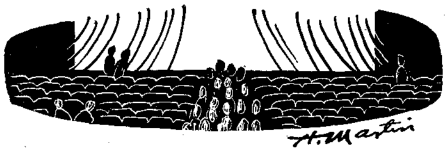
Lecture—The last in a series of lectures under the title "About Food," this one given by Virginia Lee. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 13, at 10:30 A.M.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Wednesday and Thursday, March 10-11, from 10 to 6, and Friday, March 12, from 10 to 4.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 4, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2: Oriental rugs, from various sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: Continental furniture, decorations, and rugs; from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 6.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 9: "All Screwed Up."
From March 10: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "And Now My Love."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 9: "Hustle" and "The Gambler."
From March 10: "Swept Away" and "Elvira Madigan."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 9: "La Rupture" and "Wedding in Blood."
From March 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1600)
Through March 9: "Hustle."
From March 10: "Swept Away."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through March 9: "Bananas" and "Take the Money and Run."
From March 10: "The Man Who Would Be King."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Inserts" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through March 9: "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."
From March 10: "Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 9: "Catherine & Co."
From March 10: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Salut l'Artiste."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Taxi Driver."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 6: "Nashville."
From March 7: "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 6: "All Screwed Up."
From March 7: "Confrontation."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 4: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."
From March 5: "Man Friday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 9: "Swept Away."
From March 10: "Mahogany."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 9: "Jaws."
From March 10: "Lucky Lady."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (X-rated).

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Gable and Lombard."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Inserts" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"From Beyond the Grave."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through March 9: "The Man Who Would Be King."
From March 10: "Killer Force."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through March 9: "A Night in Casablanca" and "The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974."
From March 10: "Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Lies My Father Told Me" and "I Never Sang for My Father."
Theatre 2: Through March 9: "The Battle of Algiers" and "To Die in Madrid." From March 10: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: Through March 9: "Swept Away." From March 10: "Blazing Saddles."
Theatre 4: "Hester Street."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Challenge to Be Free."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 9: "Hustle" and "Framed."
From March 10: "Swept Away" and "Don't Look Now."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Taxi Driver."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Grey Gardens."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 9: "All Screwed Up."
From March 10: "Blazing Saddles."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 6: "Hester Street."
From March 7: "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"French Provincial."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "If You Don't Stop It . . ."
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: "From Beyond the Grave."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 9: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From March 10: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "The Scarlet Claw."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Hester Street."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 9: "Swept Away" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."
From March 10: "Hustle" and "Don't Look Now."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 3: "Two Women" (1961), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
March 4: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.
March 5: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Milky Way" (1970), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel.
March 6: "Deliverance" (1972), directed by John Boorman, with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "Lord of the Flies." (†)
March 7: "Twentieth Century" (†); and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.
March 8: "Les Créatures" (†) and "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime." (†)
March 9: "Barren Lives" (1964) and "Hunger for Love" (1969), both films from Brazil, in Portuguese, and directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos.
March 10: "Marriage—Italian Style" (†) and "After the Fox." (†)
March 11: "The Threepenny Opera" (†) and "Pépé le Moko." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 3: "Intimate Lighting" (1965), in Czech, directed by Ivan Passer; and "Closely Watched Trains" (1966), in Czech, directed by Jiří Menzel.
March 4: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Milky Way" (1970), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel.
March 5: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.
March 6: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day.
March 7: "Aida" (1954), in Italian and English, directed by Clemente Fracassi, with Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, and Sophia Loren; and "La Traviata" (1967), in Italian, directed by Mario Lanfranchi, with Anna Moffo.
March 8: "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "The Life of O-Haru" (1952), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Kinuyo Tanaka.
March 9: "The Cat and the Canary" (†), "Waxworks" (†), and "The Black Cat." (†)
March 10: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price; and "The Man in the White Suit." (†)
March 11: "The Garden of Allah" (†); and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 3: "Red Beard" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
March 4: "Haunted Samurai" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Keiichi Ozawa; and "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
March 5: "Sword of Vengeance" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Lightning Swords of Death" (1974), in Japanese.
March 6: "Yojimbo" (1962) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), *both films in Japanese, directed* by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.
March 7: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
March 8: "The Samurai Trilogy" (1954-56), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
March 9: "Band of Assassins" (†); and

"Machibuse" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki.

March 10: "Zatoichi the Blind Swordsman" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kimiyoshi Yasuda; and "Red Angel." (†)

March 11: "Woman in the Dunes" (†); and "The Ambitious" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Daisuke Ito, with Toshiro Mifune.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through March 6: "Dressed to Kill" (1946), directed by Roy William Neill, with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Patricia Morison; and "Terror by Night" (1946), directed by Roy William Neill, with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Alan Mowbray.

March 7-9: "Honolulu" (†) and "Rosalie." (†)

From March 10: "The Scoundrel" (†) and "Design for Living." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 4 at 2: "An Ideal Husband" (1948), directed by Alexander Korda, with Paulette Goddard and Michael Wilding.... ¶ March 4 at 5:30: "A Casing Shelved" (1970), directed by Michael Snow.... ¶ March 4 at 8: "Numéro Deux" (1975), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Sandrine Battistella; English subtitles.... ¶ March 5 at 2: "Les Hautes Solitudes" (1974), a silent French film, directed by Philippe Garrel, with Jean Seberg and Tina Aumont.... ¶ March 5 at 5:30: "An Ideal Husband."... ¶ March 6 at noon: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Frances Dee and James Ellison.... ¶ March 6 at 3: "Numéro Deux."... ¶ March 6 at 5:30: "Daguerreotypes" (1975), in French, directed by Agnès Varda; English subtitles.... ¶ March 7 at noon: "I Walked with a Zombie."... ¶ March 7 at 3: "Le Chant du Départ" (1975), in French, directed by Pascal Aubier, with Brigitte Fossey; English subtitles.... ¶ March 7 at 5:30: "Dog Star Man" (1964), a silent film, directed by Stan Brakhage.... ¶ March 8 at 2: "Trompe l'Oeil" (1975), in French, directed by Claude d'Anna, with Max von Sydow and Micheline Presle; English subtitles.... ¶ March 9 at 2: "Le Chant du Départ."... ¶ March 11 at 2: "David Golder" (1931), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Harry Baur; English subtitles.... ¶ March 11 at 5:30: "Daguerreotypes."... ¶ March 11 at 8: "Les Hautes Solitudes." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 9: A program of three films about the Yanomamo Indians of Southern Venezuela, made by Napoleon Chagnon and Timothy Asch.... ¶ Starting March 10: A program of four films by Ken Jacobs. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Charles Henri Ford, Brakhage, Anger, Cornell, Syberberg, and others. Showings March 3 at 7 and 8:30; March 4 at 7 and 9; March 5 at 6 and 8; March 6 at 2:30, 6, and 8; March 7 at 8; and March 9-11 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 4-7: A program of three films by women.... ¶ Starting March 11: A program of five films by Bruce Baillie. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of *12/22/75*.) (Loews Tower East; through March 4.)

After the Fox (1966)—An international collaboration that turned into a calamity, yet, for a bad movie, it has a surprising number of funny moments. Neil Simon wrote the screenplay about a crook who pretends to be a moviemaker, Vittorio De Sica directed, and the cast includes Peter Sellers, his then-wife, Britt Ekland, playing his sister, Martin Balsam, Victor Mature (who parodies himself and earns the biggest laughs), Paolo Stoppa, Akim Tamiroff, and De Sica himself. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)

All Screwed Up—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (2/16/76) (68th St. Playhouse; through March 6.... ¶ Art. and Cinema Studio; through March 9.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 10.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Claude Lelouch. The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Art; starting March 10.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Kips Bay; through March 9.)

Band of Assassins (1970)—The familiar Mifune in a film by Tadashi Sawashima, pretty distinguished but pretty complicated in its swivels of plot about themes of factionalism and hero worship in 1863. Mifune is the leader of a band of "protectors;" the respect handed out to them lies in terror, but when a kindlier reign comes to power the king of the terrorists is still highly regarded, in a very Japanese fashion, for his loyalty to his beliefs. And then beheaded. The film is violent but also quirkily funny and subtle. In Japanese. (Elgin; March 9.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Ziegfeld.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Quad Cinema; through March 9.)

The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974 (1973)—A cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including excerpts from such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, the Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 9.)

The Black Cat (1934)—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi were fated to meet; the encounter took place in this nutty mélange of Black Masses and chess games, shadows and dungeons, Satanism and necrophilia. Edgar G. Ulmer directed. With David Manners being as ineffectual as ever, and Jacqueline Wells (later Julie Bishop). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 9.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Sutton, Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting March 10.)

The Cat and the Canary (1927)—A classic horror film, with Laura La Plante and Creighton Hall, directed by the gifted Expressionist, Paul Leni. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 9.)

Catherine & Co.—With Jane Birkin and Patrick Dewaere, directed by Michel Boisrond. In French. (Fine Arts; through March 9.)

Challenge to Be Free (1972)—With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild.)

Confrontation—With Peter Bollag, directed by Rolf Lyssy. In German. (68th St. Playhouse; starting March 7.)

Les Créatures (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a pregnant wife (Catherine Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 8.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 10.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he had deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 10.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on

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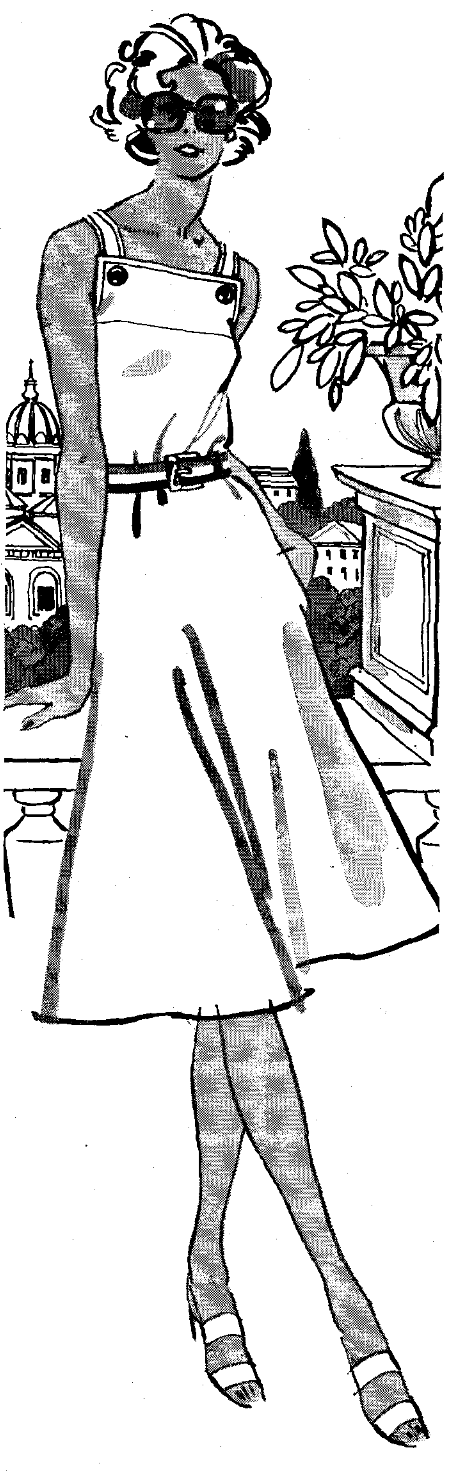

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a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Playboy, and Olympia; starting March 10.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 10.)

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Art; starting March 10.)

FRAMED—With Joe Don Baker and Brock Peters, directed by Phil Karlson. (Playboy; through March 9.)

FRENCH PROVINCIAL—A gifted young romantic wit, André Téchiné, has turned parody into something so emotionally charged that the meanings radiate every which way. The story spans several decades, contrasting the lives of two brides—Jeanne Moreau, as Berthe the no-nonsense seamstress, and Marie-France Pisier, as Régina the rapacious bourgeois dreamer—who are both too much for their husbands. Scenes take you back through so many layers of film history that you can't sort out all the influences, but this rich impasto is essentially new. It's a marvellous film, even though in ordinary terms (such as telling a coherent story) it isn't very good. In French. (3/1/76) (Embassy 72nd St.)

FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE—Based on four short stories by R. Chetwynd-Hayes. Directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

GABLE AND LOMBARD—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (Loews Ciné.)

THE GAMBLER (1974)—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. Although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (10/14/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 9.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—Heavenly romantic kitsch, panting with eternal love, a moment's happiness, and spiritual anguish. Marlene Dietrich is the lonely, rich Domini, dressed in swirling chiffon as she seeks truth in the African desert. She meets Charles Boyer (whose eyes have never been darker or more liquid) and marries him. Then, right at the purple start of their desert honeymoon, his conscience and a Trappist liqueur combine to ruin everything, for he is a Trappist monk who has bolted the monastery and violated his vow of silence. Back he must go to repent. Taken from Robert Hichens' old squash pie of a novel, it's the juiciest tale of woe ever, and David O. Selznick produced it in poshly lurid color, with a Max Steiner score poured on top. Richard Boleslawsky directed; with Tilly Losch, who has a wild minute as an entertainer in an Algerian hot spot, and Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Joseph Schildkraut, C. Aubrey Smith, and Lucile Watson. Just about perfection of its insanely goopy type. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

GREY GARDENS—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris.)

HESTER STREET—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1, Quad Cinema, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Regency; through March 6.)

HONOLULU (1939)—An M-G-M musical folly, about a movie star who switches lives with a plantation owner. The whole thing seems to have been thrown together so that Eleanor Powell could do a frenetic hula. With Burns and Allen and Robert Young. Eddie Buzzell directed; the songs by Gus Kahn and Harry Warren are mediocre. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 7-9.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (New Yorker; starting March 10.)

HUSTLE—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. When the director, Robert Aldrich, tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Playboy; through March 9. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 10.)

I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER (1970)—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Quad Cinema.)

I WILL, I WILL . . . FOR NOW—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a mushy soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould is fairly thoroughly trashed, but Diane Keaton manages to save face despite what's going on around her. Norman Panama directed. (3/1/76) (Sutton; through March 9.)

JAWS—Don't bite. (U. A. East; through March 9.)

JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME (1968)—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film, which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 8.)

KILLER FORCE—With Telly Savalas and Peter Fonda, directed by Val Guest. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting March 10.)

THE KILLING OF A CHINESE BOOKIE—With Ben Gazzara, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Quad Cinema.)

LORD OF THE FLIES (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 6.)

LOVE AND ANARCHY (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (New Yorker; through March 9.)

LUCKY LADY—Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. They're not. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (U. A. East; starting March 10.)

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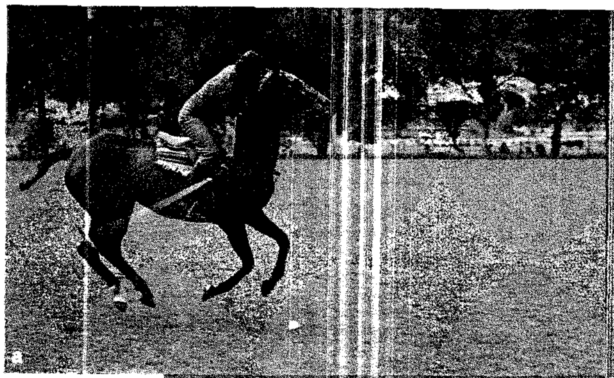

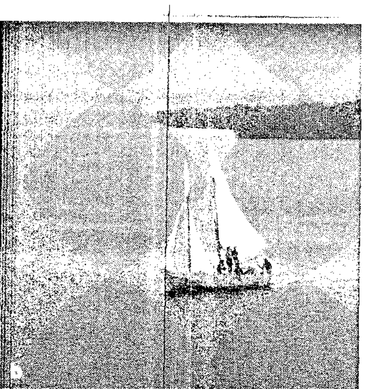

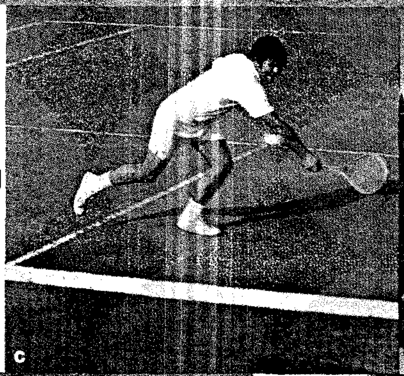

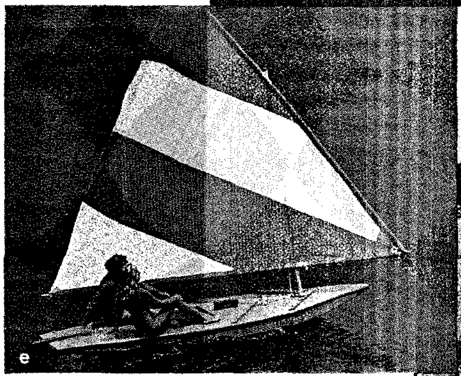

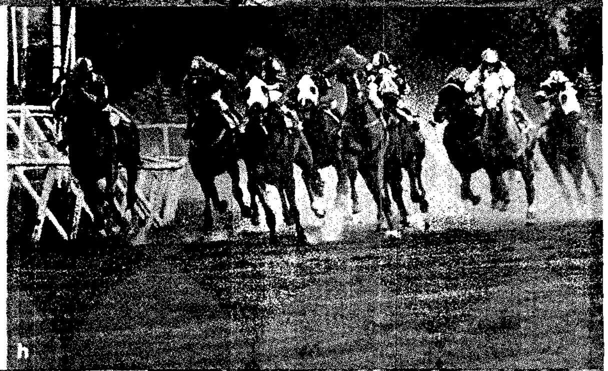

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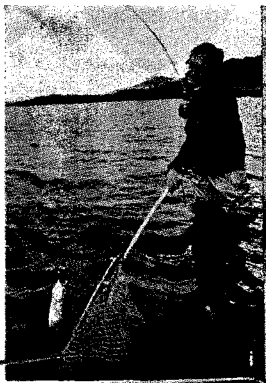

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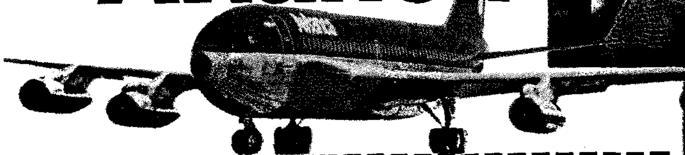

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making this film "was the best time of my life: *you can't imagine what it is like to have* Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (72nd Street East; starting March 10.)

Man Friday—With Peter O'Toole as Crusoe and Richard Roundtree as Friday. Directed by Jack Gold. (Loews Tower East; starting March 5.)

The Man in the White Suit (1951)—Alec Guinness, as a quirky idealist who invents a fabric that will stay clean and last forever, and guileful Joan Greenwood in Alexander Mackendrick's deft comedy about capital, science, and labor. With Cecil Parker and Ernest Thesiger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 10.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through March 9. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, and Quad Cinema; starting March 10.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing-in on the much funnier and more rash "Divorce—Italian Style;" this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly has annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but De Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (D. W. Griffith; through March 6.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—In this comedy the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though it is not as famous as the Marx Brothers' films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 9.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement

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of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all French films, yet seen by few Americans, because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, and Charpin. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 11.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Olympia; through March 9.)

The Red Angel (1963)—Yasuzo Masumura is probably rightly respected in Japan, and this is patently a fine and serious film, but sometimes one needs a strong stomach for pacifist Japanese movies. This is about the Sino-Japanese conflict in 1939, seen through the eyes of a gentle young hospital nurse, but what she sees isn't that gentle on us. In Japanese. (Elgin; March 10.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 7-9.)

La Rupture (1970)—With Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Cinema Village; through March 9.)

Salut l'Artiste—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet.)

The Scarlet Claw (1944)—The eighth film in the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson, and Gerald Hamer; directed by Roy William Neill. (New Yorker; starting March 10.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cow-lidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 10.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker; through March 9.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. (9/22/75) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the 72nd Street East, the Quad Cinema, and the Olympia, through March 9; and at the St. Marks Cinema and the Gramercy, starting March 10. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; starting March 10.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Kips Bay; through March 9.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 11.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Quad Cinema; through March 9.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 7.)

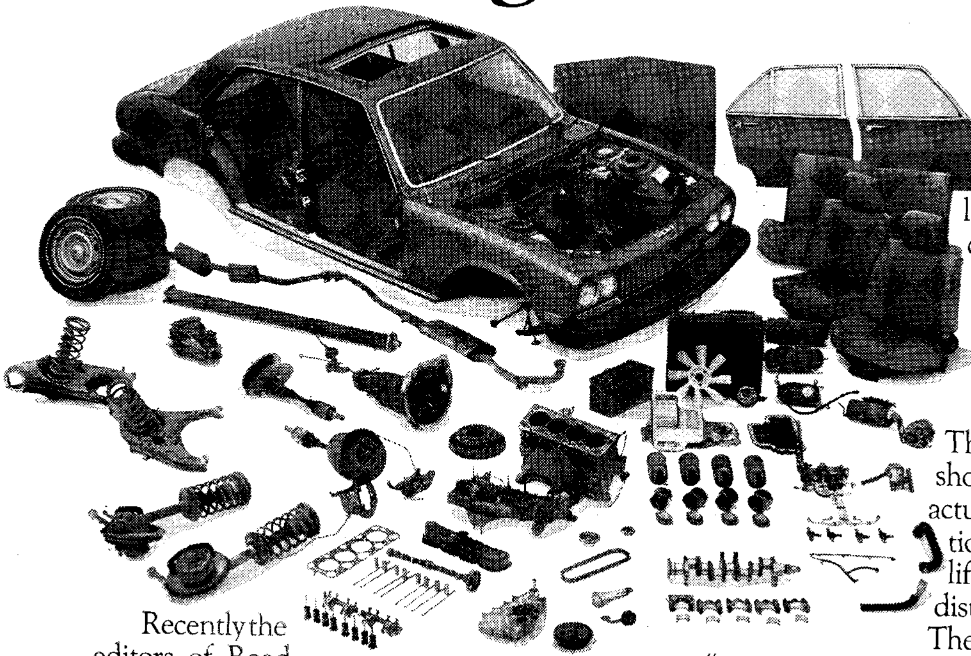
Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—With Yves Montand and Michel Piccoli, directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (D. W. Griffith, and Regency; starting March 7.)

Waxworks (1924)—The three episodes of this engaging, too-little-known German horror fantasy feature extravagantly villainous performances—Conrad Veidt as Ivan the Terrible, Emil Jannings (in one of his rare comic portraits) as Haroun-al-Raschid, and Werner (Caligari) Krauss as Jack the Ripper. In the Veidt-Ivan sequence, which was obviously a major influence on Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Ivan is a jokester-poisoner who enjoys presenting his victims with hourglasses timed for the precise moment of their deaths; one day he discovers an hourglass labelled "Ivan." The director, Paul Leni, a former Max Reinhardt collaborator, was an extraordinarily gifted scenic artist; the macabre expressionistic décor for the Jack-the-Ripper sequence is made entirely from sheets of painted paper. William Dieterle is also in the cast. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 9.)

Wedding in Blood (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Cinema Village; through March 9.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that one's sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Elgin; March 11.)

After 50,000 miles of wear nothing was worn out.



Recently the editors of Road Test magazine put a Peugeot diesel through a 50,000-mile test drive, then pulled it completely apart.

While their conclusions represent the opinion of only one group of automotive experts, we'd like to share them with you:

"Judging from what we have observed during this test and teardown, owners of the Peugeot 504 diesel that service them by the book can have full expectation of watching their odometers turn 100,000 miles without having to do anything major to the car except replacing the clutch."

They then went on to say, "The concept of a lifetime automobile is a great one, and if *any* car should be on top of the short list of those cars, the Peugeot 504 diesel is it."

Strong praise, indeed, but not unsupported by what they found.

The brake linings were hardly worn at all. "The projected life of the front linings is 6 times the distance of the test, and that of the rear linings boggles the mind."

The shock absorbers, which are built to be good for at least 60,000 miles of normal driving, were "dry around the shaft seals and in perfect working order."

Transmission parts were "completely unscathed and gave the impression that, so long as there is lubricant in the gearbox, they are capable of rendering indefinite service."

The intake valves of the engine were "in excellent condition." The exhaust valve seats showed "little in the way of actual wear and no indication of burning." The valve lifters were "difficult to distinguish from new ones." The cam lobes and bearings "were in perfect condition." The timing chain was "as good as new." The oil pump was in "flawless condition." The crankshaft bearing journals "measured to new tolerances."

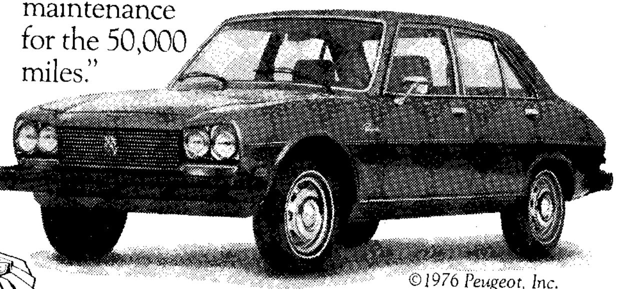
The water pump, vacuum pump, starter and alternator "were not remarkable except that they all appeared to be in good serviceable condition."

But among all the roses, there were a few thorns. The car was caught in one of California's notorious sandstorms, which caused severe pitting of the windshield and frosting of the headlamps.

As a result, the windshield wiper blades had to be replaced, as did one of the sealed beam headlamps.

Also, the window on the driver's side got off its track and had to be rehung.

"And that was the total of unscheduled maintenance for the 50,000 miles."



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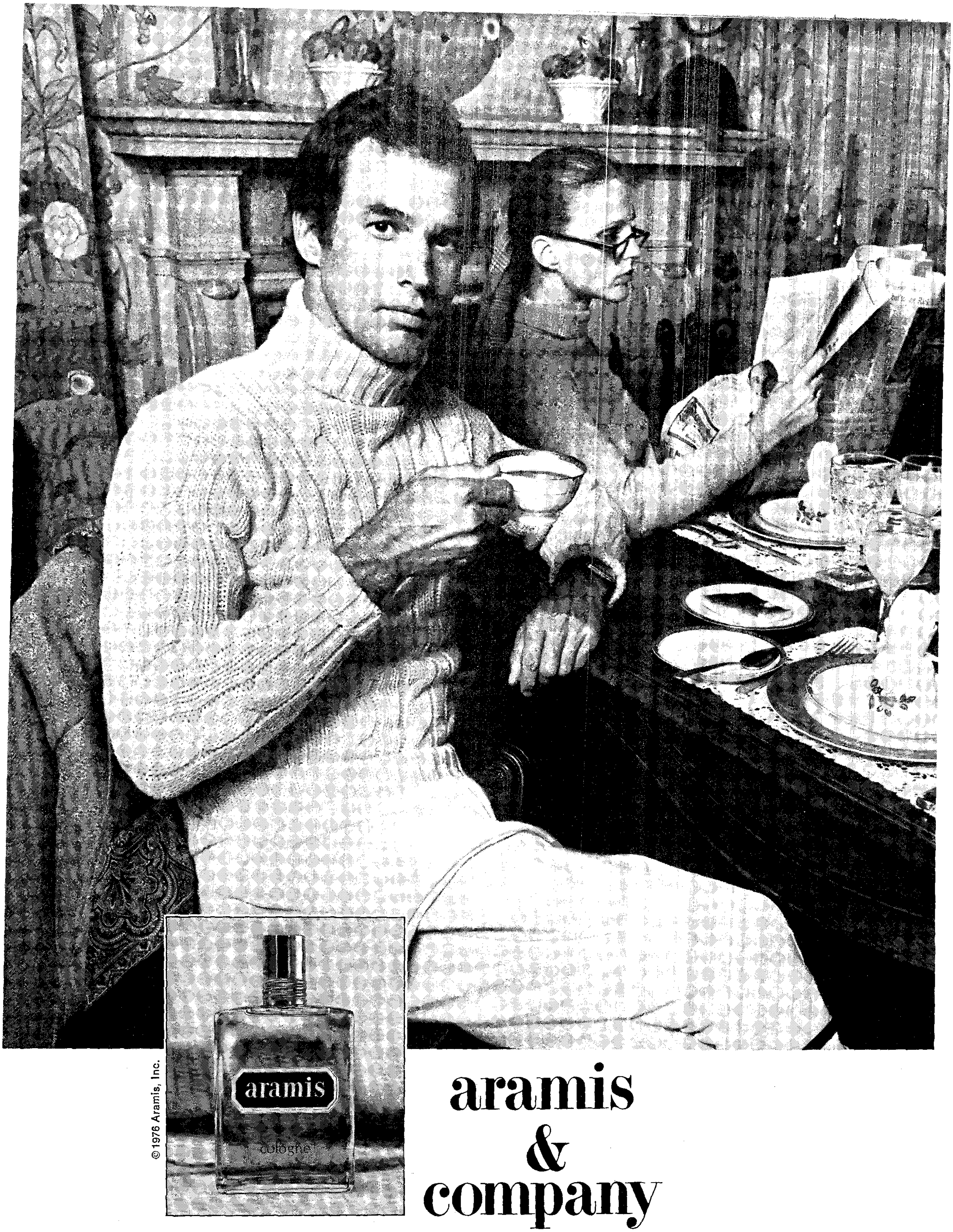

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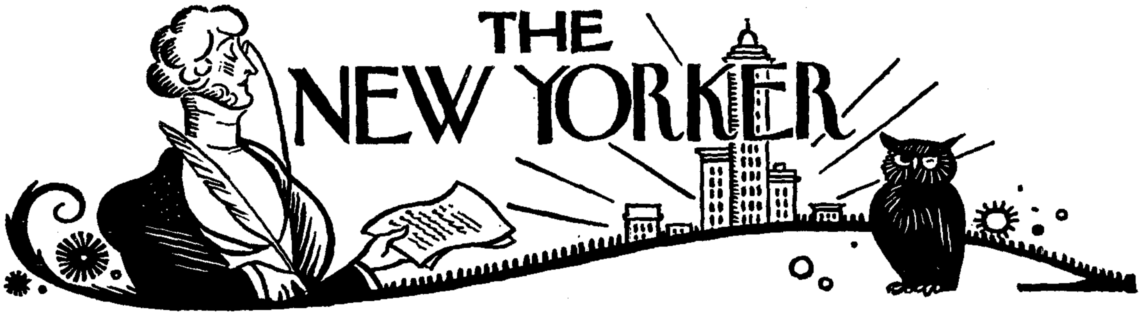

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON February 7th, the official Chinese news agency released a dispatch saying that Hua Kuofeng, the Acting Premier of the State Council, had greeted the first ambassador from Venezuela to the People's Republic of China. Until that time, Mr. Hua had been known merely as the sixth-ranking Deputy Premier and the Minister of Public Security. With an offhand phrase in a routine report, the Chinese government revealed that he had been chosen as the temporary successor to the late Chou En-lai. According to the *Times*, even Chinese Communist sources in Hong Kong had to admit that they knew nothing about the man's date or place of birth, his family background, his education, or whether he had a wife and children. His promotion was an eyebrow-raising surprise. Mr. Hua is not the only Chinese leader to have made a sudden jump between obscurity and prominence. Indeed, if one examines the careers of the present constellation in Peking, one finds that the pole star of Chairman Mao is surrounded by luminaries of highly variable magnitudes: some whose existence is unknown to the ordinary observer, some twinkling faintly, some brilliantly visible. In assuming his job, the Acting Premier leapfrogged over several more likely candidates, including Chou's own apparent choice, Teng Hsiao-p'ing. Until 1966, Mr. Teng had been Secretary-General of the Chinese Communist Party. Then, in the upheaval known as the Cultural Revolution, he was denounced as a bourgeois reactionary, purged, and cast into oblivion. In 1973, he miraculously reëmerged and began assembling an imposing collection of official titles—a collection that has now been left unfinished. Given his past experience, Mr. Teng has reason to be concerned about holding on to what he has.

When the Cultural Revolution burst forth, the chief of state, second in prestige to Chairman Mao, was the veteran Communist Liu Shao-ch'i. He had shown damaging signs of élitism, having intimated that superior persons like him should live apart from the mass, and he became the Cultural Revolution's principal target. Ejected from office, disgraced, consigned to obscurity, he died at an undisclosed later date. His fall coincided with the rise of Lin Piao, the Minister of Defense. Lin rode the crest of the Cultural Revolution and won designation as Mao's successor. In 1971, he died mysteriously in a plane crash, and was subsequently accused of having plotted against the Chairman's life. Today, his name is reviled throughout China.

All these changes and others like them impelled us to take a fresh look at China's press, which the people of the rest of the world (and the Chinese people themselves) must rely on for explanations of movements in the power structure. In recent years, a dominant theme has been a campaign of propaganda, still somewhat enigmatic, directed against Confucius and certain other cultural figures. Early in 1974, American newspapers reported that an article had appeared in China attacking such Western composers as Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. At first, this seemed to be merely a bizarre manifestation of Communist ideology, but it turned out to be part of a national campaign in which Confucius and Lin Piao were depicted as the main villains. Attacks were launched also against a film by Michelangelo Antonioni, an indigenous opera called "Three Trips to T'aofeng," and an opera called "The Song of the Gardener." Rumors were heard of disorders resembling those of the Cultural Revolution, but the regime guided the campaign toward study and discussion, and the anti-Confucian rhetoric eventually quieted down. Rhetoric along similar lines, however, has not abated. As the *Times* has noted, the classic novel "The Water Margin" has become the latest cultural target, abused for its portrayals of "capitulationism" and "revisionism." And one need only take a cab to the International Affairs Building at Columbia University, where the Herbert Lehman Library keeps transcripts of the United States government's Foreign Broadcast Information Service, to see, for example, that on January 22nd Kwangsi Province reported on the progress of a program against Confucius, Mencius, Lin Piao, and "bad local folksongs, proverbs, and books"—a program that involved three hundred and sixty-nine "spare-time literature and art propaganda teams," five hundred and ten "physical-culture teams," and fifteen hundred and forty "political and cultural evening schools." Clearly, the energy expended on this kind of campaign through all of China has been enormous.

When Confucius first came under attack, professional China-watchers speculated that the criticism had allegorical overtones. The commonest line of conjecture was that Confucius was really a stand-in for Chou En-lai and that his critics were certain ideologues who had acquired status in the Cultural Revolution and were rivals of Chou. This theory was dropped as Chou remained in office and endorsed the campaign himself, and the American press's treatment of the mystery became rather fragmentary. We have now found an academic article, "China's Anti-Confucian Campaign

1973-74," by Merle Goldman, in last September's *China Quarterly*, that reviews most of the episode in detail and seems to make as much sense of it as possible. Mrs. Goldman, associate professor of history at Boston University and a research associate at the Harvard East Asian Research Center, is the author of a respected book with the title "Literary Dissent in Communist China." She argues that the campaign, which actually began in 1973, may indeed have been initiated by Cultural Revolutionaries intent on maintaining their policies, but that it was quickly taken over by Chou. "The dominant tone of the campaign has been to use historical figures and incidents to promote centralization, institutionalization, ideological unity, and production—not to foment the struggle, decentralization, and . . . fervor associated with the Cultural Revolution," she says. The assaults on works like "Three Trips to T'aofeng," she reasons, may have been crosscurrents generated by a group of radical ideologues associated with Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing, who wanted to gain ground in the cultural sphere.

Despite Professor Goldman's emphasis on the unemotional tenor of the campaign, she describes a society caught up in bewildering swings of opinion. In 1972, Lin Piao was denounced as an "ultra-leftist;" in 1973, he became an "ultra-rightist." Labels are senselessly applied, ideology is thrust into areas where it does not belong, and temporary political arrangements count for little. To one who has been heartened by the Chinese Communists' success in eliminating want and venality, the picture of political irrationality is deflating. The unended open season on Confucius provides an arena for veiled controversy over the successions of Chou and Mao; and, in fact, sputterings against power holders who "continue to take the capitalist road" (the great crime in the Cultural Revolution) have lately been heard. (The strange pseudo-Presidential visit by Mao's friend Richard Nixon seems to be a case of wishful thinking by both host and guest.) Yet Professor Goldman, at least, sees some grounds for optimism. She points out that the recent anti-Confucianism has brought back a number of old writings that the regime had cast aside. The Taoist philosopher Chuang-tzu, for instance, has been cited for his criticism of the Confucian tradition, but many Chinese are bound to notice that Chuang-tzu was a spokesman for freedom and an enemy of all government, not just Confucianism. Professor Goldman writes that the revival of the past and the return to scholarship may produce a livelier and more varied period than the People's Republic has yet experienced. At any rate, in considering the contradictions of recent events some thoughtful citizens of that republic are likely to draw conclusions other than those that have been officially prescribed.

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Behind the Swinging Doors

OUR friend the fellow-citizen and another man were seated together at Bun 'n' Burger of Thirty-fourth Street at Sixth Avenue and Twelfth Street one lunchtime last week, staring at a couple of burgers in front of them, when we stopped in for a cup of coffee. "You wouldn't think it," the fellow-citizen said as his friend took a bite of burger, "but the two of us were cooking haute cuisine last night, starting at 7 P.M. and continuing until 7 A.M., with no talking during that entire time. Somehow, we got signed up for a French-cooking course conducted by this amazing guy Daniel Strongin—he's one of the Amis d'Escoffier, and he now cooks at the Ritz-Carlton in Boston."

"He's one of the night chefs," said the friend.

"There were twenty-one of us," the f.-c. continued, "and we each ponied up five bucks, not to mention two hundred dollars among us for food and vino and a small bottle of Grand Marnier for Daniel, so that this character—he allowed *himself* to talk—could bark orders at us all night, which he patiently explained is what French chefs have to do. Don't get me wrong. It was one of the most interesting nights I can recollect, because now I know how things operate behind the swinging doors, which, you can believe me, is a world unto itself."

"He even taught us how to eat," said the friend.

"But that came later," said the fellow-citizen. "That came at 6 A.M., when we started eating everything we'd cooked all night—lobster sushi, consommé St. Goodrick, sole with both white-wine sauce and lobster-bourbon sauce, saddle of corn-fed Kentucky lamb with mustard sauce and vegetables, watercress salad, and ice cream à la Greenstreet, which was invented by Sydney Greenstreet—with rosé wine, white wine, red wine, champagne, and coffee."

"And macaroons," said the friend.

"You've got to be kidding," we said. "You two can't even boil water."

The fellow-citizen gave an elaborate Gallic shrug. "I will have you know," he said, "that I am now at least partly a saucier—a saucemaker—who is the extreme artist of haute cuisine and whose art is based on a combination of the vigilance of a cat standing over a hot mousehole and the discernment of Mr. Tetley's tea tasters. Daniel taught me the shrug. He says the sauciers sit around the kitchen and tell bad jokes and sneer at the other cooks for not having the refinement to laugh at them.

"At the beginning of the class—it was at the house of some friend of Daniel's who used to be a Good Humor salesman—we were all asked to sit down, and talk for once, to say what we did for a living and who had done the cooking when we were kids, Mom or Dad. Then Daniel—some fellow-cooks call him Charles, because he looks like Chaplin—outlined the theory of the French kitchen, which is divided up like the Army, it seems, according to the battle plan of General Escoffier. The pantry, in Daniel's reading of the Escoffier design, is at the bottom—they're like buck privates. They wash and chop veggies and hand them out at the right time to the right people. From there you go up through all sorts of stewards, garde-mangers, meat roasters, pastry chefs, butchers, and so on and so forth, to the top of the heap—the sauciers, right under the chef and the sous-chef themselves, who are like God and the prophet. These days, the chef is usually an executive, a menu pusher, not so much a cook, but in the old days if you gave the chef lip you'd be lucky if there was anything left to get on the unemployment line. Then Daniel's sous-chef—Christopher Daniels was his name—read from the writings of Brillat-Savarin, the greatest gourmet who ever lived: 'The Creator, while forcing men to eat in order to live, tempts him to do so with appetite and then rewards him with pleasure. Good living is an act of intelligence, by which we choose things which have an agreeable taste rather than those which do not. First parents of the human race, whose feastings are historical, what did you not lose for a ruddy apple, and what would you not have given for a truffled turkey hen? But in your Earthly Paradise you had no cooks, no fine confectioners! I weep for you!' Then we had to put all the food on the table while Daniel showed us how to shop for fresh vegetables. Scratch the bottom of celery and lettuce

"I'm down here to do some soul-searching."

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with your fingernail or a penknife. If it's moist, it's probably fresh. With broccoli, what you're looking for is a nice head and no branches pushing up through from lower down on the stalk. Then we were assigned to various stations and put to work and told not to smoke over the food. That was the last I saw of my friend David here for some hours."

"You weren't a saucier, too?" we asked the fellow-citizen's friend.

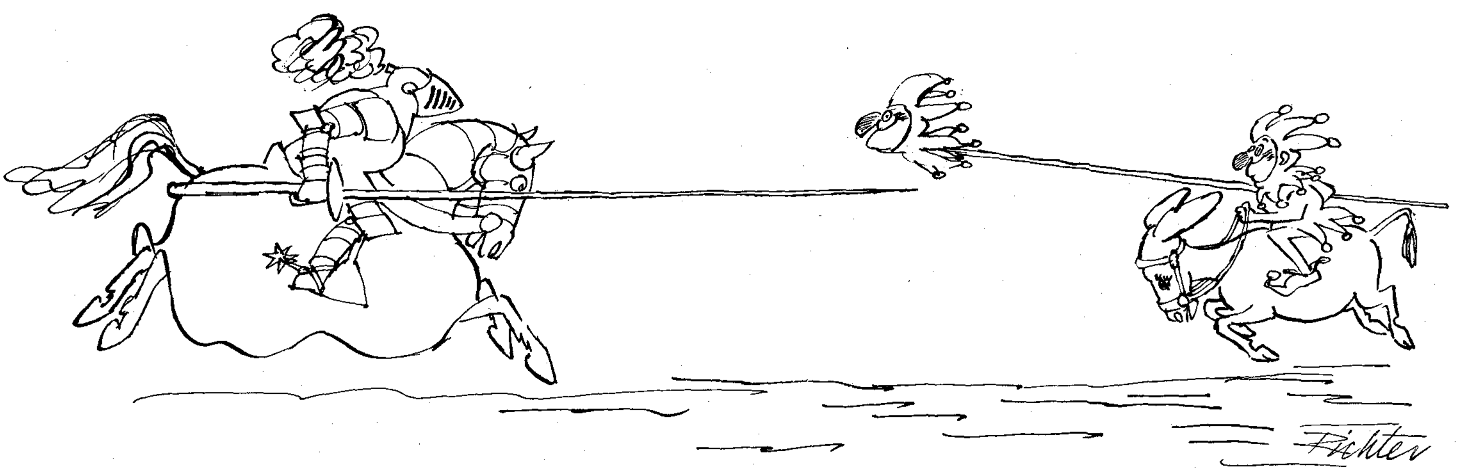
"No," said David. "No, I was the maître d', in charge of service, which did not occur for the first eleven hours of the evening, so I worked with the stewards and watched everybody else. Watching for eleven hours is harder than working for eleven hours."

"What did you see?" we said.

"Oh, the heights and the depths," David said. "Like, for instance, this guy Bart, who had entered the premises with a sinister gleam in his eye and was standing around looking distracted—Daniel put him on knife-sharpening detail. He was a natural. Later, Daniel set him to chopping some vegetables that had to be perfect. He was transformed. He was the best vegetable chopper anybody ever saw. Precise. Smooth strokes. No extra moves. This, I would say, was in contrast to a man named Bill, who was chopping potatoes at one point, for soufflé potatoes, which have got to be exactly three-eighths of an inch thick. Daniel could see that Bill had something of the perfectionist in him, and, indeed, old Bill went a bit nuts, measuring each potato with an architect's scale. But then, when it was all over and the potatoes still didn't puff up right, Bill said he had learned one heck of a lot just from watching himself behave that way. See, Daniel is big on attention, on how you've got to hold on to your own attention. In fact, at one point during one of the breaks we took he warned us. He said, 'Now I'm going to do everything I can to try to take away your attention.' And that's just what he did. He would sneak up behind Elaine, who's Italian, and yell 'Spaghetti sauce!' Elaine would jump up about four inches, and before she hit the ground Daniel would say 'Gotcha.' I was as nervous as if I was in a cage with a leopard. But he could see I was on the lookout. I was mad, too. Daniel stands about five-five, and I felt as if I was taking orders from my little brother and couldn't talk back. No talking, remember? So I gave him a dirty look at one point—a real killer. Big smile. 'DON'T you look at me like that.' I nearly passed out. But by then it was four in the morning, and I was too tired, so I just did the dishes for an hour. I washed the same saucepan six times, at least. Each time, it came back with some different kind of goo on it. Sauciers, you know."

"To him it was goo," the fellow-citizen said.

"By about five-fifteen or five-thirty," David went on, "the front room of the apartment had about half a dozen people sitting on the couches looking as if they'd been hit on the head with frying pans. Daniel went up to Mary Ellen, who was head of the garde-manger department, and is also one heck of a belly dancer, and said, 'Get out there and give them a dance. Wake 'em up!' She was sort of in a state of shock herself, but he sweet-talked her into it, and she gave the deadheads about five minutes of belly rolls. I forgot to say there was music going on most of the time—'Tales of Hoffmann,' 'Shuffle Off to Buffalo,'



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'The Girl Friend of the Whirling Dervish.' Everybody woke up enough to applaud. Pretty soon after that, we had our last break before service, and Christopher, the sous-chef, read an essay by Lin Yutang called 'On Having a Stomach': 'Why do the Westerners talk so softly and look so miserable and decent and respectable at their meals? I feel sure that the child gets his first initiation into the sorrows of this life when his mother forbids him to smack his lips.' During all this time, the only thing we had to eat was a few potato chips at one of the breaks, and, believe me, we were certainly in the mood for food. Before we went back to work, Daniel told us about how to eat and really taste the food. You catch the aroma before you put the food in your mouth, you chew it slowly, and after you swallow you wait, because the peak flavor experience, with all the overtones, and so forth, happens anywhere from thirty seconds to a full minute after you swallow the bite. My friend here, meanwhile, was having very different experiences."

The fellow-citizen ordered us all fresh cups of coffee and took up the tale.

"The saucier works as hard as a carpenter, and most of the time he acts as a biologist. I never would have believed this, but the basic ingredient of the French sauce, which is the culmination of exquisite cuisine, is garbage soup. The French are peasants, you know. They take some veal bones and some vegetables and boil 'em for hours. And all the time the stuff is boiling you watch it with an eagle eye and stand by with a ladle poised. There are albumins in the veal—some sort of protein—and they come floating up and have got to be removed if you're ever going to get a pure essence of subtle taste, and not a bowl of hot hair tonic. So you push the ladle down until its edges are just below the surface of your veal boil—the stuff is called stock, by the way—and the surface tension slides the albumins into the ladle. These albumins continue to rise every minute for about six hours, so you're kept busy. You soon discover that as a pastime this kind of stocktaking is *molto ripetitivo*, but that as an exercise in keeping your attention on yourself, while at the same time according the stock the same kind of regard, it enables you to stay quite sharp. For one thing, the simmering stock—well, it's not simmering, it's what the French call 'smiling,' which is a little more rolling than a simmer—is always in motion, just like a living creature. For another thing, using surface tension to ladle out albumins without ladling out stock requires continuous subtle maneuvering. For a third thing, you keep remembering that this is something you and other people are going to have to eat. For a fourth thing, you know that at any moment Daniel is going to yell 'Get your elbow out of the sauce!' With thoughts like these, you find that you stay on your toes indefinitely, and even have time to sneak an occasional slug of cooking Chablis—one of the prerogatives of the saucier, Daniel explained, whenever the chef isn't looking.

"Consommé is even more amazing than you might think. After your stock has got almost purified, you make it a whole lot worse. You throw in egg whites, eggshells, and raw hamburger. What these do is form a raft on top, and the albumins in the raft attract the remaining albumins in the clarified stock, and after another hour and a quarter of smiling you're left with a pale, almost golden liquid under the raft, and this is consommé, which has the delicacy of rainwater but the fragrance of that huge stewpot refracted through all those hours of attention."

"How was dinner?" we asked.

"A Brahms quintet for the palate," said the fellow-citizen. "Full of echoes and little twists and turns and unexpected vistas. The lobster sauce on the fish, for instance, brought back just a little reminder of the lobster sushi, while the tablespoonful of soy sauce in the mustard plaster baked onto the lamb connected to the soy sauce the lobster sushi was dipped in. Little things. For the first time in my life, I didn't want to eat much, and I was completely full."

"When I saw all the food spread out on the table at the beginning, I could never have imagined it would turn into the food I ate at the end," said the fellow-citizen's friend.

"Daniel left about nine o'clock to catch the ten-o'clock shuttle back to Boston," said the fellow-citizen. "When I thanked him for the night, he said, 'All it takes is nerve. You can do anything you want to. Not necessarily do it well, but you can do it.' "

Birthday Party

Eubie Blake, the black pianist and composer, who began playing and writing ragtime music in the late nineteenth century, is about the only artist we know of whose work has enjoyed several revivals in his own lifetime. The latest renewal of interest in his music started around 1950, and has picked up a special momentum in the last seven or eight years, and Mr. Blake is clearly enjoying every bit of it. In one of Casey Stengel's declining years, he remarked that most people his age had been dead for a long time. It is the sort of remark we can imagine Eubie Blake making about himself, for his tongue just misses being as irrepressible and adventuresome as Casey's was. At all events, Mr. Blake remains decidedly alive—a fact that was underscored a couple of Saturday evenings ago, when hundreds of his admirers, including us, filled the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria to help him observe his ninety-third birthday.

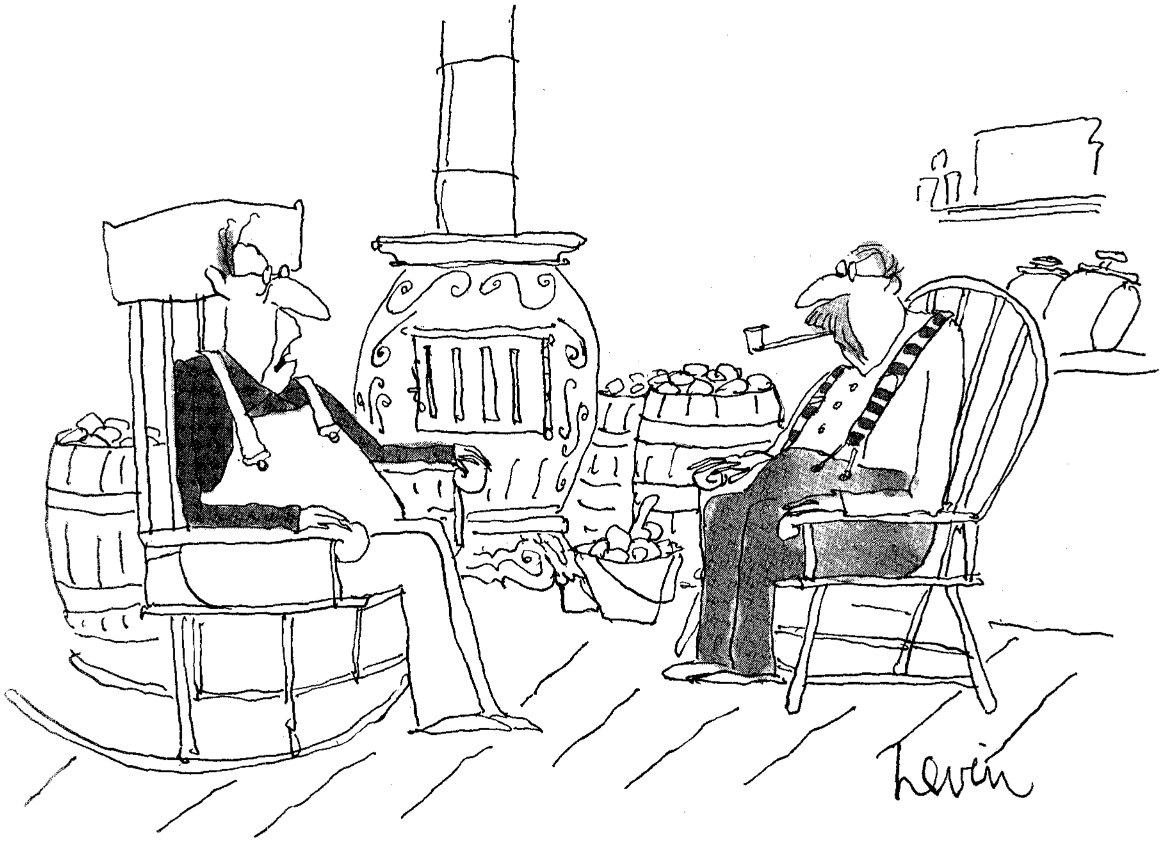
Mr. Blake was born in Baltimore in 1883, and had learned the piano and organ by 1889, at around which time his playing began to reflect the influences of what certain people of that period called "lowlife" music. One day, his mother, a deeply religious woman, came into the house to hear Eubie swinging his music lessons in ragtime, and invited him to take that sort of playing elsewhere. He did just that a few years later, in 1898, making his first public appearance in one of the notorious sporting houses of Baltimore, where he had been asked to supply the musical side of the entertainment. He wrote his first composition, "Charleston Rag," in 1899, the same year that Scott Joplin—ragtime's genius—published his much more famous "Maple Leaf Rag." It was not until 1921—after Mr. Blake had spent a number of years developing his skills on the vaudeville circuit and in various East Coast night clubs—that he hit the big time, in New York. That year—along with his collaborator the lyricist Noble Sissle, who died last year, at the age of eighty-six—he brought the highly successful musical "Shuffle Along" to Broadway. Songs from that show—as well as other songs that Mr. Blake wrote, with Noble Sissle or with Andy Razaf—have since become securely lodged in the popular repertory. Mr. Blake himself went on to become one of the legendary names of America's popular music.

His birthday party at the Waldorf came as close to being a democratic affair as the circumstances allowed. The crowd was made up of blacks and whites and foreigners, one couple having travelled all the way from Denmark to be there. Dress, optional, ranged from formal evening wear to casual denim. Ages ran from the late teens right on up to Mr. Blake's own venerable ninety-three. The black bourgeoisie and the white bourgeoisie, both of them well dressed and glittering, were out in force—reminding us of how in the eighteen-nineties, when ragtime was coming in, their parents and grandparents had shunned Mr. Blake's kind of music. We are unable to report that the poor—whose forebears had embraced ragtime openly—were out in any force, or, for that matter, that they were there at all. Their presence was part of what the circumstances did not allow, since it cost twenty-five dollars to get in. Not that this was any fault of Mr. Blake's. He strikes one as being such a soft touch that he probably couldn't find the heart to charge twenty-five dollars for anything. The party had been thrown for him by a group called the Amas Repertory Theatre, and it was they who set the price of admission. Not that they could be blamed, either, for they needed enough proceeds from the affair to establish a children's-theatre scholarship fund to be named after Mr. Blake.

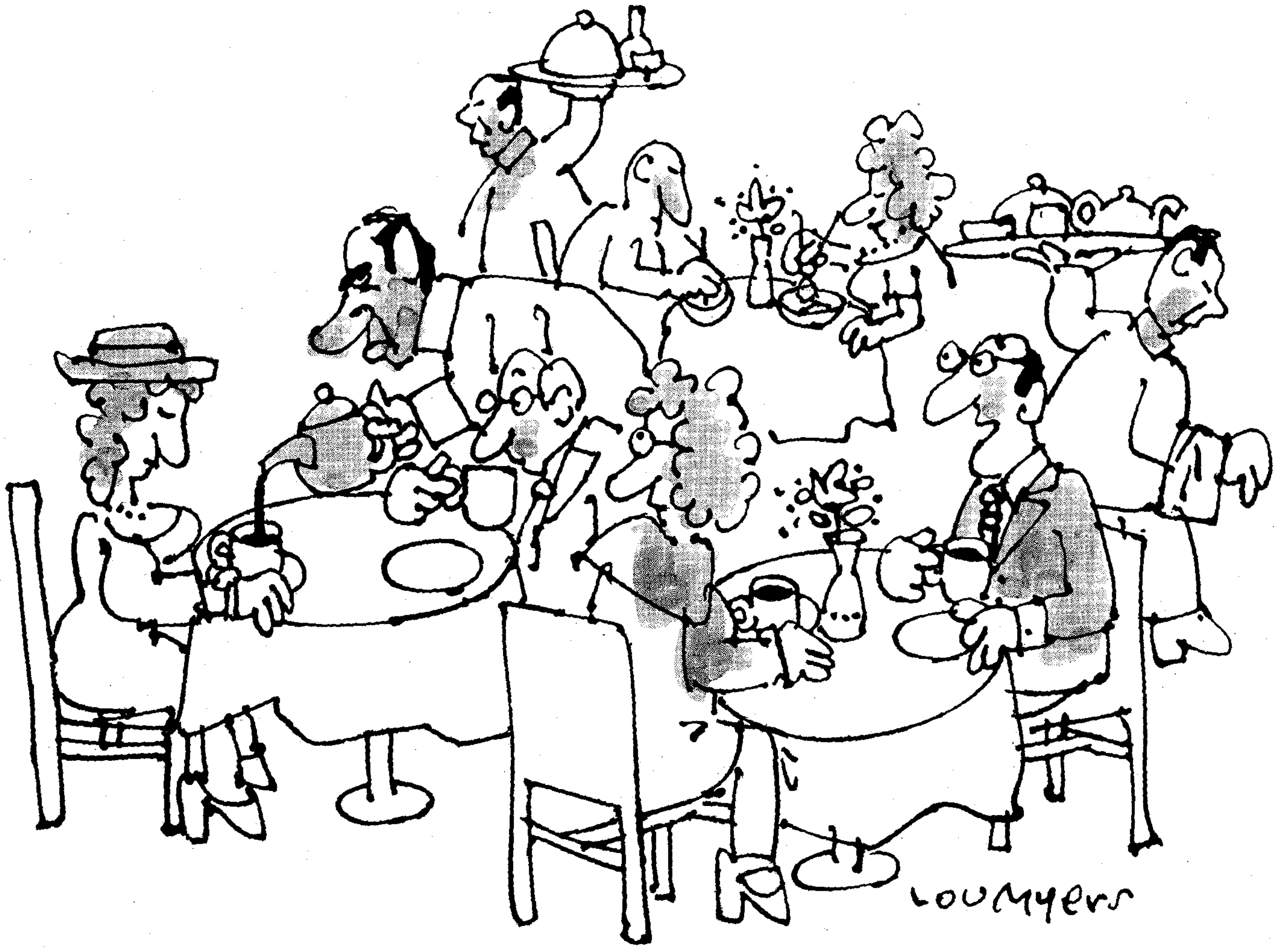
Eubie Blake was an exemplary guest of honor. He seemed to have time for everybody who came up to him, he signed every bit of paper that was shoved at him, and he was willing to go on talking as long as anyone wanted, or as long as anyone was able to keep him talking—for, as he said at one point during the evening, "I don't like dead air." Before the formal tributes began, we walked over and joined a group that had gathered around Mr. Blake's table—which he shared with his wife, the former dancer Marion Tyler, to whom he has been married for the past thirty years, and with some close friends—to hear what was being said. We got there as Mr. Blake was answering a question about Scott Joplin, and caught this part of his reply: "Poor Scott, he never got the credit he deserved in his lifetime. I got more credit than he did. But most of what I got belongs to Scott, for I'm not the musical man he was. It's just that I've been around a little longer."

A man in black tie asked where the word "ragtime" came from. "To tell you the truth," Mr. Blake said, his face crinkling up in a roguish smile, "I'm ninety-three years old and I still don't know."

As we listened to these exchanges, we had a chance to study Mr. Blake more closely. He was trim and dapper, wearing a dark-blue double-breasted suit, with wide lapels, deep side vents, and tapered waist; a white handkerchief was sticking out of his breast pocket. He sat very straight, as if he didn't want to rumple his attire. Everything about his appearance, however, was dominated by his pate, which does not have a hair left on it. But for a salt-and-pepper mustache and eyebrows, his entire head looks as clean as a light bulb. If there is anything about him that attracts more notice than his dress and his head, it is his



"Hold on there, Tom. That's not cracker-barrel, that's 'Dear Abby.'"



"Probably just a Nixon look-alike."

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voice, which is always joyously loud. He simply never lowers it, no matter what the subject is, who is listening, or whether he is addressing an audience of one or of a hundred. With people standing about, he is clearly not the sort of man to take aside for an opinion on a matter of some delicacy. "I can't talk soft" is the way Mr. Blake puts it, at the top of his voice. He has been permanently amplified ever since his early days on the vaudeville circuit, when there were no microphones and a performer had to learn how to throw his voice all the way to the back of the largest room.

Someone asked Mr. Blake whether he could remember the first time he came to New York. "First time I came to New York on a visit was in 1902," he bellowed. "I was one of a bunch of kids doing a little buck-dancing for a show called 'In Old Kentucky.' They piled us into a furniture wagon and backed us up to the stage door of the theatre, which fronted on Fourteenth Street. I think it was called the Academy of Music. After the show, they piled us back into the furniture wagon and drove us down to Bleecker Street. That's where we were staying. These days, I don't bother to tell people I was in New York in 1902, because they'd never believe it if I told them that at that time Bleecker Street was almost nothing but Negroes. You didn't have no Harlem in those days. At least, Harlem wasn't for Negroes. Most of them lived downtown. A lot of people question my memory about these things. They think I'm so old I must not know what I'm saying. But when I tell you something, you can bet your money on it, 'cause I don't talk just to be talking."

At this point, a tall, white-haired man joined the gathering around Mr. Blake, who stopped everything to greet him, and identified him as "Dr. Liberman, the man who has been keeping me alive these past twenty-five years." Dr. George Liberman talks nowhere near as loudly as Mr. Blake does, so there was no danger in taking him aside to get a quiet report on the health of his famous patient. "Everything considered, his health is very good," the Doctor said. "He is a fantastic physical specimen, with a fantastic constitution. It is most unusual to find a man his age with such supple fingers. He has trouble with them from time to time, for at this point in his life the joints tend to wear out. But he responds to treatment remarkably well. He has a great capacity to bounce back from illnesses. I don't hesitate to give him the medicine I would give a man of thirty-eight."

A moment later, Mr. Blake was asked to move to the center of the ballroom, where there was a bandstand, to pose for television and still cameras. He ambled over, with something of a limp—stiffness of joints, no doubt—and sat at the piano. While the cameramen shot Mr. Blake from all sides, he sat with his hands in his lap and smiled the sort of ceremonial smiles he must have imagined were required of him. After a while, he started fidgeting—lifting his fingers from his lap, as though he thought they should be doing something. Finally, he said to everyone, "Shouldn't I be playing the piano?" Yes, of course, everyone said. Leaving the cameras to look out for themselves, he started to play, and before long he was lost in some wildly effervescent ragtime.

EXCERPTS FROM THE GINSBERG BOOK OF NON-RECORDS

I. The Slowest Hundred-Yard Dash

RUN by Mercury Mabley, of Peachpit, Georgia, from August 14, 1971, to December 16, 1974: Three years, four months, two days, eight minutes, and 9.1 seconds. Wind conditions met A.A.U. standards. Concurrent records were also set by Mabley for the most meals consumed and the most rest-room stops made while running the hundred. During the run, Mabley was divorced by his wife, lost custody of the children and pets, and lost his house by repossession by the bank. He is a busboy now at Giovanni's, where he is affectionately known as "The World's Slowest Tray Carrier."

II. The Least French Fries Eaten at One Sitting

1/332 of a fry, eaten with a jumbo malted, by Jimmy Frazzle, 10, at 1 P.M. on September 9, 1968, in a Big-Boy Burger stand in North Platte, Nebraska. Not realizing that Jimmy was entering the Hall of Fame, his mother lost her temper when he failed to clean his plate and put him to bed that night without dinner.

III. The Shortest Song Ever Written

Composed by Mendy Horwits and called "Amanda, Girl of My Dreams, I Love You Deeply and Sincerely," it consists of one sixty-fourth note (hemidemisemiquaver). It was first performed on October 7, 1973, in a joint performance by the Warsaw Symphony and a rock group, the Krakow Krazies. The piece received a sitting ovation, and also set a record for the longest delay for applause after a musical composition—three minutes, 51.7 seconds. The audience, it was learned subsequently, refused to believe the song was over.

IV. The Least Yo-Yo Twirls

1/78 of a twirl, by Ricky Fassbender, 12, of Encino, California, on May 17, 1969. The yo-yo, a "Whip-Snorter," was certified by the American Yo-Yo Institute to be in good working condition, and string tension met A.Y.Y.I. standards. Ricky later attempted to repeat his performance on the "Tonight Show," but failed abysmally.

V. The Shortest Broad Jump

3/8 centimetre, by Ralphie Catchpole, 28, of Wimpole-Churchyard-on-the-Meadows-by-the-Old-Moor, England. A subsequent 1/8-centimetre claim submitted by Horst Hasselbladder, of Bad Kissinger, Germany, was disqualified after three witnesses submitted affidavits stating that Horst had merely wiggled his toes. Hasselbladder has retained solicitors and is appealing the decision.

VI. The Smallest Eyelashes

Grow on the upper lids of Kiki Goodbody, 14, of Tyler, Texas. They are .00003 millimetres in length and can just be seen with an electron microscope—if Kiki will let you look. They are growing at the rate of .000000001 mms. a year. If Kiki lives to be ninety-seven, her lashes are expected to become visible to the naked eye.

VII. The Smallest Bridge

Located in Lamphun, Thailand, it is one satkayat (½ in.) long, and crosses the Mae Wong Gorge. The toll for crossing is two bahts (10 cents). Though it can easily be stepped over, it is considered "three generations bad luck" not to touch it with your boot in crossing, and there is a further penalty of a hit upside the head for stiffing the toll collector.

VIII. Least Consecutive Basketball Throws

The new mark was set by Amahd Singh, 19, of Punjab Rancho Estates, Pakistan, on October 12, 1972. Singh missed the basket 1,376 times before the ball circled the hoop six times and rolled in. His 976th try almost dropped but bounced out at the last moment, observers said, because of a minor earthquake. Singh was shooting for a personal goal of 2,001 misses, but on the ill-fated 1,376th throw a well-meaning supporter yelled, "*Udyanahamet!*," which means "Close the upper intestinal door!" This startled Singh and threw his aim on.

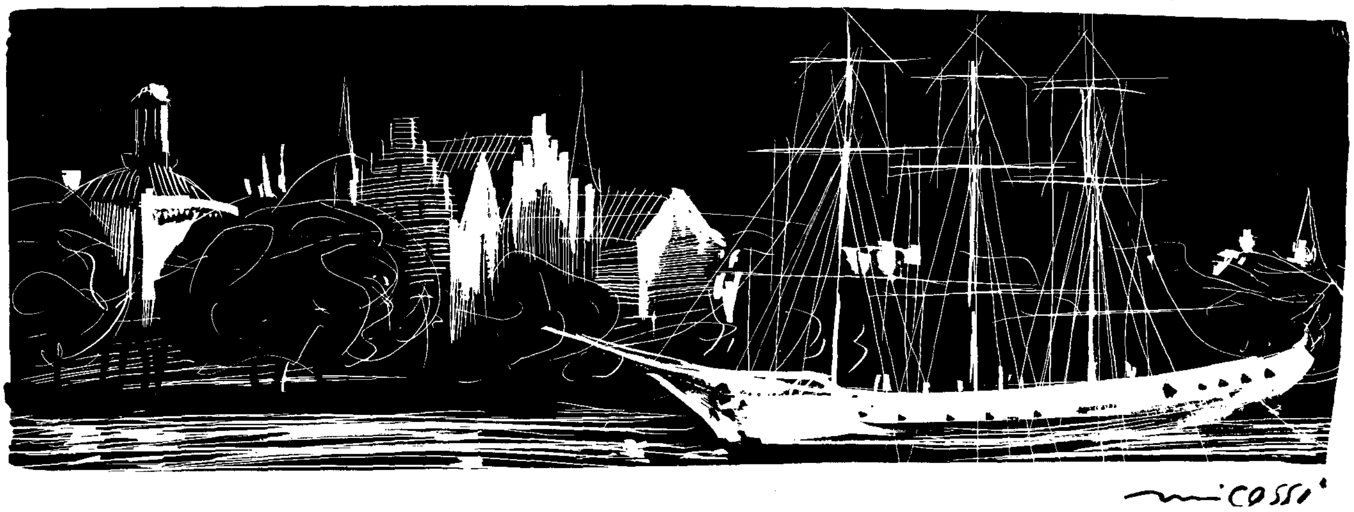
IX. The Smallest Phonograph Record Ever Made

Pressed by Teeny Records, Little Creek, Colorado, it is 1/128 inch in diameter, not including the hole. Calipers must be used in placing the record on a turntable. The super-microgroove record is played at .0038 r.p.m., and contains four choruses of "Little Things Mean a Lot," sung by Wee Bonnie Baker, backed by Tiny Little.

X. The Unboldest Typeface

Manufactured by Wittgenstein Typensettermachers, Wiener Neustadt, Austria. The example below, the full text of Milton's "Areopagitica," is set in 1/128-point (1/9251-inch) type:

—F. P. Tullius

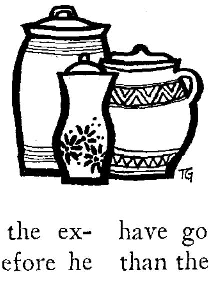


ETERNA

OUT in the street at last, the doctor stopped running and looked back at the steps of the gallery. The woman was not following him. All the same, he went across to where the car was parked. But as there was still no sign of her he didn't drive away. His wife would be along shortly—she was only picking up odds and ends for the kids at some shop around the corner where there was a closing-down sale. What a fool he was to have gone into that cursed gallery. Just because he had found a parking place opposite it! If he'd bought an evening paper and waited for Annie in the car, he'd have saved himself a nasty fright, because now he felt certain that the crazy woman could not possibly have been Eterna. Not in those outlandish clothes! Not with that daft look in her eyes as she strayed from painting to painting, causing everyone to stare.

If it was Eterna, wouldn't he have noticed her the minute he went into the place, instead of merely turning to see why other people were staring? Even then, he wouldn't have given the poor soul a second glance if he hadn't fancied a resemblance. But when he found her eyes fixed on him he lost his head and ran, although he was vaguely aware, even then, that her daft gaze had already wandered away from him. That was another thing. If it was Eterna, wouldn't she have recognized him?

It was mortifying to think that he had lost control to such an extent that he *ran*. Supposing one of his patients had been there and seen him. It was unlikely, though, that anyone up from the country for a precious half day in Dublin would waste time in the National Gallery. He relaxed. He lit a cigarette and settled down to wait for Annie.



Why had he gone into the gallery at all? He had probably fallen into a nostalgic mood, thinking of all the exhibitions he'd attended there before he was qualified and when he still entertained notions of a practice in Dublin. In those days, going to art exhibitions, symphony concerts, operas, and that sort of thing seemed as important for his advancement as going to his lectures. Ah, well, he'd better not tell Annie about his little adventure. Not that she'd give a damn whether it was Eterna or not—she'd be concerned only at his having gone into the gallery at all, at his backsliding into intellectual snobbery, or what she called professional posturing. "Tommyrot" was the word she had actually used the first time he met her, or, rather, the first time they had had what could be considered a real conversation.

"IT'S not as if you were a specialist," she had said bluntly. "A district doctor doesn't have to put on airs like the bigwigs up in Dublin. That kind of thing might impress Dublin people, but it won't go down in a country town, it will only do you harm. The people in this town are simple, but they are not fools. They see through you, Doctor, the way they see through a pane of glass." She had looked at him so contemptuously that he winced. But she kept on. "You know damn well, Doctor, that you wouldn't have deigned to talk to me tonight if you weren't in such a state over that silly nun."

That had cut through to the bone. It was so true. He had never taken the slightest notice of her before that night, had hardly looked in her direction. In the four months he'd been in the Central Hotel, where she was receptionist, he had hardly spoken a word to her beyond the meagre civilities of good night and good morning. Anyway, she was seldom to be seen except behind the brass grille of her dark little office at the back of the entrance hall. To him, she was just another dreary feature of the broken-down, third-rate hotel.

He himself only spent weekdays in the place. Saturday always saw him hitting out for Dublin. He never bothered to hunt for decent accommodation in the town, being certain that such was not to be found. The whole town was a cultural desert—although, mind you, he knew he was lucky to get his appointment, considering his marks in the Finals. All the same, if he had been lucky he might have got a town with more to offer than the Central Hotel.

It was a dump. The lounge was small and dark, with frosted glass in the windows, and the fire in the shallow grate was kept so tightly banked down with clinkers that once when he threw an orange peel on top of the coals it was still unconsumed when he came back from his rounds at the end of the day. As for the company! It seldom varied—a few commercial travellers, a bank clerk or two, and an elderly, unmarried schoolteacher. If an occasional tourist appeared, he or she very shortly became aware of being misplaced, and accordingly sat all evening in disgruntled silence. He himself had no alternative but to engage in the inanities that passed for conversation and then retire to his dismal bedroom and lie on his bed.

When the call first came to go up to the convent, he was at his lowest. It was a cold night in February, a dreadful night of wind and rain, yet he was glad to get away from the hotel for an hour or so. Admittedly, too, the week that followed gave a bit of spice to his life, but the good was taken out of that by the hideous embarrassment he brought upon himself on his last visit up there.

Back at the Central after that last visit, scarcely tasting the miserable evening meal, he had left the dining room with a vague intention of stepping out in the fresh air. He saw it was raining. And it was as he turned back that he saw the receptionist—Annie—coming out of her box at the back of the hall and taking her coat from the rack.

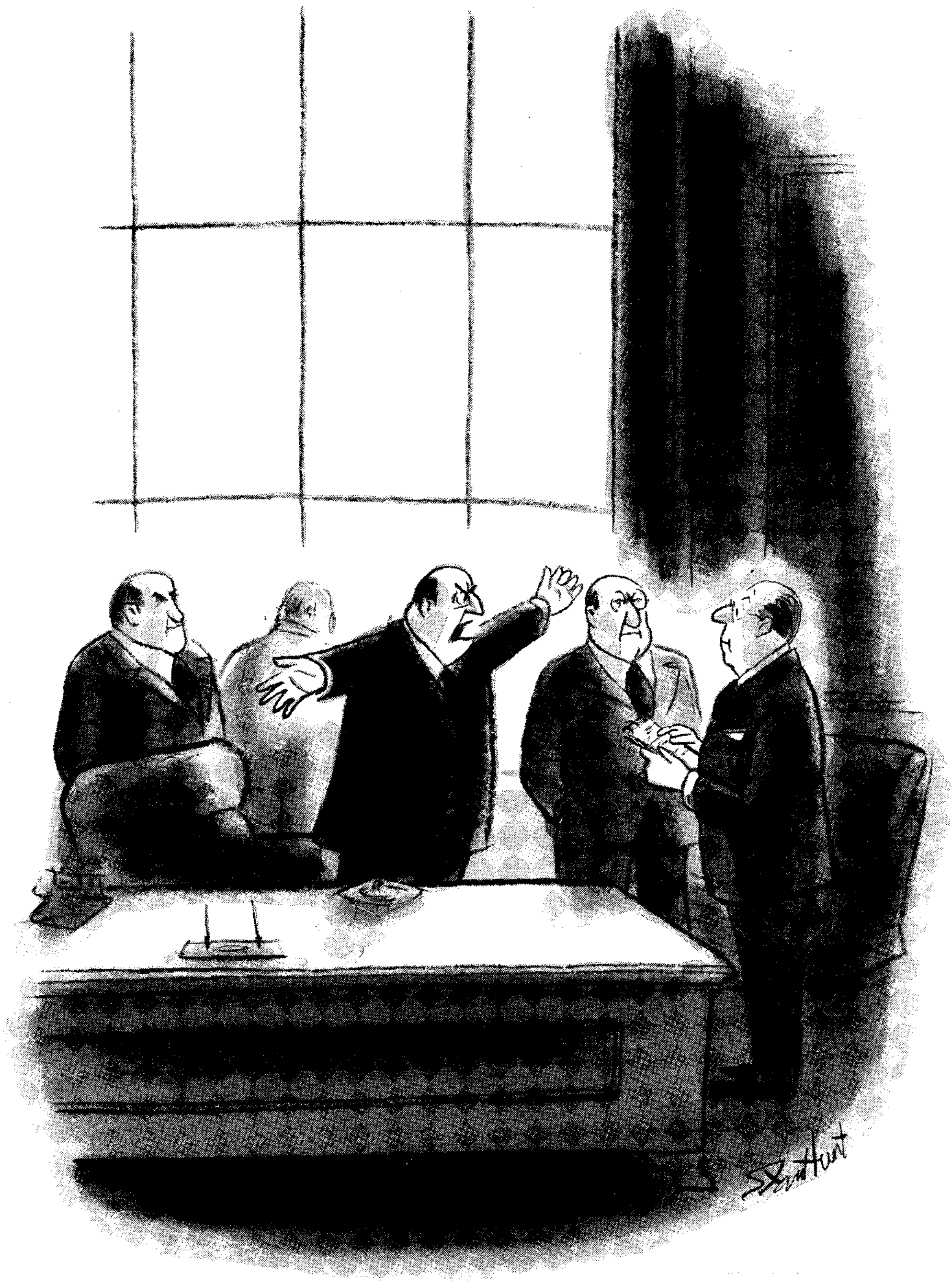
"It's raining. Did you know that?" he asked. She answered by merely indicating that the coat was a mackintosh, and this made him feel so foolish that he had to detain her to correct the bad impression he'd made. From the few curt words he drew out of her, he gathered that she went for a walk at that hour every evening regularly, wet or fine.

"There's not much else to do, I grant you that," he said bitterly.

"Oh, I enjoy my walks," she protested, and then, to his astonishment, she came out with a vehement attack on him. "Of course, I don't claim to have your sophisticated tastes!" she said, and when he asked what she meant by that remark she shrugged her shoulders. That really provoked him. He hurried after her to the door.

"Do you ever take anyone with you?" he asked. And when, again, she gave no answer he took it she had no objection. Grabbing his own coat from the rack, he stepped out after her into the dark street. The rain had eased off. She had a strong stride and she held up her face as if she liked the slap of the wet, cold air.

The town was badly lit, but when they got out of it, and the stars began to pierce the sky, he found that he enjoyed striding along beside her. They didn't talk much and soon he forgot about the nuns—until they came to a point where the road forked, and Annie, who was slightly ahead, took the one that went past the convent. He stopped.



"Never mind giving us the facts; we know the facts. The question is: What are we going to put out for public consumption?"

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"Let's not go that way," he said abruptly.

"Why not? It's the way I always go." She stopped, too, and he thought she was deferring to him, but he was wrong.

"What's the matter with going this way?" she demanded. Then and there, he blurted out what had happened at the convent that afternoon.

He could not have told a better person. To begin with, Annie had at once dismissed Eterna as silly, and not worth consideration. Then she turned on him. "If you ask me, you got what you deserved—a good comedown," she said. And she proceeded from that to give him the worst bawling out he'd had in his life. "You may be a good doctor, but you won't cut much ice in this town unless you change your tune," she said, and although the mixed metaphor made him wince, she was obviously so sincere that he listened to her with respect. When she put it to him flatly that he would not have stopped to speak to her if he hadn't been upset, he made no attempt at denial.

"I did not deserve that you should be so kind to me," he said quietly. He was glad to see, however, that this disconcerted her.

"Well . . . if you're enjoying the walk . . ." she murmured, and moved on again. But he noticed that when they were passing the convent gates she began to talk more animatedly, and he knew she was hoping to distract him. She didn't altogether succeed, but he was grateful to her, and by the time they got back to the Central he certainly felt better than when he had set out. He asked if he might perhaps accompany her the following night. She gave her consent, and after that they went walking every evening.

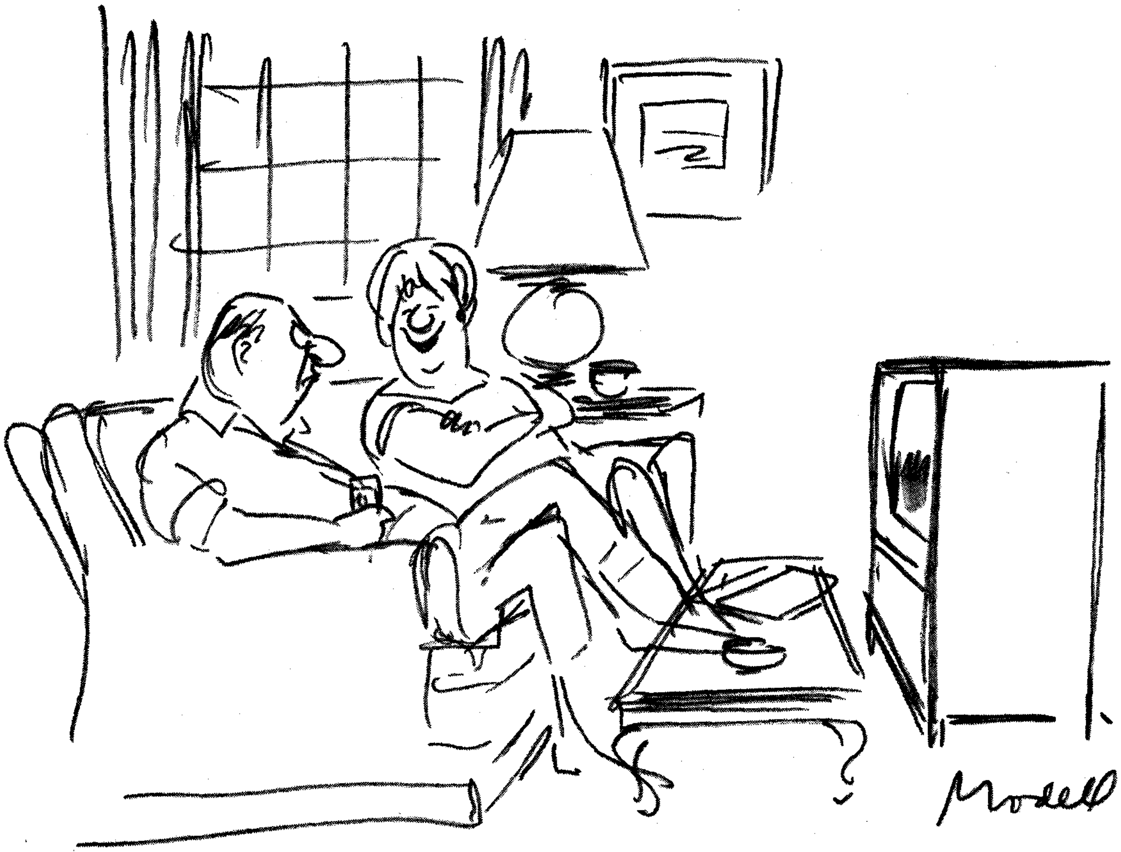
It wasn't long until he gave up going to Dublin at the weekends. And before the end of the year they were married. Naturally, after their first conversation, he felt no further need to mention Eterna, and Annie didn't bring her name up, either, except once, when they were on their honeymoon. She told him she had heard that Eterna had left the convent.

"But don't let it bother you!" she added, seeing that he was a bit upset at the news. "You flatter yourself if you think her decision had anything to do with you. You'll never see her again. She's left the town."

He put the whole incident out of his mind. Indeed, he tried to forget everything about those awful months before he met Annie. It was the most miserable time in his entire existence. The incident with Eterna was a fitting climax to it.

THE night he first saw her, the night he was called to the convent, was wet and miserable. It was freezing cold, and the rain was as fierce as hail. It lashed at the windows of the car, and his flesh anticipated the cascade of icy raindrops that would be dashed over his hands when he dragged at the massive gates to gain admission to the long, dark avenue.

He'd been up there twice before—once to inoculate a group of nuns leaving for the missions, and once to sign the death certificate of an old lay sister. On both of those occasions, though, it had been daytime. Now, in the darkness, the twisting drive seemed endless. Several times he swerved when he ought to have gone straight. From time to time wet laurels slapped against the sides of his car, and a hazy light over the far-off convent door seemed to shift position, because when the wind swayed the branches it seemed it was not them but the light that moved. The gleam of that light was eerie, and he was reminded of how he used to quake as a child, listening to tales of a light that flickered over the bogs and lured the unwary to extinction in bottomless holes full of black water. By



"You have to admit that the kitty was adorable, even if you can't stand cat-food commercials."

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the time he reached the convent door, he was completely unnerved. To make matters worse, before he had a chance to ring the bell the door was opened by a small bundle in black who was obviously on the wait for him. It was a lay sister so doubled up by age and rheumatism that she was almost on all fours. She had to crane her neck upward to bid him enter. What a cross old face! Yet at the time he took no exception to her. As far as he was concerned, that was the look of true sanctity. He'd seen it often on the faces of lay sisters in hospital wards and in homes for old people, where it was the lay sisters, and not the haughty choir nuns, who did all the hard work. He'd often said that if he were God he would not trade a single one of those cranky creatures for a whole conventful of the other sort.

"It's a bad night, Sister," he said, more amicably than he felt, as he went to help her close the heavy door. But without his help she slammed it shut, and he began to feel that his amiability was superfluous. Ostentatiously, the old woman wiped her bone-dry slippers on a fibre mat inside the door, and, bobbing her head for him to follow, she set off with a remarkable gait, for one so old and deformed, across floorboards that were dangerously overwaxed.

Assuming that his patient would be confined to her cell, he looked uneasily at the steep staircase that rose up as bare and ominous as a glass hill, when, to his relief, the old nun came to a stop before reaching it and threw open the door of a parlor to the left. Even then, he thought he was being shown in there to wait for his patient to be brought to him. But she was already there. Sitting stiffly on a straight-backed chair, with her hands primly folded on her lap and her eyes downcast, was how he first saw Eterna.

Eterna? Why was it that from the start his mind discarded the prefix that connoted her dedicated state? She was still only a novice. She was wearing a white veil, but that, of course, did not exonerate him. The truth was that the moment he first laid eyes on her he experienced a most unprofessional desire to humiliate her. Perhaps it was because in spite of her outward appearance of meekness she had instantly conveyed—to him, at least—an impression of unspeakable arrogance. "All I ask is martyrdom," she seemed to say, and left it to the old lay sister to explain why a doctor had been called. She had apparently cut her arm.

"Roll up your sleeve and show the cut to the doctor. Hurry up, Sister," said the old nun, and when Eterna's white fingers fumbled ineffectually with the masculine-looking studs on her wristband the old nun reached out impatiently and rolled up the sleeve with her own crabbed, red hands. When, however, the tender white skin of her arm was bared, Eterna blushed. Good, he thought as he bent to examine the cut. This might teach her that high aspirations do not turn human beings into angels overnight.

The cut was not deep, but the skin around it was inflamed and angry-looking. There being no antibiotics in those days, he honestly thought at first that it might be necessary to get his patient into a hospital, but, suspecting that this would cause consternation in the community, he decided to dress the cut and see how it would be after a couple of hours.

"Can we get some hot water, Sister, please?" he asked, and when the old nun went over and tugged at a leather bellpull beside the door he understood that the water would be brought. While waiting for it, he told the pair that he would like to call back in three hours. "At eleven," he added, to clarify matters. The nuns looked at each other in some confusion.

"The rule of silence is enjoined on us at nine o'clock, Doctor," the old nun said with severity.

If he had been strictly honest, he would have admitted to himself that, providing the arm was kept motionless, another examination could wait until morning. But a curious obstinacy had taken possession of him. With a stony look, he conceded an hour. "Ten at the earliest," he said.

The two veils, the white and the black, veered together like sails in a storm, and the nuns whispered urgently. From a word caught here and there, he gathered that the Reverend Mother had retired to her cell. To whom would they look for guidance and direction? To comply with his wishes, it might be necessary to get the assent of the chaplain, who occupied a cottage in the grounds. But would the Reverend Father be available at that hour? A second session of whispering took place. Perhaps the matter was not grave enough to justify disturbing the priest? More whispering. Finally, the old nun, whose name was Sister Bernadine, fixed him with steely eyes and said that in the extreme emergency she was herself prepared to give the permission necessary for the late call, although she was clearly in a state of perturbation.

Putting away his thermometer and closing his bag, the doctor looked disapprovingly at the novice. "How did you get this cut anyway?" he asked curtly. It was a measure of the effect she'd had on him that he had omitted to ask this routine question at the proper time. And since neither nun had volunteered the information, he began to suspect that the accident was not sympathetically viewed by the rest of the community.

"Tell the doctor what happened, Sister," said old Bernadine. He thought he detected a note of malice in her voice.

"I fell off a stepladder, Doctor," Eterna said, her voice painfully low.

He raised his eyebrows. "Oh? Are you a carpenter?" he asked, with mock surprise, it being his experience that nuns were forever scrambling up stepladders and climbing onto tables and chairs to disfigure their convents with shrines and grottoes. "How did it get infected? And why didn't you bandage it—or don't you believe in remedying bodily ailments?"

"I think perhaps I may have let some turpentine soak through the bandage," Eterna whispered, her voice now almost impossible to hear.

"Turpentine? Stepladders? So you really are a sort of handyman hereabouts?" he said, with a cynical smile he could not control.

He turned back to the old nun. "What exactly happened?" he asked.

She gave him a surly look. "Sister is an artist, Doctor. She was painting a replica of Our Lady of Good Counsel on the wall of the chapel." Clearly, such goings on were not her notion of proper behavior for nuns. "Our present Superior believes talent may be put to use—but only in the service of God, of course!"

He was taken aback. An artist? He stared at Eterna. To think that this was the first person of talent he had encountered since he came to the district—and she had to be a nun! He felt cheated.

"I should have been told of this earlier," he said disagreeably. "I would have kept a closer watch on my words. Artists are such sensitive souls."

Then, as if Eterna were incapable of understanding, much less executing, his orders, he wrote out a prescription and handed it to the old sister. "Have that filled in the morning, and meanwhile see that the cut is kept open. Put hot poultices on it, and change them frequently. I'll be back in two hours." He went toward the door. There, however, he turned and, staring at the novice, added a rider to his orders. "Water as hot as the patient can stand," he said. "How about martyrdom now," his eyes seemed to ask her as he allowed himself to be let out into the dark by Sister Bernadine.

He had by then only one thought in his head, and that was to be finished with the case. The next two hours dragged, and he thought the time would never come to be back and be done with the tiresome business. Nevertheless, when he did get back, and asked Bernadine for more hot water, it crossed his mind that at that hour everyone else might be asleep, and she might have to amble off and fetch it herself. He felt a strange elation at the thought of being alone with Eterna. But little he knew of convent life! Never in a million years would he be

THE SANDBANKS

We went to the moon those empty Sundays,
air purple with chill. Once, we found
the jawbone of a horse. Another time, a creek
no one had heard of, a creek without a name
and that close to home. And though the cliff
had been cut by man, and First Avenue South
was near, we were the first men there.

I remember it cold. Cold strata of sand
and cold fern. The mysterious cold air
that hung in the pit. The cold rim
of the sandbanks above us. Cold sky.
I remember the way the nation broke east
yellow and cold, and the Cascades
hiding the nation, snow and blue stone.

I took the jaw home. Where have you been?
There's a way of knowing why we go
to places others pass by. It has to do
with water we discover and bones.
It has a lot to do with rehearsal,
having the right lines to say in that country
we may find ourselves, the grass
in despair and no one friendly in sight.

—Richard Hugo

• •

left alone with a novice. The old nun reached for the bellpull, as before, and the hot water was brought immediately. He gave his attention to the cut.

He was glad he had insisted on seeing it again. The swelling had not gone down. He pressed out some pus, put on a dressing, reminded them to get the prescription filled first thing next morning, and said he would call again the following afternoon.

That afternoon of his third call, old Bernadine, as before, was close on the heels of her charge, and kept so close to her throughout the visit that she considerably hampered his movements. He repeatedly had to ask her to get out of his way. "Excuse me, Sister. . . . If you please, Sister. . . . Pardon me, please." To his further annoyance, when he did manage to attend to the cut, and was about to leave, the old nun stopped him.

"Will this be your last visit, Doctor?" she asked.

The danger of septicemia was by then almost negligible, but he decided to be on the safe side. "I'm afraid not, Sister. One can never be too careful in some matters." He said it ironically, because the old woman had conveyed the impression that they were all three engaged in an operation highly dangerous to faith and morals! "I'll be back in two days," he said.

BUT he intended that fourth visit to be his last. He could have devised no further pretext for calling—the healing processes had definitely started. When he arrived at the convent, however, a small change occurred in the order of events, and the door was opened not by Bernadine but by a nun so old that, by comparison, Bernadine could be considered sprightly. This old crone was so doddering that she misapprehended the nature of his visit, and, taking him to be the chaplain bearing the Host, blessed herself at sight of him and genuflected.

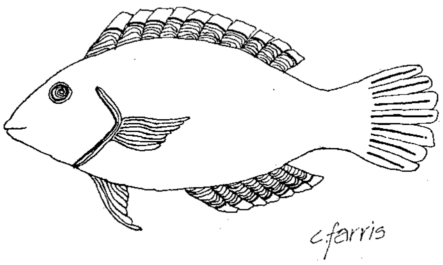
"This way, Father," she said reverentially, and he had to maneuver her toward the parlor, where Eterna sat sedately. The saintly old soul settled herself down in an armchair that almost swallowed her alive, and took up her beads. In a second, she was lost to this world. Passing the big wooden beads between forefinger and thumb as if she were fashioning pellets of bread, or rolling pills, her whispered Paters and Aves soon had the parlor as sibilant as an aviary.

Taking advantage of the lack of vigilance on the part of the old saint, the doctor ventured a joke with Eterna. "I see we have a new chaperon," he said. He was surprised and delighted to see a glint come into the novice's eye—until, to his chagrin, he realized that it was a glint of anger. What matter! It showed that she was at least in part human. But why did that gratify him? Quite aside from professional ethics, this disdainful creature did not in any way attract him. On the contrary! Perhaps he wanted to penetrate her unnatural indifference and send a shaft of some kind into her cold heart?

Whatever it was, after having assured himself there was no further festering in the cut, he pronounced it to be no longer dangerous, and went over to the window to make a comment on the view from it—this being his standard practice when terminating a case.

There wasn't much of a view, though. The window opened onto a small court, where at that moment the entire community of nuns was taking recreation, walking up and down the narrow asphalt paths that separated stiffly planted flower beds. "I see the chestnuts are in bud," he said. There wasn't much else to comment on, and he'd been surprised to see them in bud so early. But to his own ears the words didn't seem to have the proper valedictory undertones, and as he stared out at those big buds, ready to burst into leaf, he felt his heart lift at the thought that winter was over and spring well on its way. To his surprise, Eterna came and stood beside him. She looked out, too, but she still didn't smile.

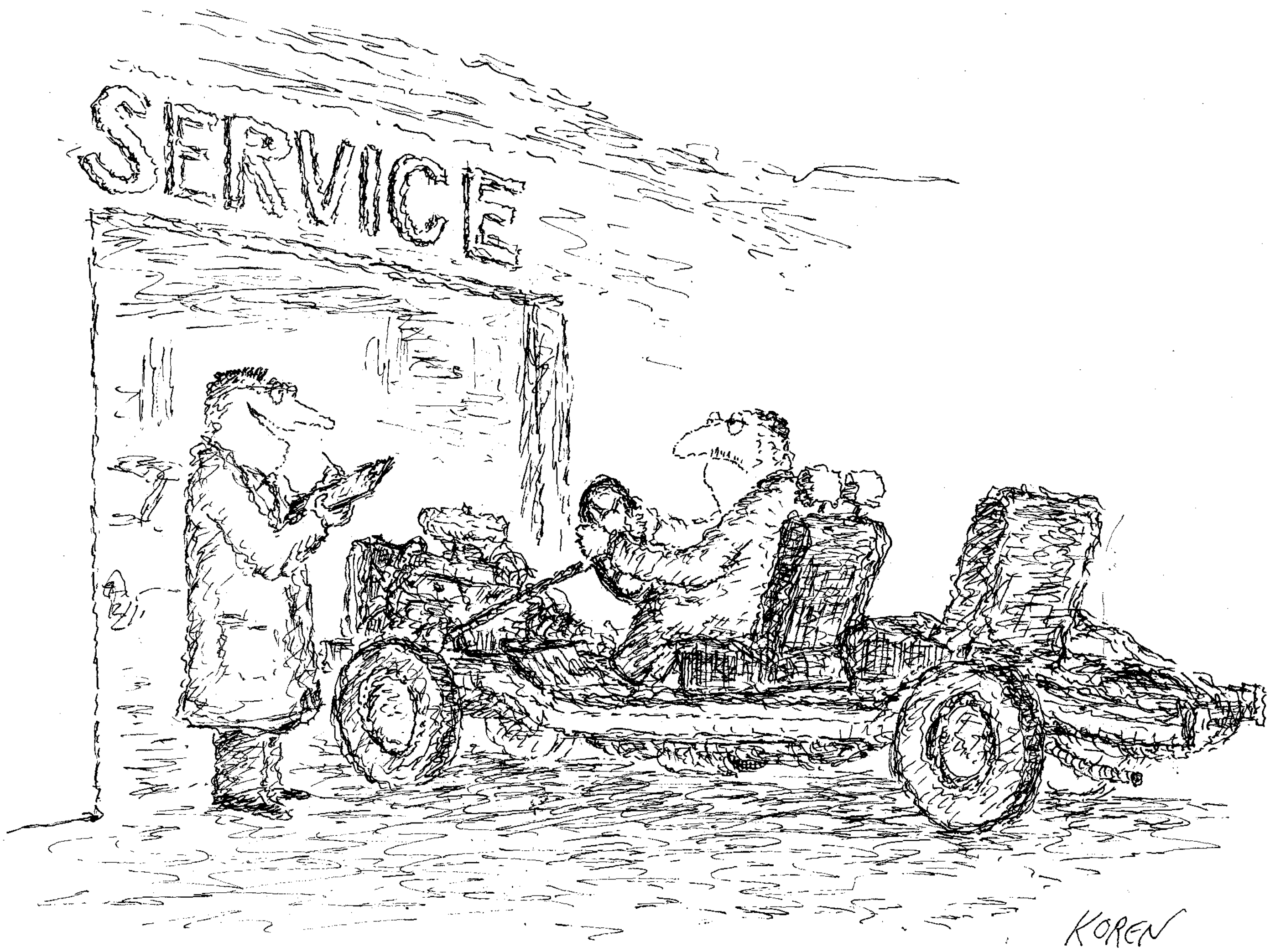
"They're sticky," she said. But although her remark may have been as inconsequential as his own, he couldn't help feeling dejected—for her—because when those sticky buds broke open and the sprawling leaves unfurled, that garden would be positively claustrophobic. The slatted seats set at regular intervals along the paths were so near to each other that there would be no more privacy out there than in the parlor.



"In the name of God, how can you be content to spend the sum of all your mortal days in this place?" he asked impulsively. Then he gave a nervous glance in the direction of the old nun in the armchair. "Is she really deaf?" he asked.

"Stone deaf. When there is thunder and lightning, she cannot even hear the lightning," Eterna said, almost vindictively. Then she noticed her mistake, and was overcome by the absurdity of it. "Thunder I mean," she added and, yes—he could scarcely believe it—she giggled.

He laughed, too—and loudly at that. Neither of them thought of the



"Good morning, Mr. Dolman. In for your twelve-thousand-mile checkup?"

• •

old soul in the corner. And there was a sudden sense of freedom between them such as there might have been with any other young couple.

"Seriously," he said, "human relations are complicated enough at the best of times and under the best of conditions, without people locking themselves up together under the same roof for the whole of their lives. How do you stand it? Even the good Lord Himself, if we are to believe His own words, does not propose to house us all up together in His heavenly mansion!"

As he hoped she might, Eterna laughed again. "It may be impertinent of me to say it," he went on, "but don't you think it is a poor thanks to your Creator to turn your back on His creation?"

"A fat lot I'd have seen of God's creation," she said, and the unexpected colloquialism surprised him. "I was born in this town. The oldest of ten! But for the nuns, I'd never have got anything more than elementary schooling. They educated me for nothing! And it was they who taught me to draw and to paint. There was a nun who had done her novitiate in Louvain, and she taught me all I know." She paused, and her voice went lower. "When I entered, I had no dowry. They took me without one because of my"—she hesitated, obviously from modesty—"because of my gifts," she finished, evidently unable to find another word. She blushed. The impetuosity of her outburst would have embarrassed him, too, if it were not for how amazingly that blush transformed her.

"Surely you could have got a scholarship to the College of Art, or a grant of some kind?" he said. Then he realized that he had seen nothing of her work. "The standard is fairly high, of course," he said hastily.

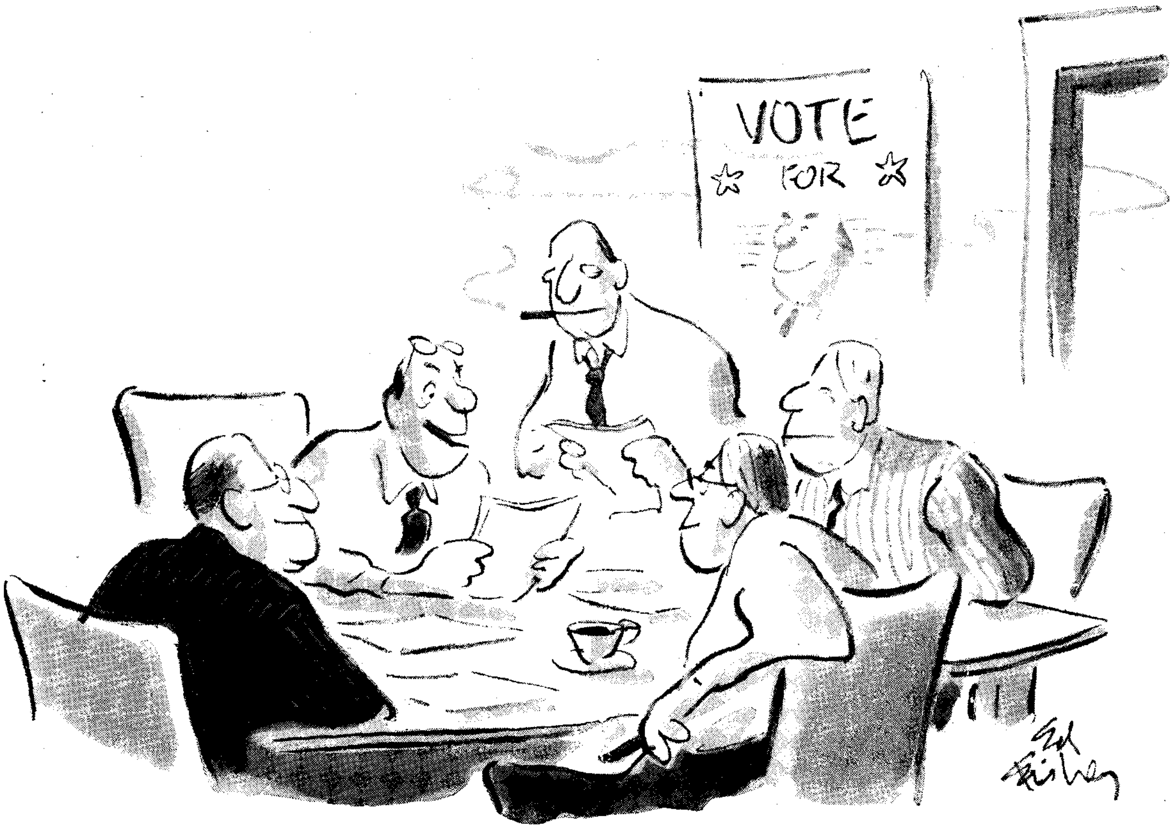
"And I am not very good, either," she said, with a humility he would not have credited her with a few days earlier. "My only regret is that I never saw any of the great masterpieces before I left the world—especially the moderns. You may not believe it, but I was never in the National Gallery in Dublin, much less . . ." Her voice trailed off on a note of regret.

"Oh, there's nothing much of importance in Dublin," he lied. He didn't like the turn the conversation was taking, and he was disturbed by the sad look that had come over her face. "Anyway, you can always get reproductions. The experts claim that detail can best be studied in photographs."

Eterna gave a barely perceptible shrug to her shoulders. "By students, perhaps," she said politely, "but I don't think anything could compensate for not being able to stand in front of the original." The wistful expression on her face made her really beautiful. He felt it was high time for him to take his departure.

"Let's hope there will be art galleries in Heaven," he said as he took up his bag to depart. Eterna was not listening, though. Glancing back at the old soul behind them, who by her incantations had induced in herself such a state of paradisical bliss that her eyes had rolled back in her head, leaving only the whites showing, the novice detained him with a gesture.

"I'd like to show you something. Can you stay another second?" she



"I like it! It's a blatant appeal to public apathy."

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asked breathlessly. And throwing her veil over her shoulder she seemed to send a flicker of light over his face in the way a sheet flapping on a clothesline can seem to flash light into a sunless room. She ran out of the parlor. It entered his head fleetingly that he should leave while she was gone. But before there was time for that she was back, her face radiant.

"I found this in a wastepaper basket in one of the dormitories after the boarders went home last summer," she said. From the thick black folds of her habit she produced a booklet. He recognized it as an ordinary catalogue from the National Gallery, but she was clasping it to her bosom with all the ardor of a saint at the stake clasping a crucifix. "It's from the National Gallery," she said as she placed it on a table and began to leaf through it. "Did you know there is a Monet there? And a Sisley?" she cried. "Have you seen them?"

Giving him no time to answer, she was feverishly searching through the illustrations. "Ah, here it is! My favorite!" she cried, flattening out the catalogue at a color reproduction of Monet's "River Scene." He did not know that there was a Monet in Dublin and this one was not, as far as he knew, an important painting, but the reproduction was good, and Eterna was certainly deeply affected by it.

"How I'd love to see it," she said. Her eyes were shining, and her parted lips showed her pearly little teeth.

He was completely swept off his feet. "How I'd love to show it to you, Eterna," he whispered back.

But oh, the look of shock that came on her face!

As a doctor, he could not miss it, nor mistake its implications. Neither could he fail to feel an appalling guilt at his breach of ethics. For a second that seemed as if it would last forever, they stared at each other, and from her stare he knew that to her he was some slimy, toadlike thing that had crawled out of a painting of Bosch's "Temptation of St. Anthony." Letting her treasure fall to the floor, she ran across to the armchair and, assisting the old crone to her feet, she half led, half carried her from the room like a doll.

He waited only to make sure they had vanished before he fled the place, not waiting for anyone to show him out.

It was early afternoon, but, cancelling his other calls for the day, he went back to the hotel and lay on his bed in a dreadful state. He thought the hour for the evening meal would never come. Although he had no appetite, he would have welcomed any gabble that would take his mind off what had occurred. Yet when the mealtime arrived, for once there was not a soul in the dining room. After barely touching his food, he went into the lounge. Two travellers were there, but they were obviously talking about something confidential, their heads close together, and he felt he could not intrude on them. Finally, he went to the hall door, thinking he might walk up the street. He saw that it was raining and he turned back into the hotel. It was then that he saw Annie taking down her coat. Cold fish that she had seemed to him at the time, he was so desperate for company that he spoke to her. What luck for him that she had been sensible, so practical!

AND now, sitting waiting for her in the car, he was filled with impatience to see her. They were intending to go home after the shops shut, but the traffic was always bad at that hour, and it occurred to him that it might be a good idea to stay and have a meal in town first. They could phone home. Ah, there she was, coming up the street toward the car with her arms full of parcels as usual. He sprang out of the car to go to meet her, when suddenly panic engulfed him again and he looked across at the gallery. But there was no sign of the crazy woman, and, bolstered up by the sight of Annie advancing stoutly toward him, he relaxed again. Why should he care even if it was Eterna? If she'd gone a bit cracked, what about it? As Annie would say, she was probably headed that way from the start. People had to learn to clip their wings if they wanted to survive in this world. They had to keep their feet on the ground. That was what Annie had taught him to do—God bless her.

—MARY LAVIN

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Key local officials reacted hotly to last week's disclosure in The Transcript that a DNR regional spokesman seemed to put kobish on a gravel road from the top of West Mountain Road to Rockwell Road some distance below the summit.—*North Adams (Mass.) Transcript.*

It's no place to use a cheap substitute.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

NOTES FROM A SPANISH VILLAGE

OWNING a house at a distance, in another country, brings with it a complex set of effects and responsibilities. It is forever impossible to cross the gulf of belonging to that country; but one makes up for it by absorbing what can be absorbed—language, lore, manners, people, politics, flora and fauna—with the kind of passion peculiar to strangers and foreigners. The house I have in Spain, on a small plateau above a little mountain village, within sight of the Mediterranean, has kept me fastened tenaciously to Spain across the years, and the villagers and the microcosm of the village itself have provided a vantage point from which to feel Spain. So much had happened in that troubled country toward the end of 1975 that I resolved to go to the house over Christmas, to hear from the village itself what was in the wind; besides, I am haunted always by the thought of the house standing empty and mournfully silent. I wrote ahead to Josefa, telling her I was coming, so that she would leave the keys in their accustomed place, under a stone in the old bread oven. Her scrupulously arranged bouquet would be on the table, wood would be stacked, and a fire would be laid. I looked forward to footstepping through that powerful silence, to putting on the perspectives of the place with the old work coat that would be hanging on its wooden peg.

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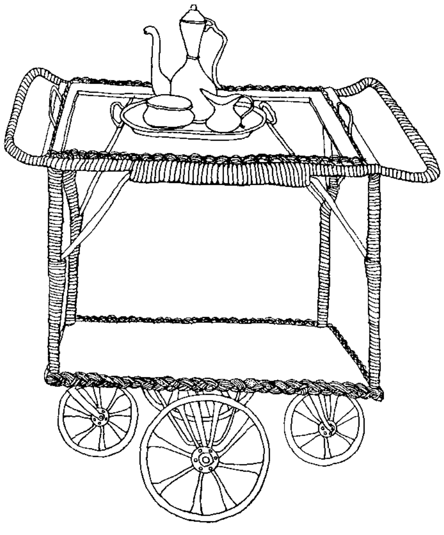
THE journey to the house is a slow shedding of civilization, all the way back to the source. The plane I caught from Geneva filled up with Spaniards, bright-faced and gift-bearing, expansive at the prospect of going home. (Spaniards have always seemed to me far and away the gloomiest of exiles, perpetually wistful, haunted by longings for their homeland. I sat beside a woman from the Alpujarras, who told me that after twenty years of working in Switzerland she still could think of that country only as a kind of game or mechanism that gave her the chance of saving enough to buy a house in her pueblo, a house she dreamed of in snow-deep Swiss winters.) What was preoccupying me was the prospect of setting foot for the first time in a Spain without General Franco, and the first thing I did after landing and threading my way through policemen, customs, and squealing relatives was to buy an armful of Spanish newspapers and reviews, to replace the yellowing ones left in the house from the last visit. The sunset was reddening the mountains, but it was still light enough on the bus ride to town to make out old landmarks among the new—the glassblower's and the bookbinder's shouldered aside by shining supermarkets, and by spacious, well-lit filling stations that had begun by being solitary pumps. In town, the air smelled of the harbor, briny and brisk in the nose. The café tables had moved inside for the winter, and the lottery sellers were gloved and scarved. To set foot in Spain always brings on a tingle of pleasure; I can feel my whole manner change with my language. I made my way to a bar where the people from our village often forgather, to see if I could pick up a lift instead of dickering with a taxi-driver, who would swear he had never heard of the village. Inside the steamy café, I saw Sebastián, our bus driver, expostulating by the bar. We backslapped our greetings, and went through all the ritual exchanges of meeting again. Yes, he was driving up; he had the truck; if I wouldn't mind making a stop on the way, he had to pick up a pig. Manolo, the carpenter's son, he told me, who was to turn twenty-one the day before Christmas, had been offered by his parents the choice between a television set and a pig. To everyone's astonishment and delight, he had plumped for the pig. Sebastián picked it up from a small holding beyond the cemetery, grunting and snuffling in a sack; and over the remaining twenty kilometres he brought me up to date on the village. No, nobody had died, he thanked God, but the priest was being more of a nuisance than usual, forever calling meetings—on cold nights, too. A lot of rain had fallen, I ought to find my *cisterna* full. Little Elena was having a baby; it would be the first born in the place for more than three years. I would not believe how the prices had risen; the cheapest thing to live on was cognac. As we whined up the winding road, I felt sorry for the pig in the back of the truck, but it had stopped squealing by the time Sebastián put me down at the foot of the steep path. Deciding to postpone visits until the next day, I climbed up to the ridge with my bag and papers, stopping there to look back down on the houses straggling round the terraces below. Windows glowed and chimneys smoked, and the priest had managed to fasten an illuminated star to the church tower. I could hear the bells of sheep I could not see, but nothing else moved or sounded. Under an enormous velvet sky studded with stars, I took the tufted, rocky path to the house.



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IT is the silence and the accompanying feeling of being alone on the planet that give the place its peculiar aura. In the ilex forest behind the house, it is easy, by keeping still, to hear the acorns drop. The scattered ruins below the house, which once formed with it an *aldea*, a tiny settlement, have a way of enforcing the silence, of making you suddenly stop talking. The edges of the little plateau rim the sky, and the sound of motors does not reach the house. I rise at first light, shivering at the initial touch of the tile floor, to verify the place by daylight, first rattling the bucket into the well for water, then starting the fire with olive chips from Josefa's woodpile. The fig trees and the vine are skeletons of their leafy, summer selves, but as the sun comes up I notice that already three of the almond trees have put out little buttonholes of white blossom. Winter gives the house, the terraces, and the stone walls a bare, bony look, but the sun warms as it climbs, reflecting circles of wavering light from the well bucket on the rough wall. I climb to the small study, looking for signs of leaks in the roof, but the books are dry, with the silence of going long unopened, and a half-written postcard lies on the desk. Dust, but no damp; but still the smell of emptiness, which will take a day or two to lift. Later, I will go down to the village, to find friends, to buy food in Doña Anna's cluttered store. Now I settle on the terrace with the newspapers. I have no idea what time it may be.

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IN winter, the village hibernates, waiting for the world to warm up; that makes it easier to find people in their houses, crouching beside fires and stoves, taking occasional survivors' trips to the store. Spain is a sunstruck country, its winters gray, unacknowledged interludes. The local people still go on pretending, to themselves as much as to anyone else, that winter does not happen. Ask them to lay in enough wood for the cold weather and they will come up with a pitifully small bundle, assuring you it will be enough to last for two winters. When it runs out in a matter of weeks, they will shake their heads in wonderment and declare that the climate is changing, it must be because of the *bomba atómica*, that this surely must be the coldest winter since before the Civil War—*nuestra guerra*, our war, as they always call it. In winter, clouds sometimes creep down over the plateau, turning the adjoining mountains into ghosts. When the great rains fall, gushing into the cisterns and turning the paths into quagmires, not a soul will be in sight anywhere. I would not choose to spend the winter here unless I were, say, a watch repairer or were undertaking a definitive translation of the works of Lope de Vega; or unless, of course, I belonged here, and tuned in instinctively to whichever rural odd jobs the season requires. But even that agrarian rhythm has been broken by now—good land lies idle for want of men to work it, or has been sold, or is used only for grazing. The drift to the town, for work or for schooling, has already depleted the place, turning it into a weekend retreat and a haven for reclusive strangers, its population of under a hundred a skeleton crew, a care-and-maintenance party. I can see why the elders in the village were so pleased with young Manolo for choosing the pig over the television set; but it is a choice against the run of time.

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FRANCO is dead. When, after a ghoulish month of medical agony, he was allowed to die, I pinned the newspaper headline to the wall, to give the fact time to dawn on me. Franco's death was much more than a single event. It implied the possibility of change at last in the stagnant air of Spain, after almost forty years of stasis. I had never known Spain without Franco's muffling supervision, except in my reading, and I always had trouble connecting its turbulent, energetic, and productive past with the stalemate of its present. All at once, with Franco's dying, Spain again acquired the future, suspended for so long. And though the future—in the newspapers, in conversations—remained as speculative as before, it had become the prediction of likely happenings, and had moved out of the realm of pure imagination, where Franco had been careful to keep it. This has made Spain curiously watchful, curiously mortal. At a stroke, it has restored involvement. The round little profile still shows on the coins, but coins are objects. The people in Spain who used to say, "How can he last?" now ask themselves in bewilderment, "How could he have lasted? How could we have let him?" To find the answer to that question may provide an essential expiatory labor for the Spanish people for years, in overcoming their own paralysis. No other head of state in our time can have been so much judged from the outside and yet so impervious to the judgments of others. From the moment Franco was declared Head of the Spanish State, in Burgos, in October of 1936, he identified Spain's destiny with his own, obviously convinced that he held power by divine right and was answerable to nobody on earth. That conviction was so strong in him as to make him contemptuous of his enemies, contemptuous of opposition. I can never forget the speech he made on November 22, 1966, when he introduced his Organic Law of the State to the Spanish people like a tart headmaster. "Let all Spaniards remember," he said then, "that every nation is always beset by its familiar demons, different from one country to another. Spain's are: a spirit of anarchy, negative criticism, lack of solidarity among her people, extremism, and mutual enmity." He added that no nation so haunted could expect to govern itself. But these demons had been set loose by Franco himself and his crusade, and it was he more than anyone who kept them alive. (One day in town, a friend and I saw a three-record set of "Franco's Greatest Speeches" offered for sale. "You see what masochists we are?" my companion remarked as she bought the album.) So far, there have been biographies and obituaries aplenty of Franco, but from outside Spain; what we need now is study less of Franco than of the Franco years, during which he transfixed Spain, ruling not actively but reactively, placing an inexhaustible number of thumbs in the crumbling dike, years of ruthlessness, repression, and censorship, years when, implacable as a grandfather who knows best, he never missed an opportunity to remind his people of the horror and shame of the Civil War. The am-

A LATE ANSWER

Beyond that stand of firs
was a small clearing
where the woods ran out
of breath or the winds
beat them back. No one
was born there and no one
would be, but you could
bury a lonely man there
or an animal you didn't
want out for flies to eat.
As we passed under the trees
you were cold and took
my hand and felt a shiver
pass through me, but you
didn't let go. When you
spoke at last it was to ask
after my thoughts, but
just then we broke into light
so unexpected I had to close
my eyes and saw the fire
swimming there and had
such a vision of the end
of my life, the trees
turning to great flowers
of flame and the field ringed
with sword-bearing angels.
I could say nothing,
but held on to your hand
and you to mine
both in the dream and in
that bare place where
the North Sea winds lashed
our faces with sudden spurts
of rain. Now, on the other side
of the world, years later,
I know the ant came here
believing he would rule,
and he waits for the wren
to fall, the grass waits
blowing its breath
into this morning that rises
darkly on wet winds. Somewhere
the sea saves its tears
for the rising tide, somewhere
we'll leave the world weighing
no more than when we came,
and the answer will be
the same, your hand in mine,
mine in yours, in that clearing
where the angels come toward us
without laughter, without tears.

—PHILIP LEVINE

biguousness of his years in power showed in the confusion of tribute and denunciation that followed his death. The assessment, however, can wait. What matters is the situation he has left in his relentless wake.

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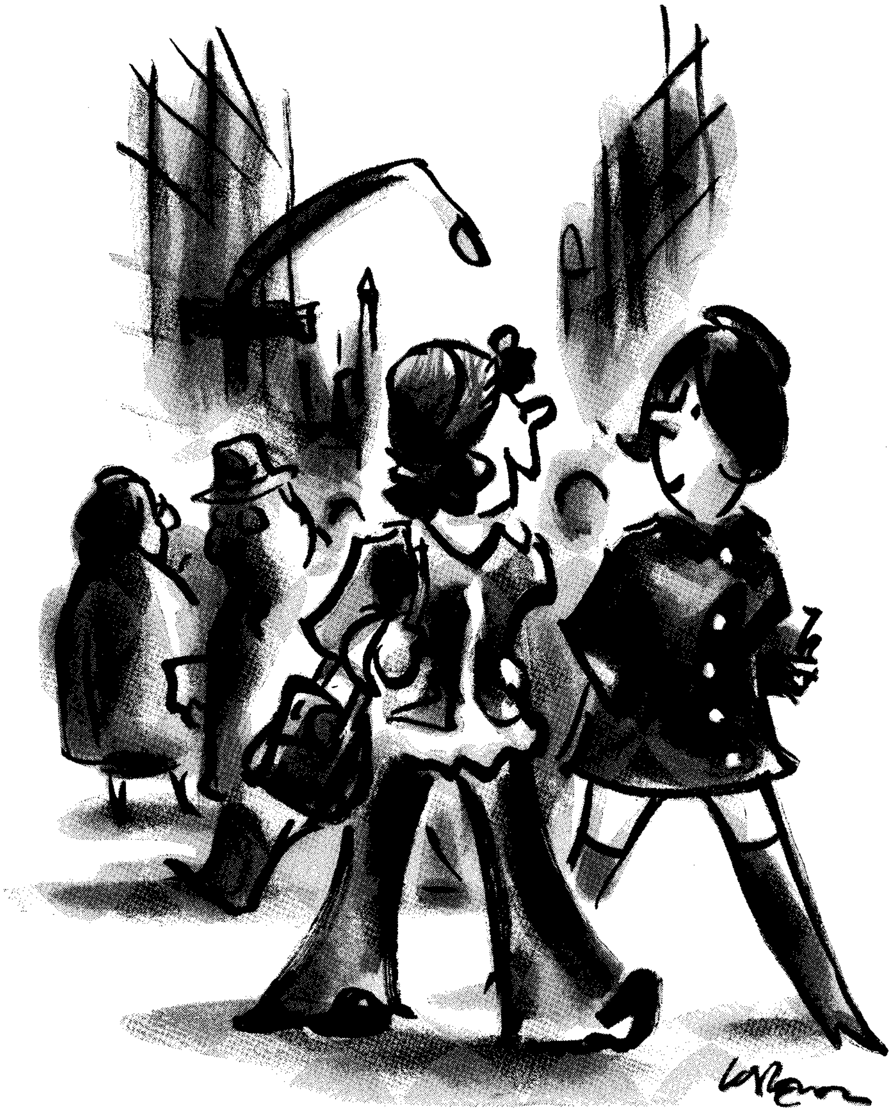

"Harold's taught me so much. For example, you don't pronounce the 's' on the end of 'hors d'oeuvres.'"

SOMEONE whistles. I look up. Eugenio has been cutting brush on the ridge and has noticed the smoke from the chimney. We wave, and soon he comes across, climbing the terrace walls—a little brown, wrinkled man, nimble as a lemur. I could not guess his age within fifteen years. He is delighted to see the house occupied, and he begins to show me what he has done in my absence, and what needs attention—a crack in the gutter, the gate to the forest broken. Would he take some wine? No, just water from the well; he has a long day ahead. And would I do him the favor of allowing him to crop the top of a spruce for a Christmas tree? Of course, my house is his house, as he knows. Rituals of greeting, which must be reënacted again and again in the village, for they keep us all in our places. Our village has been lucky in that the foreigners have remained in a minority and have upset neither its rhythm nor its morality. I watch Eugenio climb quickly up and decapitate the spruce. He is gloomier than ever about his losing battle with the land—he can no longer count on even occasional help from his sons, and has been forced to leave most of it fallow, turning instead to turkeys and sheep. What hopes does he have of the new government, I ask him. "Oh, I hope. I cannot think they would be foolish enough to go on ignoring the land. There is much talk of subsidies. But I have never believed that you can bribe people to cultivate the land; it must be in your bones, and my bones are tired." I collect a basket and walk down with him. Josefa, his wife, sits sewing in the sun. More greetings, Eugenio nodding and bobbing all the time. Their son wants them to leave the village and move to a new apartment in town, but they will not hear of it. Josefa clucks indignantly at the idea, and shoos away a turkey with her apron. Oh, and had I heard the story about young Manolo and the pig? I was to hear it several times again in the course of the day, with embellished details.

I went to shop in Doña Anna's store, as much by instinct as anything, for the contents have changed neither in place nor in character—only in price, she tells me, wringing her hands or rubbing them. Patiently, she enters my purchases in a notebook, muttering over the addition. A heavy snoring comes from the room adjoining the store—her husband, back from his early-morning run to the market. "Do the prices go up like this where you live?" she asks me suddenly, and I reassure her. Characteristically, she has no idea of the provenance of any of the foreigners in the village; she simply accommodates them all, even when they can shop only by pointing. Over the fireplace she has tacked a magazine cover of King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofía. "I remember when we had a king before—Alfonso XIII," she confides to me. "But somehow it's difficult to get used to again—saying '*Viva el rey*' after all this time."

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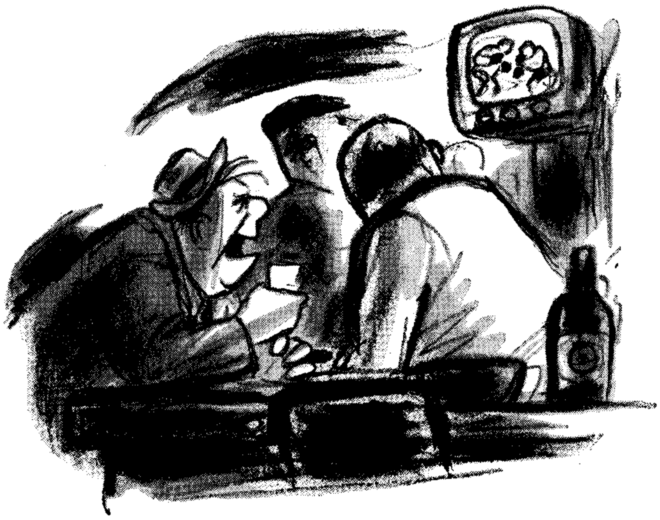
LAST November 27th, Prince Juan Carlos, taking a deep breath, repeated his oath of office and, with a minimum of pomp and interval, became Juan Carlos I of Spain. The event did not take Spaniards by surprise, for Juan Carlos has been Franco's designated legal successor since July of 1969, nor did the anachronism of restoring a king to a throne vacant for forty-four years, but they were nevertheless bewildered, for they found themselves incapable of predicting how and how quickly the King would move, so unknown a quantity has he remained to them. He himself looked somewhat tense and frightened in photographs, like a prince who had awakened from a long sleep—just about his situation. From the age of seventeen, his education, in the service academies, had been supervised by Franco; his subsequent military career had been watched over by Franco, and in recent years he had stood stiffly by Franco's side on public occasions, like a shadowy extension of that little figure. Ever since he was appointed Franco's heir, he has been royally



"Throw the bum out!"

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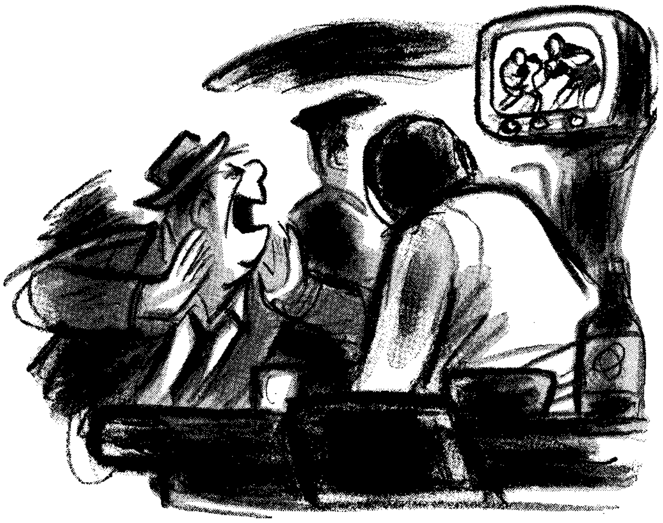

"Throw the bum out!"

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nicknamed in advance as Juan el Breve, or Juan the Brief, with all the cynicism of the Franco years. When the first stamp bearing the likeness of the King and Queen Sofia appeared, at the beginning of this year, one cartoonist immediately redrew it with Franco's silhouette replacing that of the Queen. Yet on his succession those who had predicted that he would do nothing and quickly disappear found themselves hoping he would do everything. His first speech from the throne (which was also being sold in the department stores, in cassette form, over Christmas) was scrutinized, sentence by sentence, for omens, but it was too guarded even in its reference to change to yield much more than a vague hope, and ended up in a promise of firmness and prudence. *Prudencia* was clearly his watchword—useful for speeches but hard to translate into tangible action in a country as divided and impatient as Spain soon showed itself to be. When the King appointed his Cabinet, however, prudence began to take shape. He retained Franco's Prime Minister, Carlos Arias Navarro, recognized as a man of good will, but a Franco man nonetheless. Prudence again in the majority of the appointments, for the ministers turned out to be men seasoned under Franco. As a whole, the new government would most likely have gained Franco's approval, and seemed to be tacitly asking for it—hardly an appropriate augury for those calling for drastic change. It was difficult to see where the energy and reforming zeal would come from—except, possibly, in two cases. The post of Foreign Minister went to José María de Areilza, the Count of Motrico, former Spanish Ambassador to Washington and Paris, a man who had already demonstrated, in speeches noticeably less peninsular and obedient than those of his colleagues, an impatience to join Spain to the rest of the world and to engineer its membership in the European Economic Community and the NATO alliance. The posts of Minister of the Interior and Deputy Prime Minister both went to Manuel Fraga Iribarne, Spain's most recent Ambassador to London, who, as Minister of Information and Tourism between 1962 and 1969, had lent considerable government weight to the tourist boom, and had delivered himself of endless speeches the length and breadth of the country. (He was once expected in our village for a whole week, but appeared only as rumor.) Fraga likes to characterize himself as a technocrat, and he certainly is a man of galloping ambition, clearly impatient for change, for his own sake as well as for Spain's. Many were surprised that he did not become Prime Minister at once, for he seemed a more satisfactory transitional figure than the cautious Arias Navarro. The new Cabinet immediately began making sounds about reform and democratization, but appeared as baffled and hesitant as anyone else about how to give force to these vague impulses, although Areilza boldly announced in Paris that he foresaw free elections in Spain by the end of 1976. The Archbishop of Madrid spoke out bluntly about the urgent need for social freedoms and for participation by the people in the process of government, leaving little doubt about where the Church stood in the growing debate. (Ever since the Church admitted its error in having misplaced its loyalties in the Civil War, it has been rapidly and courageously moving to demand social justice in Spain, and has by now separated itself—in spirit, at least—from the ruling regime.) In the weeks that followed Franco's death and Juan Carlos's accession, Spain was watching and waiting, but not exactly patiently. Too much was at stake.

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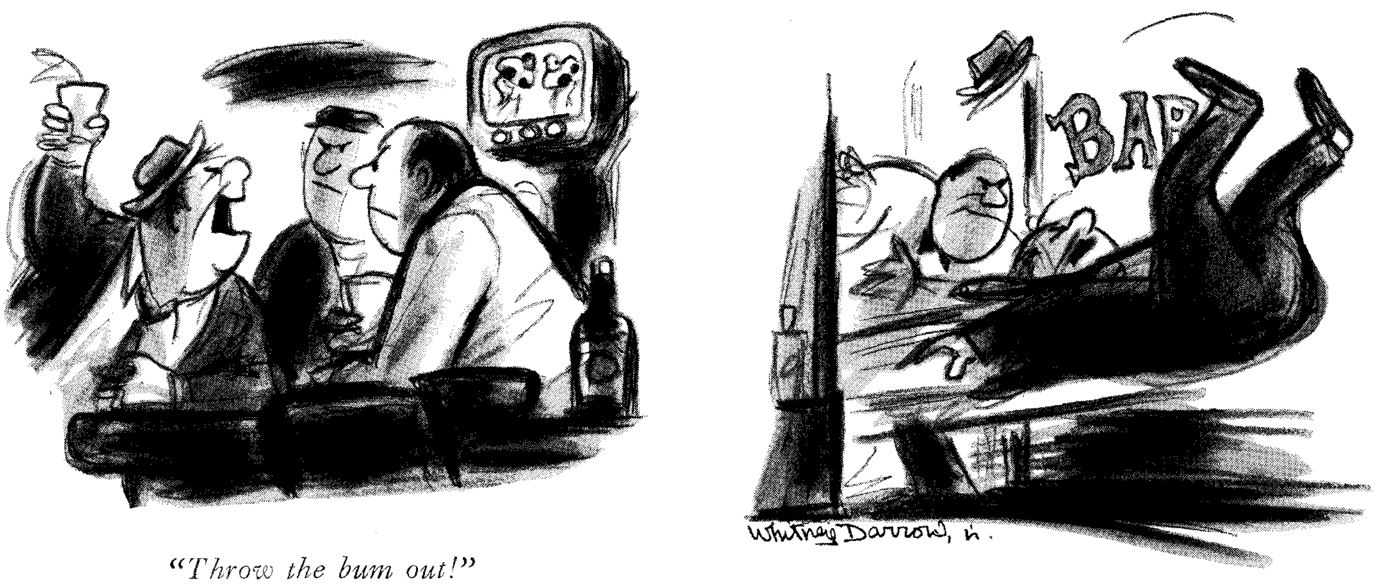
FOR years, Don Anselmo has worried about the fate of the village, having seen it dwindle from a healthy, settled community that thrived on agriculture and charcoal-making for fuel (not to mention contraband) to a skeletal place populated mainly by the old, its terraces uncultivated, its trees uncared for, and some of its houses sold to foreigners or to Spaniards from the city. At Christmas, most of these houses are shuttered and dark, their scattered swimming pools filled with green slime. Only a few hardened settlers stay the year round—people who have burned their bridges, painters obsessed with the light, hopeful novelists, refugees from their old lives, waiting for the mail and dreaming of cities. For the local people, they form a captive layer in the village, cared for like communal village pets, nicknamed, talked about. But they adapt in different ways, to different degrees. For some, the village remains a setting, into which they fit themselves with all the trappings of their former lives, brushing aside the language and becoming sturdy custodians of their own habits, like the few resolute English, who walk their dogs, fetch their out-of-date newspapers, and have supplies of tea sent out to them. Others adapt with zeal, learning local lore and dialect, to create for themselves what they are missing; namely, a past in the place. I used often to brood on the possibility of living there



"Throw the bum out!"

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all the year round, but I decided I could do so only if I were to plunge into the business of working the land and living by an agrarian calendar. Eugenio always encourages me, for he tells me that on most days he finds himself the only person moving in the vast landscape—a mournful experience; but he clearly expects me to turn up with half a dozen able-bodied helpers, for nothing less would rouse the stony terraces from their present sloth. No matter how close we foreigners come to the village and the villagers, however, life there can never take on for us the inevitability it has for them. There is always for us the choice of going somewhere else—a choice they have never entertained.

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POLITICS in the village. The only living political issues that ever inflamed the village as long as I remember it have been squabbles with the next village, which, sleeker and more populous than ours, has taken over many administrative functions—building permits, the control of road maintenance, the bus service. The last public controversy I recall flared over the frequency of the garbage collection, and it was amicably resolved after a long plenary sitting in Don Anselmo's little café. The village still grieves over the loss of its self-sufficiency, the times when it ran itself by its own efforts. With the passing away of contraband, the onetime moonlight activity of many of the men, the Guardia Civil scarcely bothers to come up to the village unless summoned by an irate foreigner; family quarrels and disputes over fences are generally settled by Don Anselmo from his armchair, sagely and satisfactorily. The only civic discussion ever to arise before now took place among a group of elders in Don Anselmo's café of a morning, as they communally digested the previous day's paper between games of dominoes. These discussions were much the same as those which have been taking place in cafés and *tascas* all over Spain, since speculative talk has been the only political activity open to Spaniards for a number of years. It has resembled a running chess game: in talk everything can happen, whereas in reality almost nothing does. The change now is obvious. When I look into the café to greet Don Anselmo this first day, each of the elders is wrapped in his own newspaper, and they lay them aside with obvious reluctance. Don Anselmo is in the kitchen, cooking. He does not take part, as a rule, in these morning cabinet meetings; rather, he hovers over them, supplying a date here and a name there. I sit down beside Joaquín, the mason, who built my fireplace and always asks after it, even in summer. Joaquín is the gravest of the group—he fought on the Franco side by geographical accident as a young man in the Civil War, and he has been expiating that past ever since by the shrewdness of his insights. He looks preoccupied. "You remember when we would say all the time 'when Franco dies' or 'if Franco dies,' and then play games with the future, under cover of his presence? You would think we might have been ready for his dying, for we had time enough to prepare for it. All at once, the game has turned into a reality, and all we can do for now is watch. That's all that is going on in Spain at this moment. The world and the Common Market are watching Spain, the right watches the left anxiously, the left looks for signs from the right, Juan Carlos watches both extremes anxiously, and everybody is watching *him*. It's a question at the moment of who is going to make the first move, for it won't stay like this. That's for certain."

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CHRISTMAS descended on Spain in the form of a lull between the momentous happenings of November and the changes in the situation that seemed inevitable. Joaquín was right—everybody *was* watching everybody else, and the sides were fairly plainly drawn. The new government, heavily weighted with representatives of the Franco right—members of "the Bunker," as they are collectively known—gave some substance to Franco's often-repeated phrase "institutional succession." The left consisted of a number of illegal opposition parties, from Christian Democrats to Communists, who could not present either programs or leaders to the public eye until they were legalized but counted on support from the mass of industrial workers, anxious to wring essential reforms from the government, principally the right to form their own legal trade unions, and anxious, too, to press their wage claims. In between lay the inert bulk of the middle class, greedy to consume, hopeful of avoiding open conflict, troubled, however, by rising prices, politically sluggish. Clearly, the left would use the muscle of the industrial workers to exact fundamental reforms if these reforms did not come quickly enough. What remained to be seen was whether the government, under pressure from the Bunker, would repress popular demonstrations as brutally and systematically as Franco did and risk polarizing the extremes further and generating a situation like that at the start of the Civil War, or whether it would prove conciliatory, and would press on with reform and the complex preparations for free elections and democratization. Given the present government's unconcealed eagerness to gain admission to the European Economic Community and to NATO, and given the adamant attitude—of the Dutch, especially—that Spain could be seriously considered for membership in the Community only after it had taken substantial steps to democratize its institutions and grant a much greater degree of civil liberties, it was hard to see how these reforms could be put off for long, although the government and the right did not want to appear to yield to pressure from the left, and inclined toward bringing in those reforms from a position of strength, in its own time. Power still rested emphatically with the Army, which, while loyal to King Juan Carlos, could not have gone unaffected by the happenings in Portugal, making a right-inclined or a left-inclined Army coup always a possibility should chaos threaten. Juan Carlos referred to himself as a "mediator," but a tightrope walker would have been closer; certainly a failure to mediate between the extremes of pressure could make him become Juan the Brief in reality as in name.

Christmas felt like a breathing space before the first move. The second move, rather, for the first move turned out to be something Juan Carlos did *not* do. Expectations had been running high that he would declare a political amnesty, in the spirit of Franco's conciliatory last message to the Spanish people, which asked for, and granted, forgiveness. On November 26th, however, Juan Carlos handed out not an amnesty but a pardon—an amnesty wipes the record clean, while a pardon forgives but does not forget. The pardon, besides, was limited, voiding all sentences of less than three years but granting only limited remission to longer sentences; traffic offenders had their offenses absolved, but a large number of political prisoners, and anyone accused of terrorism, remained in prison. Reaction, particularly in Madrid, was angry and vociferous, and a series of demonstrations in favor of amnesty drove the police back uneasily to their baton-swinging days and made talk of "coöperative effort" fairly ironic. Juan Carlos had clearly erred on the side of prudence, or else he had been unable to press the idea of total amnesty on the Bunker. A cousin of mine in Barcelona told me that among the various demonstrations in that city one took place in which a large flock of hens was released one morning in the Plaza de Cataluña, each hen wearing a small shirt with the word "*Amnistía*" stencilled on its back, to the consternation of the police. Amnesty would have made a good beginning.

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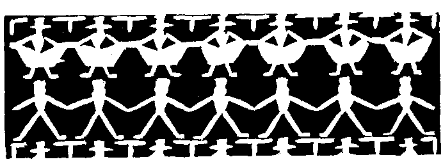
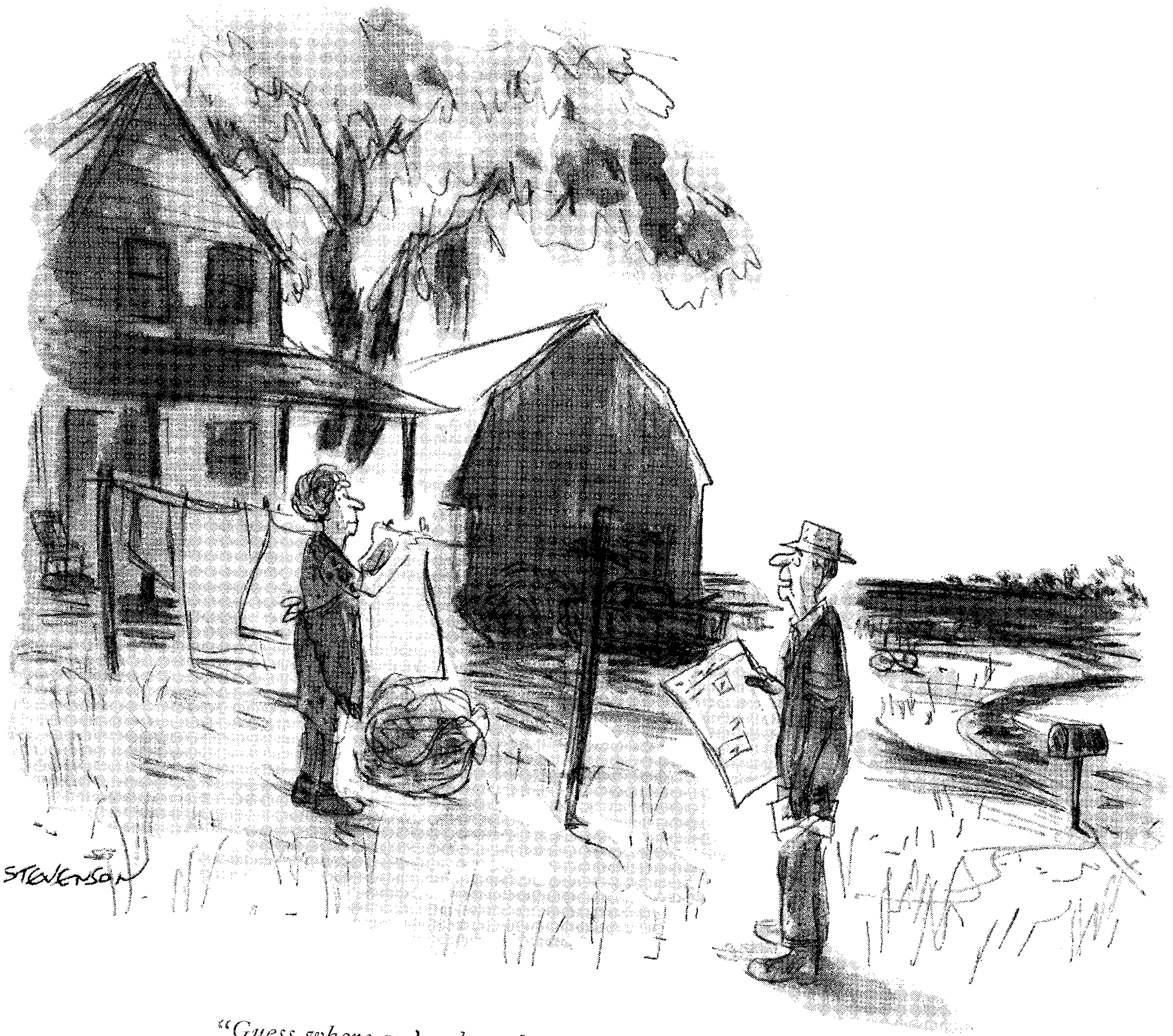
THROUGH the glass door of the café I catch sight of the mailman, and I go in pursuit of him, for he is famously elusive and, I suspect, secretly disapproves of mail. Scratching himself gloomily, he leads me to his office and produces a handful of letters and two telegrams, all long out of date. He is a hoarder of unopened letters, a renowned inducer of paranoia. This time, he is more disgruntled than usual. "Nine newspapers a day used to come to this village," he tells me, "and nobody minded when they got them. Now I have to deliver thirty every day, and magazines besides, and everybody pursues me. Why can't they listen to the radio?" I walk back to the café in the glinting sun and find Don Anselmo in his armchair, newspapers all around him. I am always pleased to see him, and scan his profoundly ugly, profoundly kind face as though it were the side of the mountain. The village is so much an extension of his being that he knows it, past and present, in precise detail, and equates its fate with his own. "Tell me," he says after we have exchanged news, "are they talking much about Spain in other countries?" I assure him that they are—that foreign newspapers bristle with predictions. "But do they really understand *our* situation—not the external situation but the way it is with us, the people of Spain?" He looks infinitely sad. "There are thousands upon thousands of villages in the Peninsula, just like this one, and millions of people who feel just as we do. We watch the struggle for power from places like this, so far away from it, and what can we do, where do we come in? The Franco years have paralyzed us. He left us nothing, no hope, no future, and he saddled us with habits of mind we can't shake off easily. We say now, 'Juan Carlos must do this, Juan Carlos must do that,' forgetting that he's just a well-meaning kid, with no real power. We're trying to make him into another Franco, a benign Franco, for we can't see anything else to do. We need a whole political education, we need to be able to *think*—a practice that has been forbidden us for a long time. At first, I was hopeful about the country. I thought the best thing Franco ever did was to spend that month dying, for it gave us time to prepare ourselves, it kept us from losing our heads. But now I see the same forces gathering that I've seen in the past, and I'm afraid. I'm ashamed, too, over what we have allowed to happen. But I get angry when I read articles about what the Spanish people want, when we are the Spanish people, and nobody asks us what *we* want."



"What about *democratización?*" I ask him.

"It's a cumbersome word as well as a cumbersome process," he replies, "but it has to come. What concerns me more is our political education. We've got to understand what we're voting for; we've got to find something positive to support, to give us hope, or we'll just go back to following leaders blindly, on either the left or the right. Ask anyone what democracy means and you'll get a different answer each time. Gabriel thinks it means we can buy pornography, Emilio believes it means the foreigners will all have to leave. It's waved about now like a magic word, but there's no magic formula to back it up. Let us get the vote, and see first what we do with it. Which means that we have to understand what voting is *for;* we have to begin with ourselves, we have to take responsibility. I tell them we have had democracy in this village, without any trouble, for a long time, in a natural, human way, but that it's been encroached on more and more by Madrid. I don't want to see us divide up again into right and left, like the last time—the village is too small for that. I want to see good will in Spain, for the success of whatever we do depends on the good will of the people; and, sadly, I feel that there is enough suppressed ill will in Spain at the moment to start a civil war tomorrow." Don Anselmo's questions never expect answers. He was, in his day, a Bakunin Anarchist, and still is at heart, and his benign and unobtrusive influence in the village is a political lesson in itself. His disquiet has every justification. After so many voteless years—years in which the Spanish people lived lives without any political substance, years of repression, in which habits of thought grew their own *autocensura*, self-censorship—Spain badly needs a



"Guess where we've been living all our lives. The Sunbelt."

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political education as the choices open up. If the process of democratization is ever to get under way, the initiative lies firmly with the new government. It is all very well for the leaders to announce "a gradual process of change leading to full participatory democracy," but their slowness to move in response to opposition demands—namely, for a political amnesty, for elected, legal trade unions with the right to negotiate, for the right to form legal political parties with alternative programs of their own, and for the removal of all censorship—clearly contradicts their expressed wish for democracy and looks like a measure of their fear. Since the situation is unlikely to remain for long in a Franco-like stalemate, it was not surprising when, after Christmas, the large mass of the people began to make their feelings bluntly clear, in strikes and demonstrations. I would like to see Don Anselmo called to Madrid, in his armchair, to address the government, for it could only gain from his presence, as the village has.

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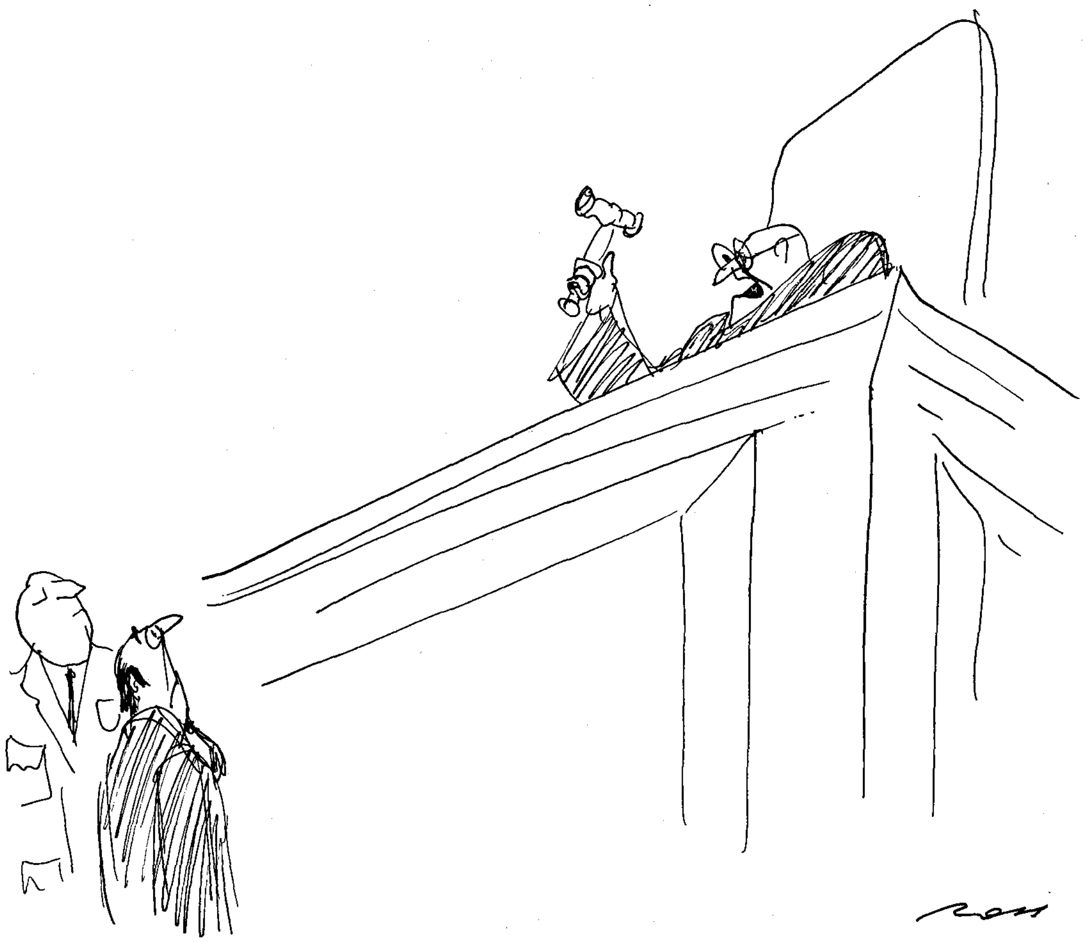
THERE are just two occasions in the year when the whole village assembles itself—one during its own fiesta, in September, the other on Christmas Eve, for the eleven-thirty Mass. From the top of the ridge, on the way down, I can hear the tiny notes of shouting and laughter being struck in the crowded little plaza far below. The moon is up, and the mountains look like silver-gray cutouts against the star-crowded sky. On the way down, I hear music coming from somewhere—perhaps an itinerant Jehovah's Witness shunning the church. Across the plaza, the door of the church and that of the café face each other, and there is a continuous coming and going between the two. The little priest is helping a group of children dressed as shepherds to tie their leggings. This is his night, and he is everywhere at once, ushering groups of people who are going nowhere, unctuous and censorious at once. The men are in the café, flushed and stiff in their suits. Don Anselmo is in his armchair, wearing a large red tie. He lifts a hand. Have I heard the new audio equipment the priest has bought for the church? I have indeed; as I passed the church door, it was playing, unaccountably, "Jingle Bells." Have I heard the King's speech? I have. Well, at least he said he was aware of the difficulties. Don Anselmo scratches his head and grimaces. The priest is ringing the bell, but no one appears in any hurry to go in. During the Mass, they drift back and forth between the church and the café, greeting one another, slapping one another on the back; for there is not much difference between the two places except for the presence of the priest, who is conducting Mass with his new microphone in



"Ninety-nine years. Justice triumphs again!"

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one hand, like an ecclesiastical pop singer. Manolo is behind the bar in the café, waiting for Don Anselmo to take over from him. I congratulate him, and he leans toward me. "I suppose you've heard the story," he says in a low voice. "Well, to tell you the truth, I've been saving for a television set myself, and I have the money, so that's why I chose the pig. But don't tell anybody. I've become a hero. Don Anselmo keeps offering me cognac. I think I'd better put off buying the television set for a month or two." He grins. Someone has left a baby behind the bar and it begins to cry. Manolo crosses to the Mass to find its mother. Don Anselmo comes back, takes off his shoes, and beams at everyone. Mass ends, but nobody goes home—it is a chance to shake everybody's hand. As I walk up to the house after saying good night some seventy times, the laughter is still tinkling below; and, just as I reach the ridge, the priest switches out his star.

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IN the week following Christmas, I discover just how much the village has altered in the post-Franco era. Don Anselmo's café, once the exclusive province of the elders and a convenient place to leave messages or baskets, has become the center of a running forum on Spain's future. Papers and magazines are devoured and exchanged, and people I have never seen there before appear and listen to the conversation. Don Anselmo has assumed the role of patient instructor, and one afternoon I hear him deliver a long lecture on the pitfalls of the Spanish constitution. (This is a thorny subject, since in recent years it has been revised steadily to accommodate the enormous personal power that Franco assumed—power that Juan Carlos would not dream of exercising, even if he could, which is constitutionally doubtful. Since this is hardly the moment in Spain to frame a new constitution, the situation having too much urgency, it is most likely that the Cortes will have to interpret the present one generously and ingeniously, since it is anti-democratic in spirit and letter.) Don Anselmo deals with everyone's questions without taking sides, and always interprets them in terms of the village—his own political reality. He is at his most expansive, however, when he is welcoming a visitor from another village—a mayor or ex-mayor whom he has invited—cooking the lunch with unusual care. (He is a benevolent cook but not a careful one.) He and his visitor eat together privately and seriously, for all the world like ambassadors from allied countries—or heads of government, for that matter—and then they sit in the café most of the afternoon. I stop in while he is entertaining Gaspar, the mayor of a village on the other side of the mountain—a favorite haunt of foreigners, who present Gaspar with problems quite un-Spanish in nature. He is a cheerful bantam of a man, but he is looking crestfallen today. "I always envy this village," he tells me. "It's kept its proportions. Not like us. For over twenty years now, we've been living because of the foreigners. We sell them houses and then rebuild them; we feed the foreigners, we work for them—there's hardly anyone left in our village who does not work for the foreigners. I won't say things have been easy for us, but I've come to know a number of foreigners quite well over the years—very *simpático;* they kept us alive, not just by settling in the village but by keeping us in touch with the world when we were otherwise screened from it, by showing us different ways to live, some ways we don't particularly want. Now, of course, feelings are changing about the foreigners' being there. They mostly came to Spain because it didn't change under Franco, and now that change is in the air there's a feeling that we should reclaim Spain—you must have seen the campaigns in the papers." I had indeed—*España es tu País, España para los Españoles.* "The truth is that we are really angry at ourselves, as we realize how long we have prostituted ourselves to tourists and tourism, for want of anything else. It doesn't seem an honorable way to live anymore; and I think the foreigners themselves feel that, and are becoming uneasy."

He is making a grave point; and though it will be some time before Spain's enormous intake of tourists levels off at a much lower point than the thirty million tourists of 1974, tourism has certainly been shouldered unceremoniously away from the center of the stage, if only because Spaniards are now after the freedoms that only tourists have enjoyed up to this time. I feel sorry for Gaspar, as I have often done, because his village, lying in a natural amphitheatre of mountains, has always looked the perfect setting for

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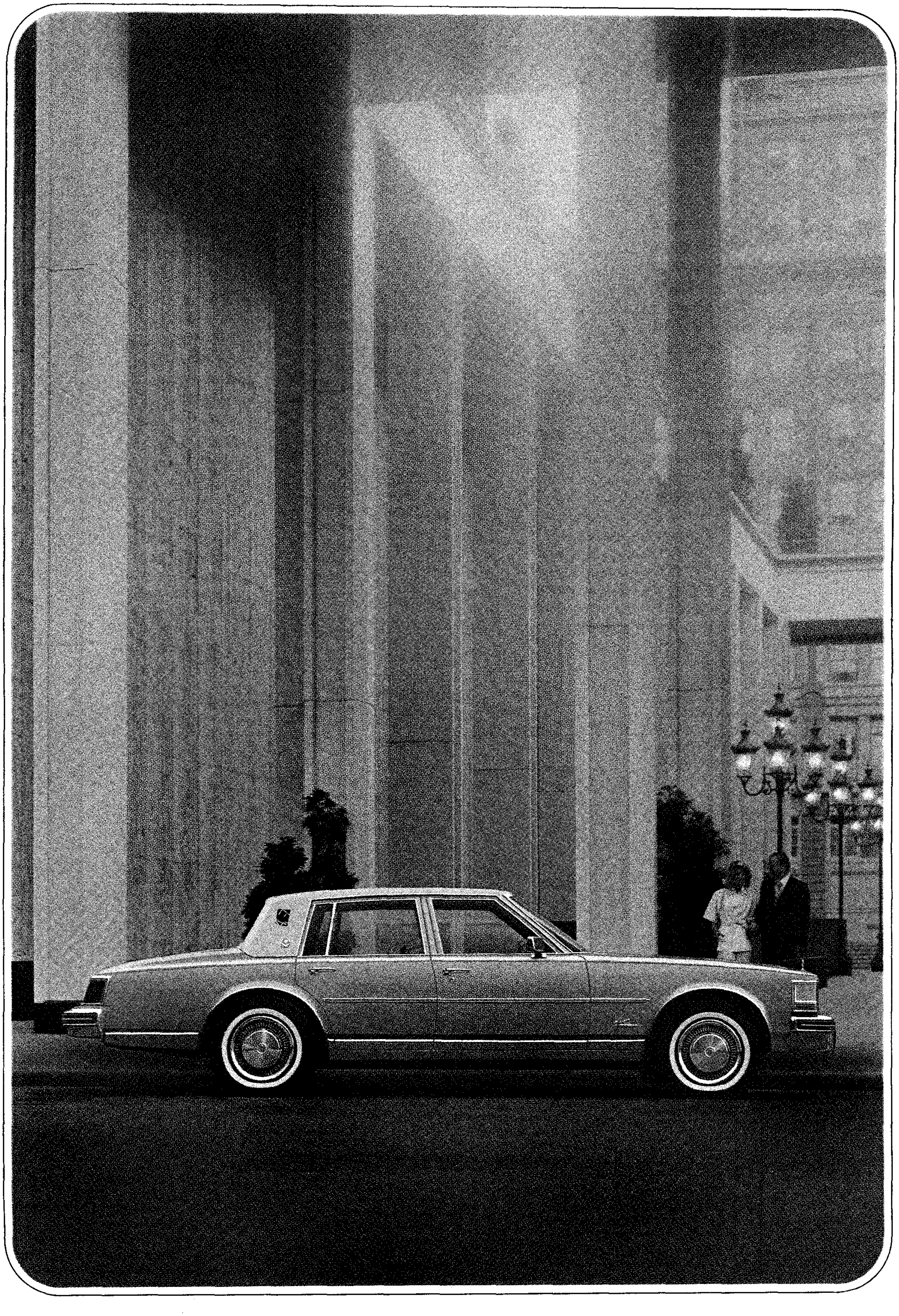

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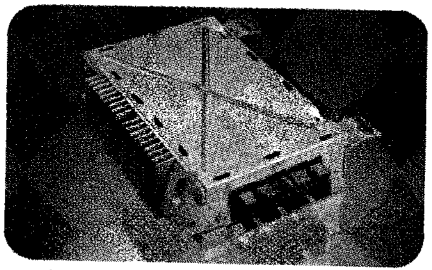

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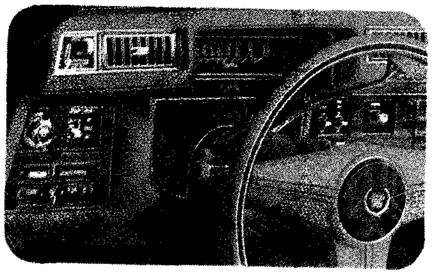
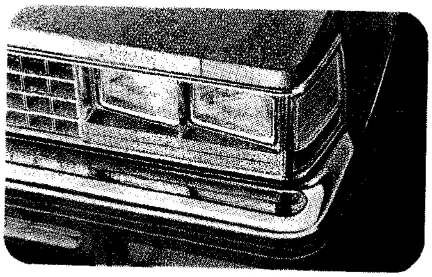


Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel.



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Mediterranean ritual drama, and so has induced some of the foreigners who settled there to give themselves up to the demands of the landscape, producing a series of scandals that has made the village notorious in the region, and turning Gaspar into something of a rural psychiatrist.

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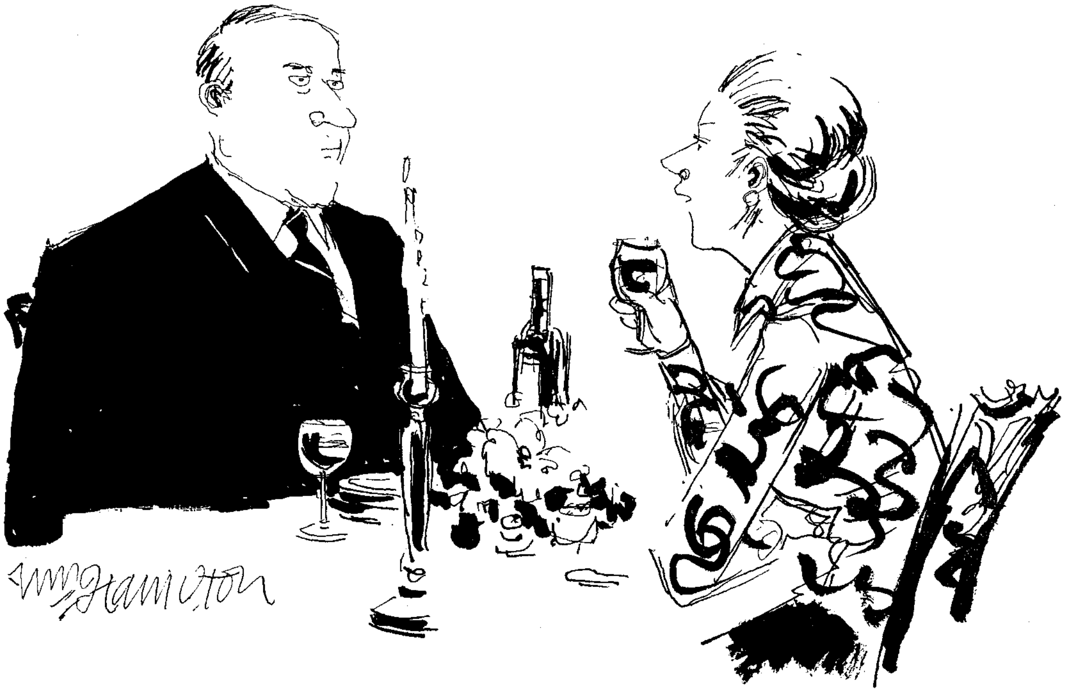
Spain entered the New Year with a complete scenario drawn up for future events, the sides aligned, but with no clear idea of how the events would unwind. There was not long to wait. On January 5th, workers on the Madrid subway system went on strike, seriously upsetting public access in the mushrooming city. Troops moved in two days later to run a skeleton service, but by January 15th strike action had spread to Madrid engineering and construction workers, to employees of the banks, and to telephone and postal workers, until upward of a hundred and fifty thousand workers were striking illegally in Madrid alone. Everyone watched the government's reaction anxiously, particularly since Fraga, as Minister of the Interior, was responsible for instructing the police in their dealings with the strikers, and since his was the name most closely associated with reform. The police behaved with some ambiguity—although they turned out in force, they did not use their batons as obliteratively as they had done in other days, and while they arrested substantial numbers of the strikers, these men were released, as a rule, after questioning. When the postal workers went on strike, however, the government fell back on the Franco device of putting them under military discipline and ordering them back to work, refusal meaning a court-martial. After a few days, it became clear that the strikes were carefully planned, and staggered so as to have the maximum effect on the population and on the government. While economic disaffection certainly prodded the less politicized of the workers into drastic action (Spain has an inflation rate of fourteen per cent, about six hundred and fifty thousand unemployed, and a depressed balance of payments, so it can ill afford economic unrest at this time), the left was obviously applying judicious pressure to the government and the King in their wavering days without wasting any time. The underground workers went back to work with promise of a settlement, but a vast demonstration for political amnesty was called on January 20th by the Junta Democrática, which is the Communist-dominated opposition party, and by the Socialist-dominated Plataforma Democrática—two parties that clearly had no intention of waiting for democratization, and disbelieved in the imminence of it. It was a cleverly calculated risk, but the police acted with ruthless efficiency, keeping the demonstration from coming to a head outside the Prime Minister's office, where its demands were to be presented. The government showed signs of panic, and spread the news extensively that the Prime Minister would make a speech on January 28th laying down the government's whole program for reform. At last, it seemed, official Spain was taking notice of real Spain.

◆

It was not only Spaniards who waited eagerly for the Prime Minister's speech, it was everybody who wished Spain a peaceful and fruitful transition from the shadow of Franco and his arrogant times to a responsible present. The speech, however, fell far short of what rumor had promised, and was a cruel disappointment to all who had hoped for tangible proposals and a firm timetable of change, taking refuge as it did in evasion, vagueness, and caution, and invoking the name of Franco repeatedly, which was tasteless, if not downright unpalatable. No dates were set, no demands were met—amnesty was not declared, and the closest the Prime Minister came to the burning issue of legalizing political parties was to promise a revision in the law governing political association. The speech did promise a change in the electoral law, and the establishing of a two-tiered legislature, an expression, perhaps, of the Spanish government's avowed admiration for the British Parliament—an institution that, heaven knows, can only be grown, not installed. Nor was there any mention of universal suffrage. The measures were all to be taken in the next eighteen months, but no date for a general election was set. The speech can have given satisfaction to no one except the extreme right, who might well have written it, and the extreme left, who were in the position to say, "We told you so." What is more to the point, it was received gloomily and acidly in the press of the Common Market countries. The caution of the government, which at first appeared to be wise, suddenly became foolish. The Spanish people had been wallowing in vagueness for too long to be able to endure much more vagueness; what was called for was something sharp and positive—concrete promises, dates, the stuff of hope. What was delivered was a speech that Franco might have condoned. On the question of amnesty, the Prime Minister said, "There are some things no society can accept, can pardon, or can forget." He was equally adamant about resisting popular pressure and what he referred to as "anti-social conduct." He did raise the old red herring of Gibraltar—



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hardly a question of urgency. The speech certainly enfeebled King Juan Carlos's image as a mediator, and the reaction among the hopeful has been something close to despair, for the government appears incapable of reform without being strenuously pushed. Gradualism is obviously unacceptable to those on the left, and they are more likely than ever now to breed and manifest disaffection. Opportunities have been cruelly lost, and there may not be many more. Spain has got off on the wrong foot. Don Anselmo's good will is disappearing over the ridge. Franco appears very much alive.

•

SOME of this feeling has subsequently dawned on the government, for it has hastily tried to make amends for its miscalculation of the mood of the country; but nothing can alter the fact that it alone has been responsible for generating a continuing polarization of interests when it had in its hands the possibility of unifying the country, of giving Spain some common purpose. The initiative of protest has now passed from Madrid to Barcelona, that province having behind it not just a concentration of industry and industrial trouble but a regional resentment that will have to be satisfied by some manifestation of autonomy. It is only a matter of time, I feel, before it occurs to Don Anselmo to have the village secede from the rest of Spain.

•

I NEVER like leaving the village, perhaps because it is only too easy to imagine the place continuing to exist without me—indeed, without anyone at all—for I have never got over feeling an intruder in that landscape of trees and silence. Don Anselmo's car is going to town early this morning, so I rise while the dawn is no more than a graying in the sky and take a last look around, touching familiar objects, before closing the books, the well, and the house, and leaving the keys under the stone in the bread oven for Josefa. As I pass the farm, the rooster starts up, as he does at anyone's passing, and the dog growls in his sleep. Don Anselmo is waiting just inside the door of the café, in a long nightgown and the majestic dressing gown of a Ruritanian general. He is not going to town, Manolo is driving his car instead and will take me. Is there anything Don Anselmo wants from the outside world, I ask him. "Yes. Send me the clippings from your newspapers about Spain. My wife can translate them for me. And there will be a lot more to talk about when you come next. Remember, my village is your village."

I got into the car beside Manolo, who looked still asleep. As we left, the sun came up suddenly, over the shoulder of the mountain, and Manolo slowly came to life. He asked me a flood of questions about wages and prices in other countries, and I could see his mind racing. I had not seen him the previous year, and he told me he had worked for a chef in a hotel kitchen in France, and was now under-chef in a restaurant in town. What would he do next, I asked him. Travel? "No. I didn't much like *living* in France, though the work was satisfying. I noticed one thing—our pay was not so bad, but for the first time in my life I felt poor. Now, I've never felt poor in the village. Not rich, either, although my father always has work. But there's nothing we need, I've never felt deprived of anything, never wanted anything badly that we couldn't have. I owe a lot to Don Anselmo, too. I've worked in his café since I was twelve, and I've heard him talk so many times; and he's taught me a lot about the village—its past, politics, everything. My plan is to gain two more years of experience in the town and then open a restaurant in the village, for ourselves as much as for anyone. Don Anselmo cooks just as an excuse to talk. I would like to cook for the pleasure of it. I like doing that better than anything else I can think of. It would also be keeping the village alive, in a way." I told him I looked forward to that day, thinking of the Spartan diet of beans, fruit, and cheese I usually live on there. We talked about the strikes in Madrid, the foreigners, odds and ends, until the ugly, half-built suburbs began to loom up. "I've been thinking about that pig again," Manolo said suddenly, "and I'm not sure that I chose it just because I was planning to get a television set for myself. I'm not that crazy about watching television, even though there should be more to watch quite soon. No, I think I really wanted that pig. After all," he said, lifting both hands from the wheel, "there can't be many places left in the world where you'd get a live pig for your birthday, but, wherever they are, they must be good places." —ALASTAIR REID

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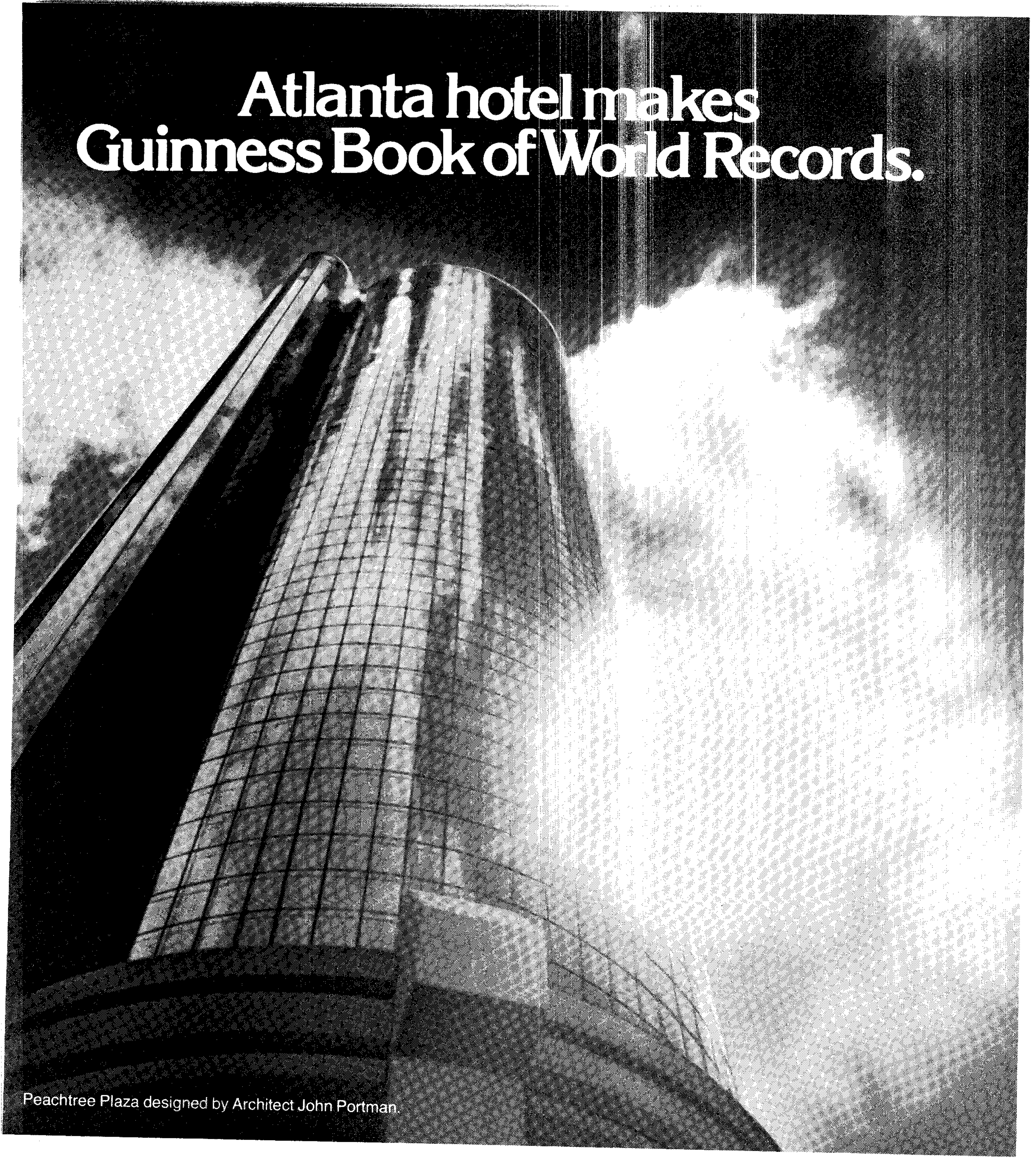

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Bit of Archie Rice

JOHN OSBORNE's play "The Entertainer," set during the Suez crisis of 1956, was staged by Tony Richardson in 1957, starring Laurence Olivier as Archie Rice; it has been his greatest contemporary role, and he also appeared in the 1960 film version, again directed by Richardson. The play is a lewd, tragic vaudeville about the life of a bankrupt pursued by creditors, a crapulent song-and-dance man whose emotions break through onstage in stale blue jokes as he ogles the half-naked chorus girls, razzes the orchestra leader, and jeers at the audience. "Don't clap too hard—it's a very old building," he cautions the audience, which is sitting on its hands. And if there's mincing hatred in his tone, and the desperate self-disgust of a performer who can't get a response, there's also a trace of affection for the rundown theatre, which is dilapidated, crumbling England.

The action shifts between the music-hall stage and the rooms that Archie and his wife, Phoebe, share with his father, Billy Rice, who was a headliner in his day but now, in his seventies, is retired to a life of mildewed gentility. Old Billy—"Granddad" to Archie's three grownup children—wears ancient, carefully preserved smart clothes and conducts himself with the rakish dignity of an Edwardian gentleman. Osborne explained in his introductory note to the play, "The music hall is dying, and, with it, a significant part of England. Some of the heart of England has gone; something that once belonged to everyone, for this was truly a folk art." Billy was a great performer, part of a living tradition; Archie, still hanging on at fifty, has never had the purity that his father had—he refers to himself as "old Archie, dead behind the eyes." He's smart, self-analytical, obscenely angry as he lashes out at us, the audience, in frustration at his own mediocrity.

Osborne is a master of invective. He can't bring Archie's principled, observant daughter, Jean, to life, but when it comes to characters like Archie Rice, or Jimmy Porter, in "Look Back in Anger," or Bill Maitland, in "Inadmissible Evidence"—heroes who do so much to make you hate them that you can't—he gives them a Shakespearean fury. Their sour, profane declamatory rages have the sustained dramatic tension of Shakespearean soliloquies.

Language may be the only true glory that England has left, and so it seems just about the final insult to Americanize "The Entertainer." That is what has been done in the new version, starring Jack Lemmon, which will be shown on television in this country (Wednesday, March 10th, over NBC, from nine to eleven) and in theatres in other countries. Osborne's name is very small in the credits; his work has been rewritten by Elliott Baker, and directed by Donald Wrye, under the aegis of Beryl Vertue and her co-producer, Marvin Hamlisch, who also wrote the music. The publicity material for this new version says that the setting has been "switched from a British seaside resort to an American counterpart." But, of course, there is no American counterpart of the long music-hall tradition. The new setting is an imaginary, unnamed oceanside town somewhere between San Francisco and Los Angeles, and the time has been backdated to 1944 and the Second World War, possibly to obscure just how peculiar and unrooted Archie's revue theatre is—a carnival-midway show that is doing Broadway tryouts. Osborne's rhetoric—which is his greatness—is terribly diminished not only by the extensive rewriting but also by being delivered in American rhythms. A California-set "Entertainer" is like "A Streetcar Named Desire" laid in Edinburgh, with a rugby-brute Stanley and a Blanche who talks like Miss Jean Brodie. Actually, it's even more of an act of cultural vandalism than that would be, because in Osborne's metaphor the decay of music hall stood for the decay of England, and though that entire range of associations has been neutered this Americanized "Entertainer" will go to England with big promotion and be seen, probably, by many more people than ever saw the Olivier stage or screen version. And so English audiences will lose out on Osborne's muddy, bitter romanticism. In the original, Archie contrasted the uptightness of the British who don't make "a fuss" with a fat black woman he once heard in America who sang "her heart out to the whole world." "If I'd done one thing as good as that in my whole life," Archie said, "I'd have been all right. . . . I wish to God I were that old bag. I'd stand up and shake my great bosom up and down, and lift up my head and make the most beautiful fuss in the world." At the news that his nineteen-year-old son, Mick, had been killed in Suez, Olivier's Archie tried to break out of his Englishness; he sang the blues to release the pain. In this version, audiences won't get the blasphemous fifties disillusion that seemed to come sniggering up from the repression. When, at the climax of Archie's raucous, clairvoyant, scrubby revue, Britannia was exposed as a half-naked bimbo, the too easy cleverness—the very cheapness of the shot—worked for it. Now, with the Second World War setting, and with Archie's pacifist daughter changed to a Navy nurse, his son Frank no longer a jailbird conscientious objector, and Mick no longer sacrificed at Suez but merely killed in an accident, the rancid atmosphere is puzzling, since the story is only about show business, and a mid-Atlantic form of it that we don't quite recognize.

The producer, Beryl Vertue, is an Englishwoman who has made a career out of transplants. She was one of the agents who handled the sale to Nor-

WHO IS THIS MAN AND WHAT DOES HE DO?
C. Barsotti

man Lear of the concepts of the British series "Till Death Us Do Part" and "Steptoe and Son," which became "All in the Family" and "Sanford and Son." She also handled the conversion of "Upstairs, Downstairs" into "Beacon Hill," on which she was executive producer. Except for her involvement in the new weekly show "Almost Anything Goes," in television terms she's a very classy cultural force, and Mobil Oil is sponsoring this "Entertainer." But it's not only the English who lose out. Archie still describes the black woman; the moment when he should sing is prepared for, but it never arrives. The film is full of bits of dialogue that have lost what they connected with, character relations that have become disjointed, scenes that dribble off. And theatrical devices, such as the family's waiting for Mick, who we know will never show up, stick out uncomfortably. Elliott Baker isn't a hack writer; he's a novelist ("A Fine Madness") who comes from a theatre family, and some of the grungy details he adds are good, but the characters are no longer embodiments of the society that they live in, or comments on it, either. Yet since even the remnants of Osborne's plot and characters—and his poetry of anger—are far more compelling than most TV fare, this program is sure to be honored, and, in fact, one's apprehensions about Lemmon in the Olivier role dissolve midway. However, his performance doesn't cancel out this inexcusable case of cultural homogenization.

There has been an element in Jack Lemmon's screen personality of his not having grown up, quite, yet of his having grown tired, exhausted. Last year, in "The Front Page" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue," he seemed to be straining under a terrible lump of anxiety; he just about *was* Archie Rice—manic and empty. But here Lemmon has got his talent in control again. He begins uncertainly, but he hits some new notes and does some very sure line readings, without falling back on Jack Lemmonisms. There's no tender-heartedness, no asking for sympathy. He's particularly effective in his seduction of the beauty contestant Bambi, played by Annette O'Toole, the willowy, freckled redhead of "Smile." She does the raw, innocent Bambi without any affectation, singing in a naïve, cotton-candy style reminiscent of the young Angela Lansbury. Annette O'Toole's simplicity brings out the pain in Archie's dirty boyishness. His relationship to this girl is better defined than in the Olivier film, and when they're in bed the scene has enough sensuous conviction to make it plausible that Archie would decide to get rid of his spongy-cheeked old-girl wife to marry her. Lemmon's cavalier kindliness toward his old Phoebe (Sada Thompson), whom he betrays, patronizes, and infantilizes, is well done—there's the stupor of habit in it—though if the stage actress Sada Thompson is ever to be fully effective on the screen (which seems doubtful), she'll have to have a director who knows where to put the camera. Wrye gives the actors more help than they need; he keeps ramming closeups at us whenever he wants the actors to "move" us. There's a particularly gross use of closeups when Archie, in full, smeary Pagliacci make-up, gets bad news on the telephone.

The Tony Richardson film erred in comparable ways, but it had a venomous excitement; Richardson didn't completely wreck what had made the play such a hit—the audience's ambiguous relationship to "the entertainer." In the stage numbers, Olivier's Archie was in combat with us, and we felt his contempt; the routines he did were his way of pissing on us. He was the entertainer as scapegoat—a hyena-clown. Without this, the new version falls apart. Lemmon's stage routines need to be viciously rotten and they're just bad—as if their sole purpose were to prove to us that Archie is a bum performer. They're frenetic rather than weary unto death, and Lemmon doesn't perform them with that decadent professionalism which was electrifying in Olivier's performance (and in Joel Grey's m.c. in "Cabaret"). We can't ask Lemmon to do the role the way Olivier did—to have the soulless, button eyes, the predatory smile, or the queasy castrato-satyr overtones—but he isn't "working the house," and the routines, choreographed by Ron Field to Hamlisch's tunes, suggest that Field couldn't figure out what tradition they were supposed to derive from.

Considering the magnitude of Lemmon's attempt, it's a considerable achievement that he doesn't disgrace himself. He doesn't create a new Archie Rice: we're not drawn in all the way. And maybe because he isn't convincingly repellent as a song-and-dance man, and because we don't feel any true malice in this Archie's relation to the audience, we can't quite get a fix on the character. This Archie isn't shocking. But Archie Rice's pain gives Jack Lemmon a new dignity. He's best in his thoughtful, quiet moments offstage, and, considering how obstructive the direction is, and how overexplicit Elliott Baker has made the scenes, his reticence is an advantage. Even the star treatment he's given when he's at the piano and looking serious, like angel Harpo at his lousy harp, is restful, and it's lucky that the director does give Lemmon star treatment, because Lemmon provides the rhythm for most of his scenes, and they're the only scenes that *have* any rhythm. Tyne Daly's performance as Archie's daughter Jean is mangled by strident editing and camerawork. Jean, the only one in the film whom Archie levels with, is meant to be so clear-eyed that Archie can't put on an act with her; what this comes down to is that she's a boring outsider, passing judgment on him. But Lemmon has a fine moment when she is going away and he asks her to stay to see her granddad, old Billy Rice (Ray Bolger), do his return engagement; Archie's sense of isolation here has terror in it. Lemmon's ability, however, can't obscure the fact that this scene (it's not in the play) is psychologically offensive. Jean's leaving the theatre at the most suspenseful moment in the action, just before her famous grandfather is about to give his first performance in twenty years, seems inhumanly self-denying, like turning your back on fireworks. Fortunately, we can stay.

It's a dizzyingly happy dance that Ray Bolger does, with a frightening element built in, because we know that something disastrous has to happen. Bolger, that great dancer-comic-mime, at seventy-two still a lithe high-stepper, turns the number into a celebration of the entertainer's art. Old Billy comes on with Archie, each one end of a horse, to do a father-and-son double. But Billy is so excited that he's uncontrollable, and he takes off into a beautiful eccentric single—a kicking, prancing pony dance that is perfectly in character and at the same time is pure, floppy Bolger. It's a triumphant sequence—old Billy going out in glory—and we want the pleasure of mulling it over, but the people in charge won't permit it: they won't let us feel anything for ourselves. The more the meanings are explained, the less this show means, and vice versa. The producers say that this isn't a television version, it's a film. That's what they think. —PAULINE KAEL

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(10) What is the difference between a durable press and a permanent press fabric?

(10) Nothing. They are not the same, so treat them both alike.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

But never in anger.

ANNALS OF WAR

FRIENDLY FIRE—II

ONE night early in March of 1970, Peg Mullen sat at her kitchen table long after her bedtime answering letters of sympathy from complete strangers who had read or heard the news of her son Michael's death in Vietnam and had felt compelled to write that they shared her grief. Peg dreaded having to talk with her husband, Gene, when he got home from the night shift at the John Deere tractor plant in Waterloo, Iowa, twelve miles from the Mullens' farm. He would want to talk about their son's death, and, like each letter that Peg answered, whatever he said would force her to try to articulate to herself why Michael had died. She didn't know why. She didn't even know *how*.

Gene got home shortly after midnight. He paused outside to scrape his muddy work shoes and then came into the kitchen, waved wearily at Peg, and said, "Hello, Mother. What are you doing awake?"

"Couldn't sleep."

Gene put his lunch bucket beside the sink, and Peg asked if he would like a cup of coffee.

"No, I don't think so," Gene said. "Any mail today?"

"Letter from a Lieutenant Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf. Michael's battalion commander."

"Oh?" Gene crossed to the table and sat down. "Did he say how Mikey died?"

"You read it. Tell me what you think." She pushed the letter toward him, then got up and washed his lunch bucket. Only one paragraph of the letter had interested Peg:

> On the early morning of February 18, 1970, Michael's unit was located in their night defensive position near the village of Tu Chanh, approximately 13 miles south of Tam Ky City, in Quang Tin Province, Republic of Vietnam. At 2:50 A.M., the unit was adjusting artillery to provide a predetermined range of fire in the event of enemy contact. During the testing, Michael received a fatal missile wound when an artillery round fell short of its intended target and detonated near his position. May you gain some consolation in knowing that Michael was not subjected to any prolonged suffering.

When Peg turned around, she saw that Gene had put the letter down and removed his glasses and was rubbing his eyes.

"You look tired," Peg said.

"I am. I am."

Peg sat across the table from Gene and moved some papers about. "Did you finish Schwarzkopf's letter?"

Gene nodded. "It was very nice."

"'Nice'?" Peg asked impatiently. "What was 'nice' about it?"

"The part about the memorial service with Mikey's friends," Gene said. "About our being in their thoughts."

"Oh, Gene, that's just— that's all just part of the form letter. You don't really think they held a memorial service, do you? What about how he died? Why was the artillery fired at three o'clock in the morning? Who called in that round? How come nothing was ever in the paper about this? Why wasn't there an investigation? Don't you understand?" She looked sharply at Gene. "Schwarzkopf's letter doesn't tell us *any*thing! The Army doesn't believe people should really know how their sons died. That people really want to know."

"We'll find out," Gene said.

"But how?" Peg asked. "Who can we write? You know the Army won't tell us anything."

"The *official* Army won't," Gene said. "But we could write one of Mikey's friends."

"*Who?* We don't know any of his friends. The Army won't give us any names. Michael never told us any— No, wait! Wait a minute! There *was* somebody." Peg went to the box containing Michael's letters and began sifting through them. "He mentioned one boy. Someone from Waterloo . . . In one of his last letters . . . Here! Here it is: 'Ran into a boy from Waterloo by name of Culpepper.' "

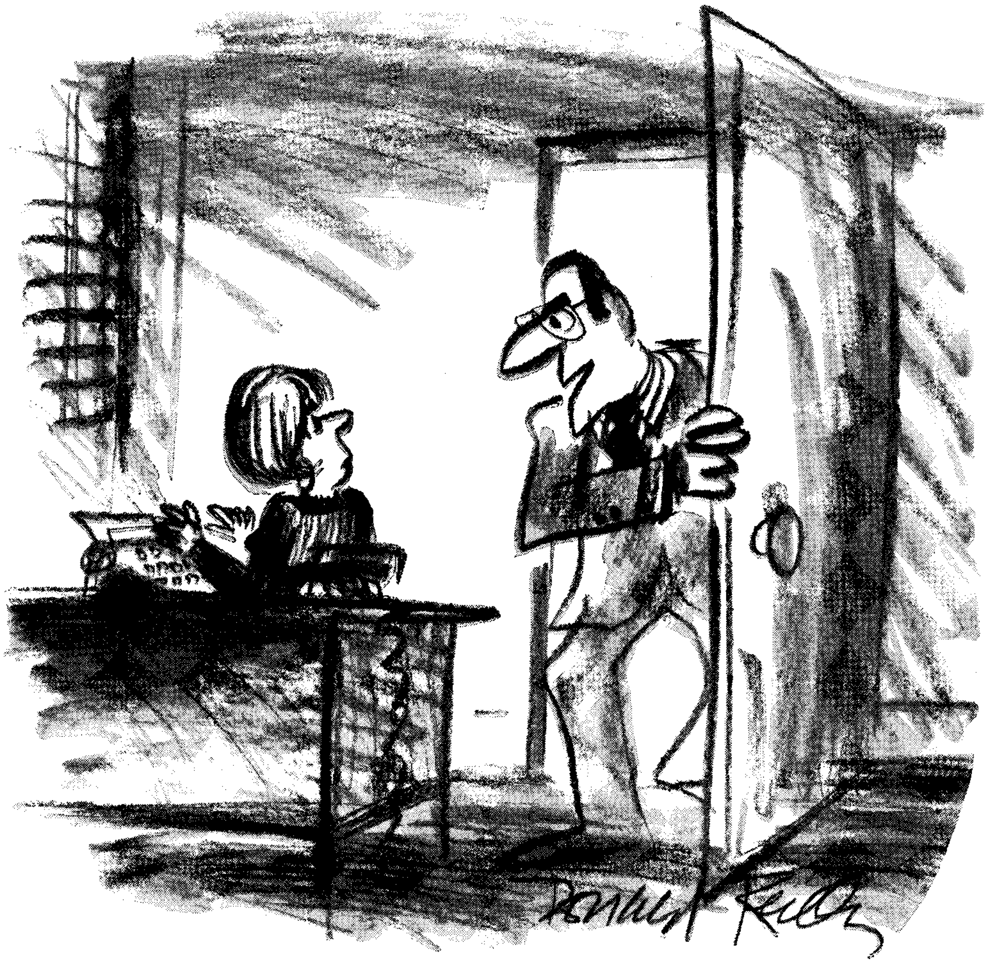
Gene walked over to the Waterloo-Cedar Falls Telephone Directory and riffled through the pages. "There are four Culpeppers in the book."

"Call them," Peg said. "See if one of them has a son in Vietnam."

Gene looked up at the clock over the wall oven. "Peg, it's after midnight."

THE following morning, Peg Mullen wrote to Martin Culpepper, a young man she had never met, and asked him to help find out what had happened to her son in Vietnam.

That afternoon at work, a John



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Deere supervisor sat down next to Gene during a break and spoke to him about Michael's funeral service and Vietnam, and then the supervisor said, "You know, we've got to have this war. We've got to stop the Communists."

"Joe, are you worried about the North Vietnamese? They're just nineteen million people. You say, 'Stop the Communists.' " Gene shook his head. "If we ever have any real conflict with the Communist nations, it'll all be over in forty-eight hours. This won't be any 'hand to hand' conflict!"

"What about Red China?"

"Red *China*? They couldn't come within a thousand miles of our coast. They don't have the fleet to carry their men. If Red China was going to attack us, they'd use a nuclear bomb and you wouldn't be around to read it in the newspaper. Why are you so worried about the North Vietnamese? Joe, what do you *do*? Why don't you *read up* on what's going on over there? Don't tell me my boy died for a 'just cause'—or that any of the other forty thousand died for that, either. Because, Joe, you *know* you're only saying that to protect yourself from feeling guilty about what you've let go on and on."

ON Friday, March 6th, the Mullens received a letter from the Army Finance Center asking them to sign a blank pay voucher for Michael's accumulated pay. Gene wrote back that same day, "Never in my life have I signed a blank pay voucher and I am not going to at this sad point in my life. We have no real interest in any money due Michael today, so until you can give us a concrete figure that is due him, we shall not sign this Standard Form 1174." But no matter how angry Gene was at the Army for having killed his son, he was still too polite to forget that it was staffed by ordinary men. Gene closed his letter with "We look forward to hearing from you again, at your convenience," signed it "Oscar E. Mullen, Father of Michael, Killed in Vietnam on February 18th," and added, "P.S. No need now for top priority in this matter."

THE following week's mail brought letters of consolation from the commanding general of Michael's Americal Division, Lloyd B. Ramsey, and from Stanley R. Resor, the Secretary of the Army. Major General Ramsey wrote, "We sincerely hope that your burden may be lightened by the knowledge that Michael was a

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The kitchen table was now covered with piles of mail, and Peg tossed both of these letters onto the pile she reserved for "official mail." The letters landed in such a way that General Ramsey's overlapped Colonel Schwarzkopf's just enough to display the date "2 Mar 1970" stamped on both. The rubber stamp infuriated her; it was as if some anonymous Army bureaucrat had simply decided, "O.K., on March 2nd send all these letters out." Suddenly she noticed something even more disturbing: the "1970" on the two letters was stamped just a hair lower than the "2 Mar" and both "Mar"s seemed to tilt slightly to the left. Of course, Peg realized that the Army bought rubber date stamps by the thousand, but was it mere coincidence that the battalion's rubber stamp and the division's contained identical flaws? The more likely explanation, she thought, was that the two letters had originated in the same office. And she felt certain that the correspondence could have been coördinated for only one reason: the Army had something to hide.

Peg had cause to be skeptical. During the week Michael was killed, seven other Iowans died in the same part of Vietnam. If these eight deaths were about average for the total losses from each of the fifty states, it would indicate that some four hundred Americans must have died that week in Vietnam. Peg already knew that during the week Michael's body arrived, one planeload of bodies had landed in Oakland, California, on Monday and two on Tuesday. The planes carried seventy-five bodies each. And yet the official casualty figure for the week of Michael's death listed only eighty-eight Americans killed in Vietnam.

On Wednesday, March 11th, the Waterloo *Courier* published a letter from a local woman appealing to her fellow-citizens "to fly the American flag . . . in recognition of veterans and our men in Vietnam." The woman accused her fellow-citizens of lacking patriotism. Peg wrote a furious reply, which appeared on Sunday, March 15th:

> Please get down and pray for the boys in Vietnam and for the boys and girls who are not waving the flag in defiance to this cruel and immoral war.
>
> Our boy was buried on March 3 in a beautiful, Christian, "non-military" funeral. We have been criticized because we did not have a military funeral and our decision was made on the fact that the Army took our boy (who was a chemist and not a soldier), trained him to kill, sent him to Vietnam and on February 21 they tell us he was killed by friendly forces—accidentally, we will never believe.
>
> Do you realize how many thousands of American boys have been lost in this manner—denied the decency of being killed by the enemy? These boys' deaths are listed as "non-battle"—are they included in casualty lists? Do we know how many bodies come back to Oakland each week—does the number of dead tie in with the casualty list? Think about this. Please . . . "think"—"read"—"study"—"evaluate" this war.

Publication of this letter marked the opening of an overt anti-war campaign by the Mullens—an effort that was to require a deeper and more consuming commitment than either of them then realized. After Michael was sent to Vietnam, in September of 1969, Peg had begun writing to President Nixon, pleading with him to end the war, and in October she had worn a black Moratorium armband into Washburn, a small town just north of the Mullens' farm. Whenever the Des Moines *Register* carried an account of an Iowa soldier's death, she would send the clipping to Iowa's hawkish Republican senator, Jack Miller, with the note "Put another notch in your gun, Jack." She had joined a national organization called Another Mother for Peace. But, Peg had to admit, her anti-war protests had been limited and ineffective. And private. From now on, she would make her opposition known.

ON Thursday, March 19th, Peg returned from the mailbox with a letter from Martin Culpepper, in Vietnam. Culpepper's letter, which was written in response to hers, was the first that the Mullens had received from anyone who had served in Mi-

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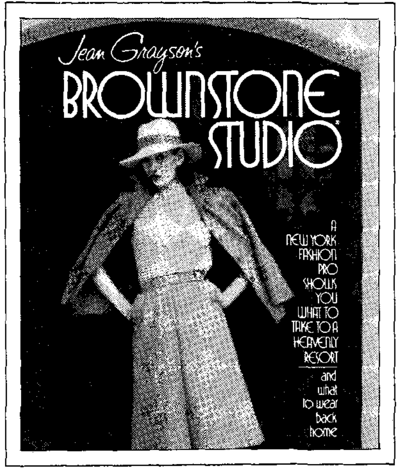
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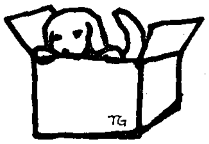
chael's company—C (Charlie) Company, 1st Battalion, 6th Infantry, 198th Infantry Brigade of the Americal Division, headquartered at Chu Lai. Michael had been dead a month, and they still had not heard from any members of his platoon or from an R.O.T.C. lieutenant he had mentioned in one letter or from his company commander. Peg had written to the Pentagon complaining, "It's just too damned bad that we cannot find out who lived and died with our son. There's simply no communication, and I firmly believe my son had at least *one* friend in Vietnam."

From Culpepper's letter, which was handwritten and was three pages long, Peg discovered that six or seven other soldiers in Charlie Company had been wounded on the night of Michael's death, and one other had been killed. The account began:



> It was an air burst, it hit in between your son's bunker and another bunker. The round burst in the air when it hit a tree in between the fox holes.... This was about 2:15 A.M. on Feb. 18 before daylight. It was a short round that killed him. Meaning the round didn't travel the distant it was suppose to travel. He was not killed by enemy forces, but an accident.

Culpepper went on to say that Michael had been killed by a "D.T." round, and he explained that D.T.s were defensive targets—targets selected by a unit commander and his forward observer to provide a predetermined range of fire on the routes an enemy was most likely to use in approaching the unit's defensive perimeter. A minimum of two test rounds was fired for each D.T. The first, a white-phosphorus (W.P.) marking round, was set to explode fifty feet above the selected target. If this round detonated at the desired spot, and no corrections were needed, a second round, a high-explosive (H.E.) shell, was then fired to impact on the target. The aiming data necessary to bring the D.T. under fire could then be read off the gun and retained for future use. One line of Culpepper's letter particularly interested Peg: "They normal shot about 200 to 300 meters away from you, they use to do this almost every night until that accident." They *used* to, but they stopped. Two killed, six or seven wounded, never anything in the newspapers about it, no investigation, no communication with anyone but Culpepper—whom Peg had discovered only by chance. The obvious reason, Peg believed, was that what had happened was so wrong, so inexcusable, that the Army didn't want anybody to find out about it. That was why no one had written to her, why the newspaper stories apparently had been blacked out, and why the letters from the battalion and division commanders had been coördinated. She was certain that at least half the casualties in Vietnam were due to mysterious circumstances—"accidents"—because maps were wrong, because someone high on drugs was shooting off his gun, because men were being killed by their own artillery. In a postscript, Culpepper had added, "If the army's story is different please let me know." Clearly, Culpepper would not be surprised to learn that the Army had lied. The last paragraph of the letter proper read:

> Even thou the lord has taken him away from you, we both will carry the memory of him in our hearts. The loss is great and nothing can replace him, but I hope the lord will find peace in your heart. I would appreciate it if you would read in the New Testament, I Thessalonians, chapter 4. The sixteenth through the eighteen verse and may it comfort your heart.
>
> Love,
> MARTIN L. CULPEPPER

Peg wondered whether Culpepper had found some passage in the Bible that would provide her with even more information—something that he dared not write openly but could only hint at. Peg located the passage in their family Bible:

> 16 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:
> 17 Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.
> 18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

She studied the three verses for a few minutes, then gave up. Except for the "descend from heaven with a shout," which *might* have referred to the artillery shell, there didn't seem to be anything that could be interpreted as a code.

BECAUSE the circumstances of Michael's death seemed mysterious to the Mullens, and because his body had been virtually unmarked, they had demanded that the Army send them a death certificate. It arrived on Tuesday, March 17th. The document, a Department of the Army Form 10-249, forwarded from the U.S. Army

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When you were little, you washed your face with soap and water, and that was that. Except for the times you got a little unwanted help from your overly enthusiastic mother, your face felt pretty good afterwards. Clean. Fresh. Remember?

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It is true that your skin's own oil production processes diminish as you get older. The important thing is not to deplete them even further.

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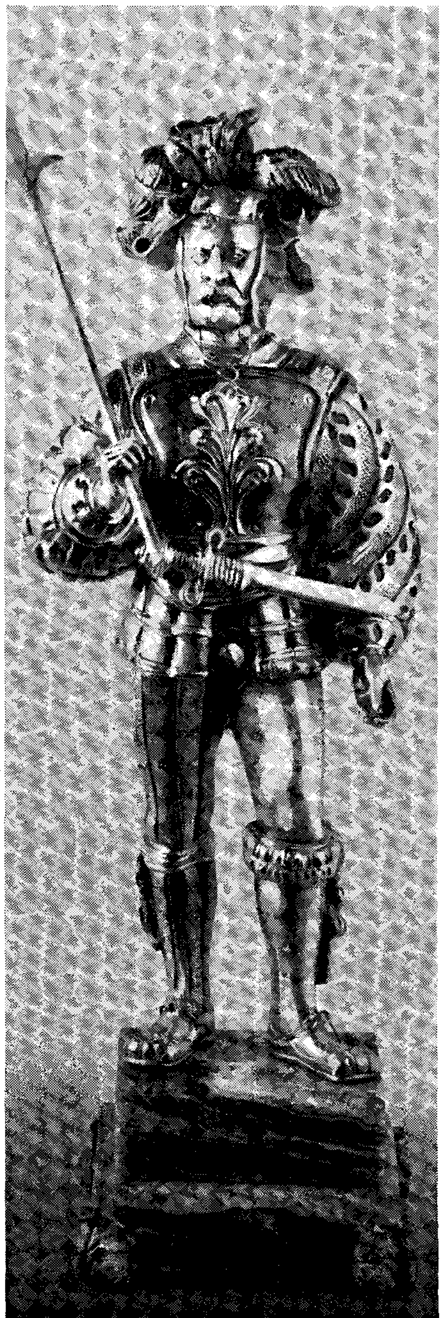

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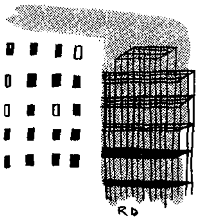
Mortuary at Danang, was dated February 18, 1970, and below the statement "I have viewed the remains of the deceased and death occurred at the time indicated and from the causes as stated above" was the signature of John S. Schechter, identified as "MD, CPT., Co D. 23D Medical Bn." The certificate incorrectly listed Michael's parents as Mr. and Mrs. Oscar T. Mullen instead of Oscar E. Mullen, the mode of death as "accident," the interval between onset and death as "unknown," and the cause of death ("Enter only one cause per line") as "missile wound of chest." A space reserved for "circumstances surrounding death due to external causes" was blank, and so was a space for indicating whether or not an autopsy had been performed. Although the date and hour of death, "0250 18 February 1970," and the map coördinates for the place of death, "BT 366 015" (a hillside overlooking the village of Tu Chanh), confirmed the information given them in Colonel Schwarzkopf's letter, the death certificate did nothing to allay the Mullens' suspicions. Why was the space reserved for "circumstances surrounding death" blank? Michael, the Mullens had been told, was killed when an artillery round fell short. If, as Colonel Schwarzkopf had said, Michael had not been "subjected to any prolonged suffering," why was the "interval between onset and death" unknown? Most disturbing of all was the question why—since according to Tom Loomis, the funeral director, Michael's *only* wound had been a small puncture above his right kidney—Captain Schechter had listed Michael's cause of death as a "missile wound of chest." The Mullens wrote back requesting a "complete" medical report on their son's death.



A few days later, the Mullens received notification from First Lieutenant Arthur A. Belefonte, of the U.S. Army Personal Property Depot in Saigon, that Michael's possessions had been collected and sent and would reach them soon. Enclosed with the notification was a USARV Form 438 inventory of Michael's belongings. (Nowhere on the list was a two-hundred-dollar camera that his uncle Howard Goodyear had sent him. This item never was returned.) The possessions, packed in a cardboard carton, reached the Mullens on March 21st, a Saturday.

The carton lay on the kitchen table between Michael's parents. Neither moved toward it for a while, but finally Peg pushed it over to Gene and said, "You do it. Go on."

Gene carefully untied the strings around the package, then slowly, almost reverently, removed the top. They began to sift through the folded clothing: "2 Shirts, Khaki; 1 Cap, Garrison; 1 Necktie; 1 Pair of gloves." They found the fingernail file and clippers they had joked about when Michael went to Vietnam (Michael had always kept himself so immaculate that his parents had wondered if he would clean his fingernails even in the jungle); Michael's shaving kit, with his worn, soft-bristled toothbrush inside; a pair of sunglasses; "1 Belt, web with buckle; 1 Coin purse with two souvenir US Pennies; 1 Insignia, US brass; 1 Name plate, plastic;" a hairbrush, which someone had cleaned; Michael's prayer book, sweat-stained and bent to the contour of his hip. There were three rosaries, one of them simply string knotted to number the prayers. Gene decided he would give that one to John, Michael's younger brother; the others would go to Patricia and Mary, Michael's sisters.

Peg silently looked through the papers: driver's license, addresses, receipts, photographs of Michael's girl friend, Caroline Roby. Peg pulled out the "1 Pair of shoes, dress oxfords," and put them aside, and then she lifted up a small, bronze religious medallion hanging from a chain. "Oh, Gene . . ."

It was the medal that Gene had removed from around his own neck and given to Michael the day he left home for Vietnam. Gene took it from Peg and sadly lowered it around his neck again.

A LETTER from Creighton W. Abrams, Commanding General of the United States Military Assistance Command in Vietnam, arrived the following week. Peg sat holding it in both hands: "It is my hope that you will find a measure of solace in knowing your son gave his life for a noble cause, the defense of liberty in the free world. Rest assured that we who remain here in Vietnam will continue our efforts to bring peace to this troubled land so that your son's sacrifice will not have been in vain." Peg crumpled the paper in a rage, and then, because she thought Gene might like to read it, she carefully smoothed it out.

Peg was still disturbed that none of Michael's friends except Culpepper

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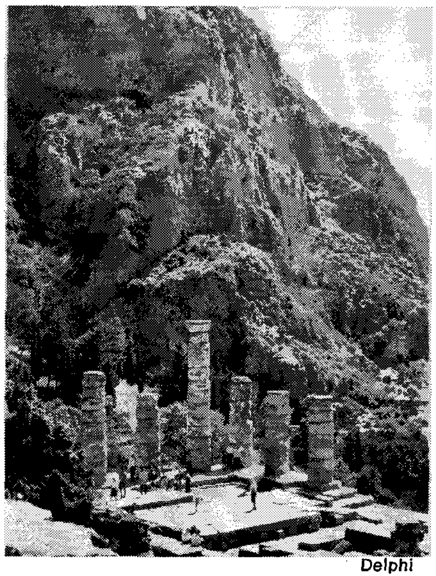

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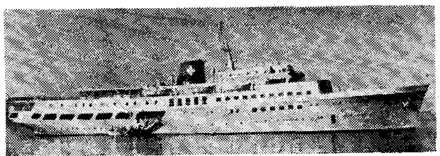
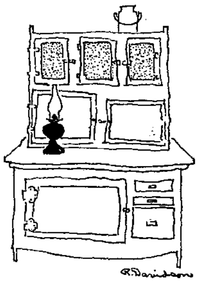


M.T.S. Argonaut, registered in Greece.

had written. And then, suddenly, a woman in Kentucky wrote saying that the Pentagon had asked her to communicate with the Mullens, because her son and Michael had died together and had been close friends. The young Kentuckian was Leroy Hamilton. He had dropped out of school in the eighth grade after his father was badly injured in a lumber accident. The Hamiltons cultivated more than a hundred acres and kept dairy cattle, and Leroy, the oldest, was needed to work the farm. After Leroy had been drafted, his mother, his sixteen-year-old sister, and his fourteen-year-old brother had been left to do all the haying and milking themselves. Peg was convinced that the Army had written to Mrs. Hamilton under the impression that she was just a mountaineer mother of a junior-high-school dropout and wouldn't know enough to write a letter to anyone. What the Army failed to take into account was the estrangement that people whose sons had died in Vietnam felt toward the government, the military, and, in many cases, neighbors in their own communities. Families of Vietnam casualties wanted to know each other, sought each other out because they had nothing in common anymore with the neighbors down the road whose sons hadn't gone to war, who were never going to experience the anguish and bitterness that such a loss brought.



A few days after Peg answered the letter from Leroy Hamilton's mother, she and Gene went to dinner at a friend's house, and the husband, a veteran of the Second World War, after listening to Peg talk about the opposition of young people to the war in Vietnam, said, "Well, I don't know what's the matter with those kids. I went. Why shouldn't they go?" Peg couldn't wait to leave. She decided that from that moment on she would seek out only people who shared her views. She no longer understood anyone who felt that there should be a war; to be pro-war was, to Peg, synonymous with being pro-Michael's death. As she later said to Gene, "There's only *one* side when you lose your son."

PEG mailed to the Des Moines *Register* copies of letters from Michael in which he said that President Nixon's Vietnamization program would fail and, referring to anti-war protests, that most of the troops were hoping that things would "get wilder at home." The editors decided to run the letters in the Easter Sunday edition. On March 27th, Good Friday, an editorial quoted excerpts from Michael's letters and concluded:

> He was in a night defensive position when artillery fire from friendly forces landed in the area and killed him.
>
> Why? and for what? his parents still ask.
>
> So far some 41,000 Americans and 102,000 "friendlies" have been killed in this futile war. These are not statistics, they are individual human beings—sons and husbands and brothers.

The *Register* planned to run an article about Peg on the same day it published Michael's letters, so a *Register* reporter, Nick Lamberto, telephoned Peg for an interview. He called at a bad time. Earlier that day, Peg had written to the Memorial Division of the United States Army about Michael's headstone. The Army insisted that if the Mullens accepted the free headstone offered to them, the words "U.S. Army" and "Sergeant" would have to be on it. Peg was so disgusted that she made up her mind to buy a headstone on her own. She went to a memorial carver in Waterloo and recounted her quarrel with the military; the stone carver, a man in his mid-sixties, replied, "God damn the Army! Good for you, Peg. I'll give it to you at cost."

Peg had the stone engraved:

MICHAEL E. MULLEN
Born Sept. 11, 1944
Killed Feb. 18, 1970
Son of Gene & Peg
"He dared to ripple my pond"

The quotation was from a letter to the Mullens written by Caroline Roby after Michael's death. Peg was worried that the phrase might seem mawkish, but she considered it the most appropriate sentiment they had received. It described Michael. He never left anything undone. "If someone needed their pond rippled, Michael did it," Peg said. Far more indicative of Peg's mood at this time, however, was the word "Killed." Michael had not died in the war; he had been *killed.*

Lamberto's call came shortly after Peg returned from the stone carver, and she was still furious. Peg complained that "the military-industrial complex in this country has for the past five years systematically drained this great United States of thousands of our future leaders."

Lamberto's piece about Peg began, "A distraught mother, bitter over the death of her son in South Vietnam, has

A wedding made in heaven should be announced on the best paper on earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Francis Cromwell, Jr.
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Linda Christine
to
Mr. Theodore Alan Duquesne
on Friday, the fifth of September
at half after seven o'clock
St. Colman Church
32500 Middleton Road
Farmington, Michigan

You have your love story. We have ours.

Ours is with paper. And it has been since way before you (and your parents) were even born.

Our paper has always been, and still is, the most beautiful in the world.

It's made of reclaimed cotton, the finest available fiber, never out of wood pulp as most paper is.

As your eyes, hands and any expert can tell you, there is no comparison between the two kinds of paper.

But though our paper is worth a lot more it doesn't cost you a lot more. Just a little more.

You'll find our paper at the finest store you know. While you're there take a peek at our social stationery too, and get a picture of what a nice couple your new name and our stationery would make. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

Crane
We've been taking your words
seriously for 174 years.

VOLVO CREATES A WORKING CAR FOR THE LEISURE CLASS.

Even those who can afford life's luxuries must occasionally carry them home. A fact apparently of minor concern to practically every prestige car maker in the world. They've shown a dramatic lack of interest in station wagons.

The Volvo 265 overcomes this oversight. It can be likened to a limousine with the world's largest trunk. But unlike most limousine drivers, the Volvo chauffeur gets more consideration than his cargo.

The front seat cushions raise, lower and tilt. The seat backs recline. The area at the small of your back adjusts from "soft" to "firm."

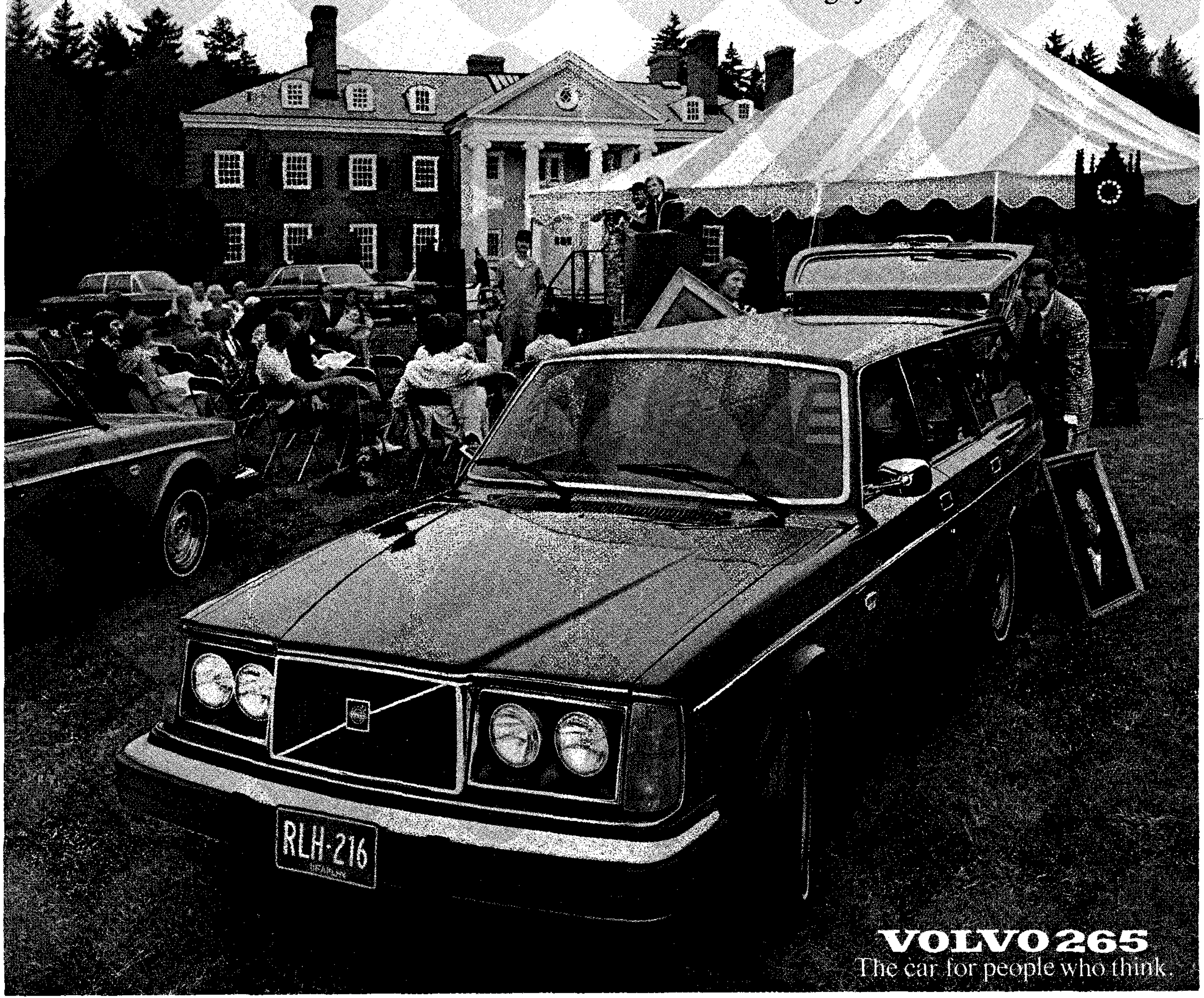
Air conditioning and automatic transmission are standard equipment, of course.

Driving is silent, smooth and effortless.

Steering and braking are power-assisted. And a fuel-injected, light alloy, overhead cam V-6 provides ample performance for the most sporting driver.

Quite naturally, a car this generously endowed does not come cheap. But when you think about it, Volvo does offer extra incentives for paying the price.

All the things we've put into the Volvo 265.
And all the things you'll be able to.



VOLVO 265
The car for people who think.

© 1976 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION. LEASING AVAILABLE.

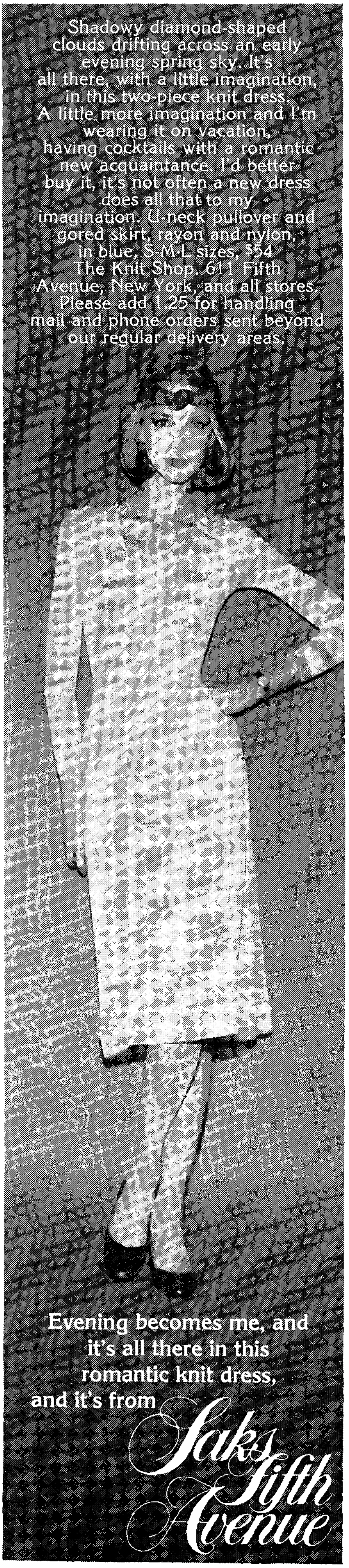
vowed to use his insurance money 'to save the boys still over there.' ”

By this time, the Mullens had received most of the money from Michael's insurance policies. A ten-thousand-dollar United States Government policy had been split four ways, according to Michael's instructions: twenty-five hundred dollars each to Gene, Peg, Caroline Roby, and the Don Bosco High School, in Gilbertville, where all the Mullen children had gone. Michael also carried a ten-thousand-dollar policy with the Knights of Columbus and a thousand-dollar policy with the Federal Life Insurance Company. In addition, the Mullens had received six hundred and sixty dollars from Michael's accumulated pay, which he had converted into traveller's checks and sent to his parents five days before he was killed, and a government check for $2,014.20—a gratuity payment representing six months' projected salary to defray the cost of his funeral. It was this gratuity pay—not, as Lamberto reported, the insurance money—that the Mullens had decided to use in their fight against the war. Lamberto wrote that Peg had vowed to use five thousand dollars "to ferret out the truth about the war." He quoted her as saying, "I have no organized plan but I'm writing letters and making phone calls—telling our story."

Monday, March 30th, the day after Michael's letters and Lamberto's article appeared in the *Register*, reporters from two local television stations—KCRG-TV, in Cedar Rapids, and KWWL-TV, in Waterloo—arrived at the Mullens' farm to interview them. Gene and Peg were good material: angry, articulate, emotional, and defiantly opposed to the war. At a time when the American Midwest was considered the bastion of the silent majority, with the only real anti-war sentiment in the region expressed by some of the draft-age young and their college professors, the Mullens represented a newsworthy exception: they were Mom's Apple Pie gone sour. But if the media capitalized on the Mullens, the Mullens were quick to recognize that, in turn, they could take advantage of the media. The television reporters had come only because of the interviews and letters that had already appeared in print. Peg and Gene realized that the newspapers therefore provided the cheapest and most direct access to other, broader outlets, such as radio and television. Gene now began to consider buying a newspaper advertisement.

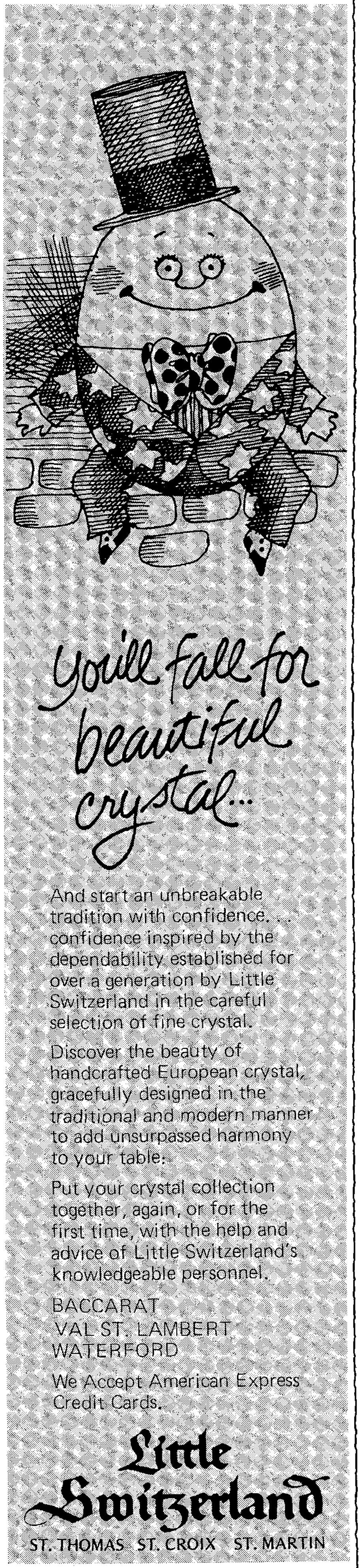
Peg was spending several hours every day at her typewriter. Letters had become her major link to Michael—the only means she had of keeping him "alive," of making his death mean something. The frenzy with which she worked at her correspondence reflected an energy she had to direct away from her anger and grief. She was so sure that the military was behind a conspiracy to prevent the American people and their representatives in Congress from learning the truth about the war that she immediately made a copy of any information she gained about Michael, or any letter she received containing any knowledge whatever about the war, and forwarded it to Senators J. William Fulbright and Harold Hughes—to Fulbright because he was chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and to Hughes because he represented Iowa and was sympathetic to Peg's views on the war.

Copies made on the Xerox machines in the library or the bank cost a quarter each, so Peg tried whenever possible to have her correspondence duplicated on the Xerox machine at Don Bosco. But one afternoon she took six letters into La Porte and called on a friend, an attorney named William Wagner, to ask if she might use his office machine. Bill Wagner is a square-jawed, iron-gray-haired, crew-cut ex-Marine in his mid-fifties who, during the Second World War, took part in the assaults on Guam, Bougainville, and Iwo Jima. He had become active in patriotic organizations after the war, and had been vice-commander of the La Porte City American Legion post, to which Gene had belonged for a few years after the war. Wagner said later, "There isn't anyone in town who has more sympathy over the loss of the Mullens' son than I have. I've been there. I've seen the smell and taste and sound of battle, and after thirty-eight months in combat you kind of learn a few things. You learn that this country is worth all it takes to keep it going. I believe in *this* country *first*. I'm not a 'super-patriot,' but if my country calls and has a use for me, by God, I'm going to go." He genuinely liked Peg and Gene, and they liked him. He did not, however, approve of their approach. He could not condone Peg's writing letters to senators, representatives, and newspa-



Shadowy diamond-shaped clouds drifting across an early evening spring sky. It's all there, with a little imagination, in this two-piece knit dress. A little more imagination and I'm wearing it on vacation, having cocktails with a romantic new acquaintance. I'd better buy it, it's not often a new dress does all that to my imagination. U-neck pullover and gored skirt, rayon and nylon, in blue, S-M-L sizes, $54 The Knit Shop, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Evening becomes me, and it's all there in this romantic knit dress, and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue


You'll fall for beautiful crystal...

And start an unbreakable tradition with confidence... confidence inspired by the dependability established for over a generation by Little Switzerland in the careful selection of fine crystal.

Discover the beauty of handcrafted European crystal, gracefully designed in the traditional and modern manner to add unsurpassed harmony to your table.

Put your crystal collection together, again, or for the first time, with the help and advice of Little Switzerland's knowledgeable personnel.

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We Accept American Express Credit Cards.

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ST. THOMAS ST. CROIX ST. MARTIN

pers protesting the war, or saying the sort of things reported in that *Register* interview. It puzzled him. It was behavior of a sort that Wagner expected from a "radical," not from Peg and Gene. Still, he appreciated Peg's feelings. He knew that he couldn't be sure how he would react if he had lost a son.

Rising from behind a massive desk as Peg entered, Wagner again expressed his sorrow over her loss. "Michael was a very nice boy, Peg, an exemplary boy, a credit to the community."

Peg thanked him.

"So you'd like some letters copied?" Wagner asked as Peg sat down.

"I have six. You'd find them interesting, I think." She slid the letters across his desk. "It's the real story about Vietnam."

Wagner glanced quickly at the top letters and saw that they were to go to Senators Fulbright and Hughes.

"Don't you want to read them?" Peg asked.

Wagner refused to be baited. He believed he knew as well as anyone what was going on in Vietnam. His old outfit had been there, and he received a communication from the Marine Corps every two weeks. Although he was disturbed about the American participation, because Congress had never declared war, he simply didn't want to get involved in a discussion with Peg about the good or bad points of the war. He admired the Mullens' concern, their courage and dedication. He believed in "standing up and being counted," and in questioning one's congressman "at the proper time and place as to why we are in Vietnam." He said later, "Nobody's answered that one for me yet, but I wouldn't tear the flag down to find out. I still think our congressmen, our leaders have a lot more information than I have."

MUSEUM TOURS

The only time Wagner did write to one of his senators was when Iwo Jima was given back to the Japanese. "We had thousands of kids who never walked off that place," he protested.

Wagner should have known that it was impossible to talk with Peg and not discuss the Vietnam war. Peg's opening came when Wagner asked if Gene would be interested in rejoining the Legion.

"I know he isn't, Bill," Peg said.

"He isn't?"

"Of course not," Peg said. "How can he join when the American Legion is upholding the war? Until you men wake up, I suppose we'll be there forever, since you seem to have more influence on President Nixon than someone like me."

"Well, that's your opinion," Wagner said. "I don't agree with you, of course."

When the copying of the letters was completed, Peg asked what she could pay for them.

"Happy to do it," Wagner said, holding up his hand. "You don't owe me a thing."

"Let me give you something," Peg insisted.

"You could give me all the money in the world, and I wouldn't take it," Wagner replied. "I'm glad to do it for you."

NOW when the Mullens drove in to La Porte City, the town nearest to their farm, they noticed that people avoided them—ducked into stores when they saw Peg or Gene on the street. The townspeople knew that the Mullens wanted to talk only about the war. Gene would return to the farm fuming with rage. "It's time for us to speak out," he would tell Peg. "I want people to know what it's like to walk down the streets of your own home town and have your friends cast one look at you and turn their heads away. Why do I have to be the one to say hello first?"

"Oh, Gene. You can't blame them. You know it's hard to be with us. This is something we've done to ourselves."

"What do you mean, 'done to ourselves'?"

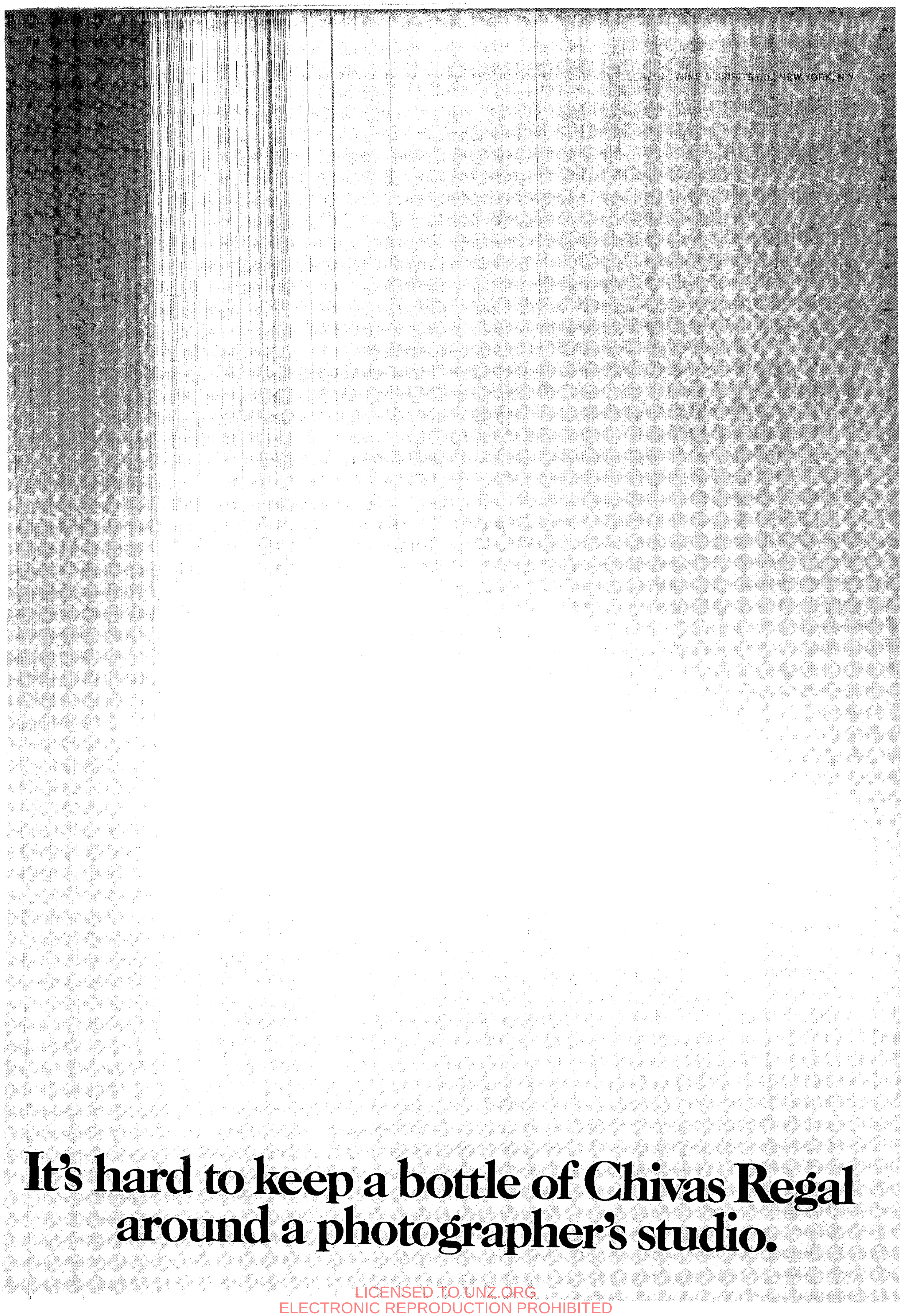
"We have, Gene. You know we have."

"We have not!" Gene said angrily. "All we've done is what is right!"

"No, Gene, no." Peg shook her head sadly. "You know when you see them that you're terribly jealous that their kids didn't go, that they—"

"That's not so!" Gene interrupted. "I was, but I'm not anymore. I'm not, Peg. I'm just angry that they avoid me. *Why do they avoid me?*"

Not all the Mullens' friends avoided them. Peg's card club tried over and over to get her to come. She knew they wanted to comfort her. She also knew that there was nothing they could do. One afternoon, however, one of her closest friends did stop by. The friend listened quietly as Peg went on and on


[illegible] WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.
It's hard to keep a bottle of Chivas Regal around a photographer's studio.

Mobil Showcase presents

JACK LEMMON in THE ENTERTAINER

In 1944, when America was fighting for her life, Archie Rice was doing two shows a day for his.

starring RAY BOLGER and
SADA THOMPSON
written by Elliott Baker
based on John Osborne's drama
original music by Marvin Hamlisch
lyrics by Robert Joseph
produced by Beryl Vertue and
Marvin Hamlisch
directed by Donald Wrye

WEDNESDAY
MARCH 10
9-11:00 PM
NBC

Mobil®

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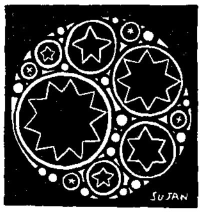
about the inequities of the draft, and then asked if Peg would have wanted Michael to avoid his military obligations entirely.

Peg looked stung. "Oh, God," she said. "I think this is probably our real anguish." She looked through the kitchen window at the open fields. "It's not that we didn't want Mikey to go, it's that we— we *let* him go!" Peg turned back to her friend, tears gathering in her eyes. "We raised Mikey in the belief that an individual—a man—*obeyed.* That you didn't question, and, and—" Peg's tears were flowing freely now. "This was *so wrong!* So wrong. Mikey never went against an order. And this is our anguish. That we ever did such a thing to our child." Peg wiped her eyes with her hand. "Oh, *God!* He was the best little guy that ever lived!"



FOR close to a week now, the gratuity check for $2,014.20 had been lying on the kitchen table. Gene and Peg were determined to use the Army money to buy space in the Des Moines *Register*, and although they had not yet decided what to say, they knew it was essential to make themselves heard. After the publication of Michael's letters and Lamberto's interview in the *Register*, the Mullens had received numerous letters and phone calls, and this response had convinced them that they were not alone—that all over Iowa there were families like them, wanting to "cry out." The silent majority's unwillingness to speak out was, the Mullens believed, more than anything else the reason that the war had been allowed to drag on. Each night Gene and Peg stayed up late trying to figure out how to make their neighbors care enough to get involved. The Mullens were obsessed with the war; they were unable to think or talk about anything else. Gene had started looking into the Black Hawk County draft calls, and as he began learning who had received deferments and how, it seemed to him that the Iowa fatalities were coming predominantly from small towns and farm communities, where the boys had "nobody to fight for them." Peg was unable to forget the phone call that Michael made to her and Gene from the Des Moines draft headquarters, where, after his induction, he had spent a day filing case histories of young men who had managed to avoid being drafted. "I simply didn't *need* to be drafted!" he had said, and he had also said that the whole draft setup was corrupt. And so each night Peg and Gene would sit late at the kitchen table talking about the draft and the war. If anyone came to the house, the conversation would turn to the war. Every morning, Gene would tune his transoceanic radio to a Sydney, Australia, station that carried the Vietnam news. At night, the first thing he did when he returned from John Deere was listen to the local news; he read the *Register* and the *Courier* daily. Peg, during the day, would cull what she could from the mail, telephone contacts, and the television news. John, their only child still living at home, was finding it increasingly difficult to be around his parents. No longer able to bear hearing them talk about the war twenty-four hours a day, he would think up one excuse after another for getting out of the house.

One night during the first week of April, Gene was sitting at the kitchen table making little marks on a yellow pad. He and Peg had been discussing their advertisement again. "How many Iowa deaths have there been now?" he asked.

"Altogether? Since the beginning of the war?" Peg thought for a moment. "I suppose somewhere around seven hundred by now. At least that many, don't you think?"

Gene did not answer. He continued to doodle on the pad. Suddenly, he said, "*Crosses!*"

"What?"

"A page full of crosses!" Gene said excitedly. "Think of it! Just crosses. A cross for every boy who died in Vietnam. A page full, a half page—whatever we can afford."

"Of just crosses?"

"Well, we'd need to explain what they mean," Gene said. "Something like 'Each cross represents an Iowa boy who has died—' No, 'who gave his life in Vietnam.' I don't know. You know what to say, Peg. You always put things better than I do."

Peg considered the suggestion for a while. "Just a page full of crosses." She reached over and patted Gene's hand. "You know? I think that's a real good idea."

"Why, thank you, Mother," Gene said, and he smiled.

THE Mullens' half-page Des Moines *Register* advertisement appeared April 12, 1970, and exploded habitually taciturn Sunday-breakfast

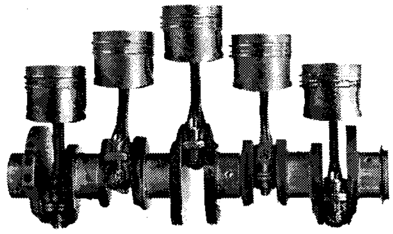
The 5-cylinder Mercedes-Benz 300D. Another engineering milestone that has quietly inspired a change in traditional automotive design.

The Mercedes-Benz 300D has quietly changed the rules of the automobile game. This 5-cylinder Diesel automobile offers a unique combination of performance, luxury, economy and quality. It is the most powerful, the most complete and the swiftest Diesel passenger car ever sold. Since Mercedes-Benz introduced the first production Diesel passenger car 40 years ago, that is only fitting.

No tune-ups—ever

Consider the benefits of this Mercedes-Benz. The 300D uses economical Diesel fuel. Countrywide, every gallon averages 4¢-7¢ *less* than regular gasoline.

Diesel fuel also has more energy per gallon than gasoline, so every gallon not only costs you less, it takes you farther. And, Diesel fuel is plentiful. Thousands and thousands of stations sell it all across America.



The 5-cylinder 300 Diesel achieved EPA mileage estimates of 28 mpg (highway) and 22 mpg (city). While your mileage depends on how and where you drive and your car's condition, compare these estimates to any full-sized sedan.

Another plus: With the 300D you can forget about that expensive automotive custom known as the conventional tune-up. Because it has no spark plugs, points, distributor, condenser or carburetor, the Mercedes-Benz 300D *never, ever*, needs one.

One more thing. While the 300D is not as big, not as heavy and not as thirsty as most full-sized sedans, this 5-passenger automobile is every bit as practical and comfortable. After all, it is a Mercedes-Benz.

The forerunner's reward

Over the past five years Mercedes-Benz automobiles have held their value better than any other make of luxury car sold in America. It stands to reason that the 300D will be no exception. After all, since this automotive forerunner is years ahead today, it is bound to be a sound asset while the others are trying to catch up tomorrow.

The incomparable Mercedes-Benz 300D sedan. An engineering milestone which has quietly advanced passenger car design a giant step.

Mercedes-Benz

Engineered like no other car in the world.

©Mercedes-Benz 1976

What the passenger car should be coming to: The incomparable Mercedes-Benz 300D.

This year experience the romance of the American West with the people who know it best.

Within Utah's boundaries are myriad splendors no other one state can match: Awesome red rock, wild rivers, lush alpine forests, painted desert, mountains of such magnificence they seem to scrape their very shoulders on the sky.

Utah! A one state vacation.

We also boast a nationally recognized ballet company, one of the finest symphony orchestras in the country, and plenty of hotels, motels and restaurants which personify that famous Western hospitality.

Come West this year. But don't drive through Utah.

DRIVE TO UTAH. Find out why we feel Utah is *the best of the West.*

Please send me additional information about Utah.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Send to: Utah Travel Council
Box HL-26
Council Hall
Salt Lake City, Utah
84114

Utah: 5 National Parks — 7 National Monuments — 44 State Parks — 8 National Forests — 2 National Recreation Areas

tables into conversation throughout the state.

There was a half-inch-high banner headline:

A SILENT MESSAGE TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS OF IOWA:

And below that, in slightly smaller type, were the words:

> We have been dying for nine, long, miserable years in Vietnam in an undeclared war...how many more lives do you wish to sacrifice because of your SILENCE?

Two inches to the right of the last word were a small black cross and, beneath it, the epitaph "*Sgt. Michael E. Mullen—killed by friendly fire.*"

Then came the crosses. Row upon row of crosses. Fourteen rows of forty-nine crosses each, a fifteenth row of twenty-seven, with space left open for more. Their ranks, so starkly aligned and black against the bleak, white page, suggested a photographic negative of some well-kept battlefield cemetery viewed from afar. The crosses blurred, vibrated, played optical tricks. There were too many for the eye to take in. One could only grasp blocks with white space in between. But as the eye moved across the page ranks appeared to open up, re-form themselves into ghostly platoons, companies, battalions on parade.

At the bottom of the page, a legend explained:

> These 714 crosses represent the 714 Iowans who have died in Vietnam.

Near the bottom left-hand corner was printed:

> In memory of Vietnam War Dead whom our son joined on February 18, 1970...and to those awaiting the acceptable sacrifice in 1970....

On the opposite side appeared the credit:

> Sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Gene Mullen, La Porte City, Iowa.

The Mullens' telephone began ringing at eight o'clock, and it didn't let up for the rest of the day. United Press International interviewed the Mullens at nine. At ten, a news announcer for a Des Moines television station complained to Peg that he had been trying to reach them for several hours but there had been so many incoming calls about their advertisement that he hadn't been able to get an outside line. "Everybody wants to know what you meant by your ad," he said.

Peg explained that the Army had drafted their son, a biochemistry student in graduate school, and sent him to Vietnam; that Michael was on a combat mission when he was killed by his own artillery but was considered a "non-battle casualty" and therefore "wasn't counted." She told the news announcer she was now convinced that the American deaths in Vietnam were much greater than the people at home were being told—that the public didn't realize "how many thousands of American boys have been lost in this manner." Peg said that there was a discrepancy between the actual number of Iowa deaths and the Pentagon's "official casualty lists" and that the death of their son had convinced them that "the time had come for us to speak out." Peg went on, "Our advertisement was our way of telling the world what we feel about the draft, the war, and the loss of life in Vietnam."

One by one, broadcasting stations throughout Iowa telephoned, but the majority of the callers were people who simply wished to express their sympathy and their agreement with the Mullens' views. They were people from Iowa and neighboring states, and were of all ages, and nearly all of them said they were sure that the Mullens would be receiving a lot of "crank calls" (or "outraged calls" or "negative calls"), that the Mullens would be accused of being "un-American" (or "Communists," or "deranged"), but that they had telephoned because "we just wanted to say, 'Good for you!'" Peg replied each time that they hadn't received any calls from people who didn't agree, that *everyone* who had called was sick of the war, too. The person on the other end of the phone would pause, surprised, and then say something like "Well, I'll be darned!"

There were also those who disagreed. Many people in La Porte objected strongly to the Mullens' advertisement. They thought the protest brought discredit to the Mullens and, by association, to the town. However,

they didn't call; they simply assumed that Peg was "distraught," that Michael's death prevented the Mullens from making sense, that they were "crazed with grief." Their feelings were expressed by a waitress in Mom's Cafe, in La Porte, who remarked, "Other people have lost their sons and *they* don't protest!"

The only objection that the Mullens did receive arrived in an envelope bearing the return address of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Schultz, 2113 Clinton Street, Iowa City. It consisted of a tearsheet of the Mullens' advertisement with a message printed in red ink across the bottom:

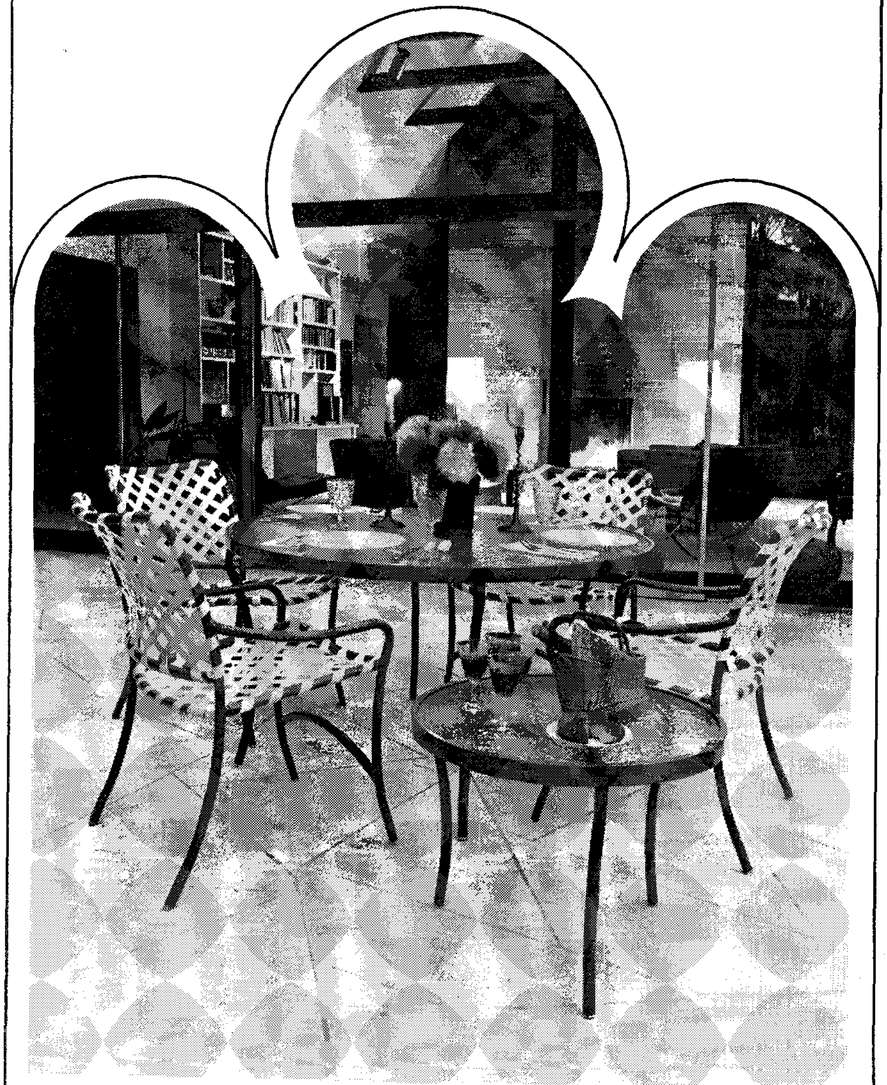
> MY SON BELIEVED IN WHAT HE WAS FIGHTING FOR IN VIETNAM, FREEDOM from the communists; HE believed that they are taking over country after country like Lenin and Krushev said they would, and he beleived it best to stop them in VIETNAM, rather than in the streets of U.S. If your son did not believe this, he was a fool to go, but *don't* drag the rest of our sons down to your son's level.

Peg wrote to the family, but her letter was returned. No one named Schultz lived at that address, and there was no P. J. Schultz in the Iowa City Telephone Directory.

The Mullens were overwhelmed by the response to their advertisement. Practically every Iowa radio and television station featured it on the evening news. The U.P.I. interview was carried by wire-service newspapers throughout the country. Local television stations again sent reporters to the Mullens' farm. The syndicated television commentator Paul Harvey told how the Army's deduction of nine days' pay from Michael's final paycheck had transformed Peg into an anti-war activist.

Peg Mullen, with mixed feelings, discovered that she had become a "celebrity." Although she realized that it was easier for her to express her opposition to the war now, because people sought her views, she was deeply troubled by the realization that she would not have attained her new status as an "anti-war spokesman" if Michael had not died. She knew that people in La Porte felt that she was "cashing in" on Michael's death, and it distressed her that her protest had had precisely the effect she had hoped for everywhere except in the town in which she lived. La Porte resented the publicity she received. The estrangement that the Mullens had begun to feel within their own community was growing worse. They saw fewer and fewer people, withdrew more and

Caneel Bay,
Dorado Beach
and home.



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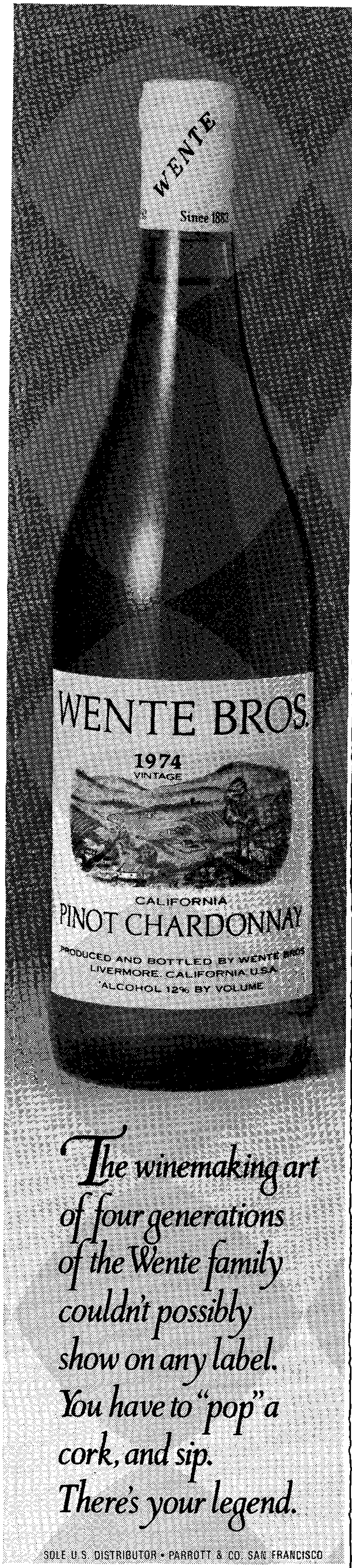
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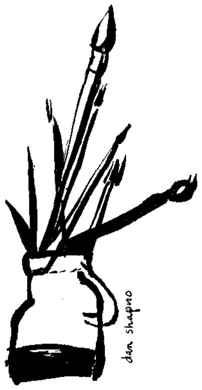
more into the isolation of their farm.

Peg continued to correspond with parents whose sons had been killed in the war. If a new casualty's family didn't live too far away, she would visit them and offer her help. But in several instances her outspoken opposition alienated the very people she had hoped to comfort. Several families were not prepared to agree with Peg that their sons had sacrificed their lives for an unjust cause. They would not believe that their sons' lives had been "wasted." Peg was forced to accept exceptions to her statement that "there's only one side when you lose your son."



Peg learned from Martin Culpepper that the publication of Michael's letters and the Lamberto interview in the *Register* had reached Vietnam. "I've just come from Bayonet [the 1st Battalion's base camp] to the field," Culpepper wrote Peg. "In the rear they told me about your articles in the Des Moines *Register*. I'm glad to see that your son told how it was and you had it published so the public can see what goes on over here. . . . I'm glad that you stand up for us boys in Vietnam." Culpepper also told Peg that if anyone asked where she was getting her information, she should "tell them about me," adding, "They can't do anything to me. It might get me out of the field."

Peg was enormously gratified by Culpepper's letter. He had provided vindication for the antagonism that her outspokenness had generated among her neighbors. She was proud to be able to "stand up for us boys in Vietnam." She was even more encouraged when she learned later that soldiers who had seen the advertisement were writing back for fifty copies at a time. The Mullens heard that their anti-war protest was being tacked up on orderly-room walls all over South Vietnam.

LATE in April, a letter arrived from Major General Kenneth G. Wickham, the Army Adjutant General, in Washington:

> I have the honor to inform you that your son has been awarded posthumously the Bronze Star Medal and the Good Conduct Medal.
>
> Prior to death, Michael had been awarded the National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Combat Infantryman Badge, and the Marksman Badge with rifle, automatic rifle, and machine gun bars.
>
> Arrangements are being made to have these awards presented to you in the near future by a representative of the Commanding General, Fifth United States Army.

"What do you think of the Army suddenly offering us medals?" Peg asked Gene. "That Good Conduct Medal—I mean, really!"

"It's only a piece of ribbon." Gene shrugged. "We used to laugh about getting them during the war."

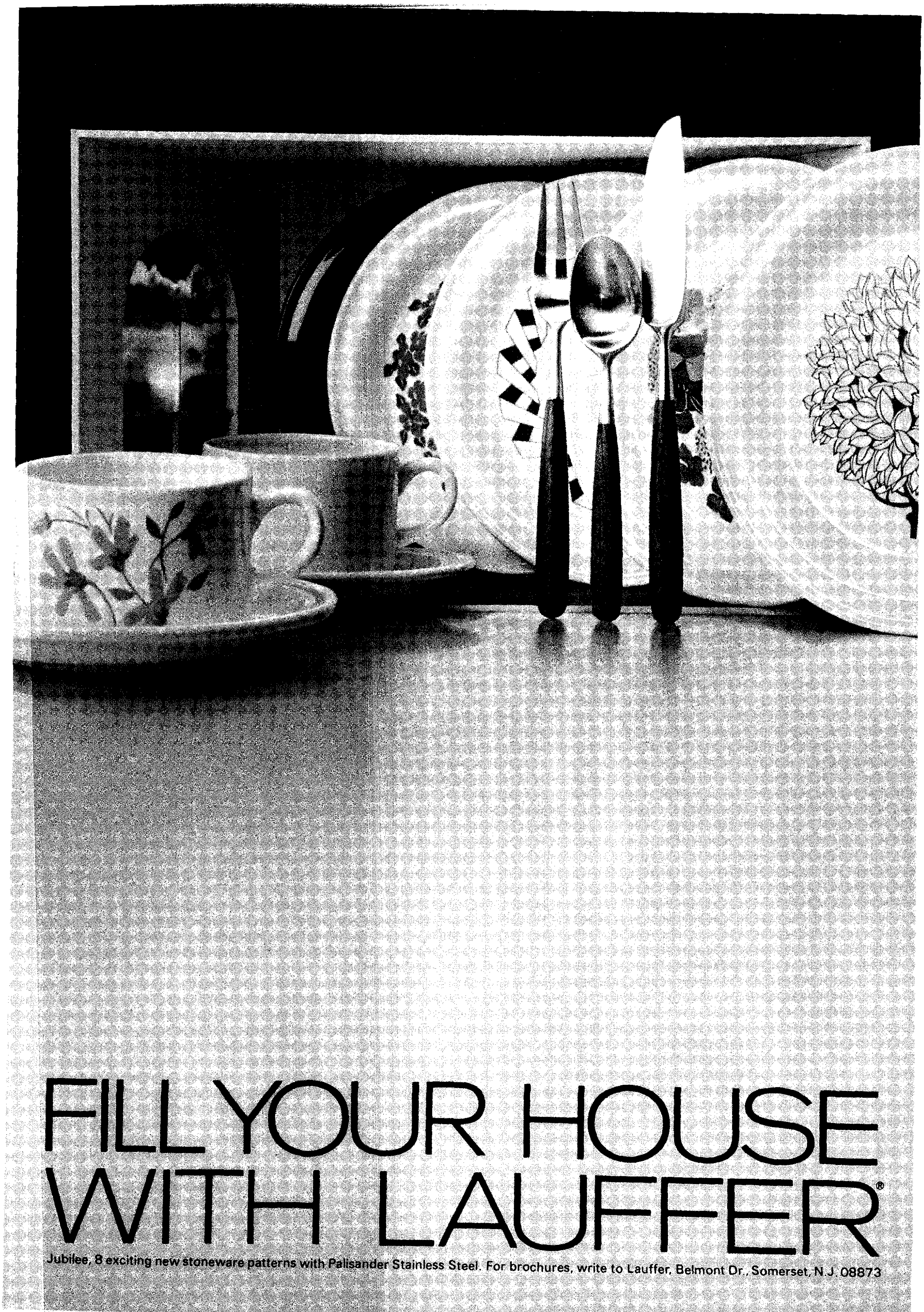
"'Posthumously'?" Why would they award Michael a Good Conduct Medal after he was dead? It's as though they were giving it to him for not— for not complaining about what they did to him!"

Gene reread the list of medals, "Well, these others—the National Defense Medal, the Vietnam medals—he got those for just being in the Army, for being in Vietnam. But the Bronze Star . . ." Gene brushed his hand through his white hair. "That's supposed to be for bravery."

"That doesn't make sense, either," Peg said. "Mikey said he'd only ever seen the enemy—what? Three times? I'll tell you why I think they gave him the Bronze Star. It's because he *died!* I'm sure of it."

The Mullens refused their son's medals.

ON April 29th, only a few hours after thousands of South Vietnamese troops, supported by American warplanes and heavy artillery, crossed into Cambodia, Defense Department officials said that United States troops were being provided for the ARVN forces fighting in Cambodia but that only a few hundred Americans were involved. Peg was convinced that the Defense Department officials were lying. Mothers had been worriedly writing and telephoning her for the past several weeks; about a month earlier, these mothers said, their sons had written that their units were heading for the Cambodian border. The young men were with the 4th Infantry Division, with the 25th Infantry Division, with the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), and with the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment. The mothers had heard nothing from their sons since. Peg, believing that those units had been sent into Cambodia, decided to forward the women's letters and comments to Senator Fulbright's Senate Foreign Relations Committee right away. She had intended to have them duplicated on the Don Bosco machine, but while she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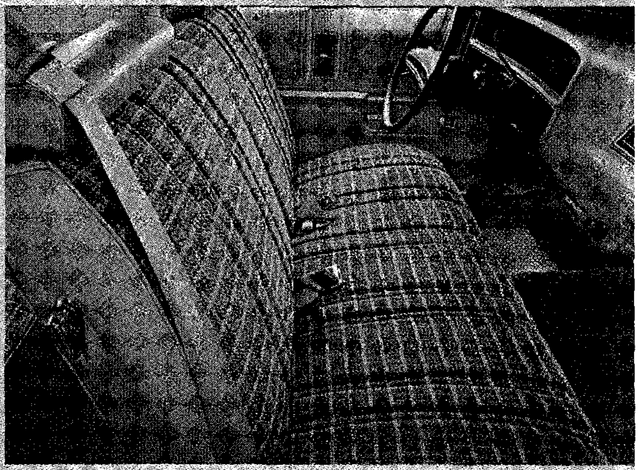

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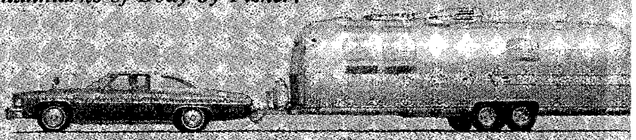

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Remember: EPA mileage ratings are estimates. The ctual mileage you get will vary depending on the type f driving you do, your driving habits, your car's ondition and available equipment. For California EPA atings and power team combinations, see your hevy dealer.

Because you could save over $530 in recommended maintenance costs on the '76 model, compared to the '74.

In 50,000 miles of driving, if you follow the Owner's Manual for recommended service, a full-size 1976 Chevrolet with a standard 350 V8 engine using unleaded fuel could save you over $530 in maintenance costs, compared to the '74 model using leaded fuel.

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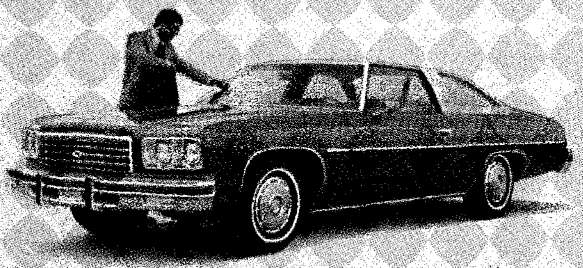

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–Sir James Buchanan

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"It is a family tradition.

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"Pride in the excellence of the blend which bears my grandfather's name and mine, *Buchanan's 12.*

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"That is why, unlike any premium blended Scotch whisky ever sold in America, we take pride in naming the principal single malts which, among other exceptional whiskies, go into our blend.

"If you know fine Scotch, you will recognize them all.

"And fully appreciate why the whiskies selected combine to set *Buchanan's 12* apart.

"The selection is choice.

"Limited to 12 'Ideals'.

"Each the product of an old, established and well respected distillery.

"Each and every one, from Balmenach through Teaninich, is a Highland whisky.

"And two, Cragganmore and Dailuaine, are cherished products of the famed Glenlivet region.

"Together they combine to make *Buchanan's 12* the 12-year-old blended Scotch with 'a heart of pure Highland whiskies'.

"For no other single-malts but Highlands are used in *Buchanan's 12.*

"If you choose to sample it, you will find it as it was when it began:

"Subtle.

"Light.

"But with tempered mellowness in both body and bouquet.

"In your country, it is dearly priced.

"And in very limited supply.

"Because we neither can, nor will, mass-produce the Scotch that bears my grandfather's name.

"And mine."

James Buchanan

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12
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RESERVE
Twelve Years Old
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

was in La Porte on an errand the next day she noticed Bill Wagner on the sidewalk in front of his law office. She had the letters with her, and Wagner had been nice enough to have her letters copied three weeks before, so she parked her car, walked over to him, and asked if she might rent his machine for about an hour. "I'll pay the girl whatever you pay her, or more than that if you'll let her run me off some work," she told him.

"I can't, Peg," Wagner said. "Today's the last day for filing state tax returns. I've got two girls tied up running these machines now all day long."

"That isn't the reason, and you know it!" Peg said bitterly. "You just don't want—"

"That's not so!" Wagner interrupted. "If you'd asked me any other day, you could've—"

"You don't want to let me use the machine, because you know why I need it."

"It has absolutely no connection whatsoever with why you want to use it," Wagner said impatiently. "I wouldn't rent the machine to— to *the President of the United States* today if he asked me. I've got to use the machine today. It's packed with my business, and *that's it!*" He whirled away from Peg, walked into his office, and left her standing alone on the sidewalk.

Peg walked slowly back up the street, got into her car, and wept. Back at the farm, later that afternoon, she wrote to Wagner, "I have cried very little since Michael died, but you can bet I cried today." She enclosed a check for a dollar and a half for the six letters he had copied for her earlier, and mailed the letter. (When the cancelled check was returned in their monthly bank statement, Peg saw that Wagner had endorsed it over to the American Legion as a donation.)

That same day, President Nixon announced that he had ordered American combat forces into action against Communist sanctuaries twenty miles inside Cambodia. More than fifty thousand troops, half of them American, were pouring into Cambodia in eight separate thrusts, extending from the Highlands opposite Pleiku to the jungles west of Saigon. The President's speech provoked new anti-war protests, and moves in Congress to curb his powers. College campuses throughout the nation were racked with anti-war protests. At Kent State University, in Ohio, after two nights of violent disruptions, during which the R.O.T.C. building was burned to the ground, a six-hundred-man contingent of the Ohio National Guard was sent to the campus to bring the university students under control.

By this time, Peg Mullen was dizzy with rage. The Cambodian invasion prompted a fusillade of letters from her—to Senator Fulbright, to Martin Culpepper, to the Army. Earlier, Peg had asked Fulbright to "inquire how non-battle deaths are listed by the Department of Defense" and whether those deaths were released to the press. On April 29th, the Senator had responded that he would let her know the results of his inquiry, and added, "I certainly agree with you that it is important that the most accurate information be made available to the public." Now Peg wrote to Fulbright again:

> Thank you for your letter of April 29 concerning the listing of non-battle deaths in Vietnam. Having checked into this from many angles, I have learned that the names are released to the press, listing them as hostile and non-hostile; however, on Thursday, when the total kill is given only those dying in hostile actions are included.... We believe the non-battle count could run as high as one-third, not one-fifth as given out by the Pentagon.

Peg requested the assistance of Fulbright's office in obtaining a list of all the American soldiers who had died in Vietnam the week Michael was killed, and the names of their next of kin, so that she could pursue her search for what had happened to her son. And, because additional mothers with sons in Cambodia had written to her since she sent her earlier letter to Fulbright, she included an updated list of units.

On May 4th, the afternoon Peg mailed this letter to Senator Fulbright, the Ohio National Guard tear-gassed a noon rally of Kent State students who had gathered to protest the widening Southeast Asian war. When the students refused to disperse—when, instead, they turned angrily on the Guardsmen, shouting obscenities, and threw rocks and a tear-gas cannister back at them—the inexperienced young Guardsmen fired indiscriminately into the crowd. Four students were killed and eleven were wounded. The deaths appalled Peg; she saw them as four more non-battle casualties of the Vietnam war. It was now evident to her that children were not safe from the military even on their college campuses.

Several days later, Peg Mullen heard from Martin Culpepper again. She had to read his letter twice to make sure she understood it properly. Anyone from Michael's old unit could be court-martialled for writing a letter to the Mullens if the Mullens had the letter published, Culpepper said. Any correspondence with the Mullens had to be copied and a duplicate retained by the Army. "Anything sent to you," Culpepper went on, "can be censored as we are in a war zone." Culpepper had misspelled "censored," and someone with a handwriting quite different had crossed out Culpepper's misspelling and written in the word spelled correctly. The entire tone of Culpepper's letter seemed to Peg so different from his previous ones that she was sure it had been dictated—and dictated by whoever had corrected the spelling, presumably the censor. No one had ever opened or censored letters to the Mullens before; it was to Peg an indication of a new policy—a policy devised in response to the Des Moines *Register's* printing of the interview, the letters, and the advertisement, and making it plainer than ever that the Army's attitude was that the Mullens, too, were the enemy.

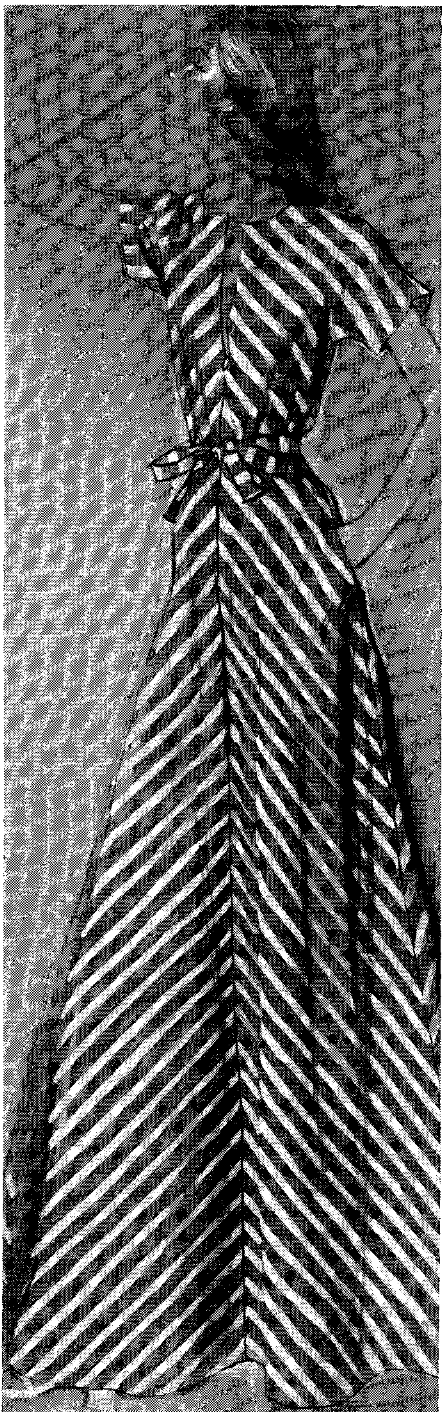
Peg was now so indignant at the Army that her fury spilled over into a renewed correspondence with the Army Finance Center. Her letter was filled with outrage and sarcasm and—something atypical of Peg but clearly indicating the state of mind she was now in—error after error in simple arithmetic:

> W. J. Cochran, LTC, FC
> Chief, Claims Division
> Finance Center
> U.S. Army
> Indianapolis, Ind. 46249
>
> DEAR SIR:
>
> It has been fourteen days since I last wrote you and asked that you send me [a] complete statement of account concerning Michael's last pay in Vietnam.
>
> To help you along on this great task, I have worked out in minute detail what you owe him:
>
> His pay was $335.70 per month—and using 30 days per month as [a] schedule, I have come up with the figure of $11.19 per day.

$11.19 per day × 18 days—$201.42	
Less $50.00 allotment	
20.00 allotment	
6.25 bond	
12.50 bond	
98.75	98.75
	102.37
Plus $60.00 allotment for July never received	60.00
Plus seven days furlough never used	78.33
Pay due	230.70

> Is it going to take an act of Congress to get this poor dead soldier's pay? I shudder how the bereaved have been taken, over the past nine years, on this one phase of military operation.
>
> MRS. GENE MULLEN

Peg heard from the Army Finance Center on May 14th. The letter con-



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tained a recomputation of Michael's basic pay rate and a recapitulation of the Center's efforts to track down Michael's sixty-dollar July allotment, which had gone astray. Then, in the fifth paragraph, came the statement:

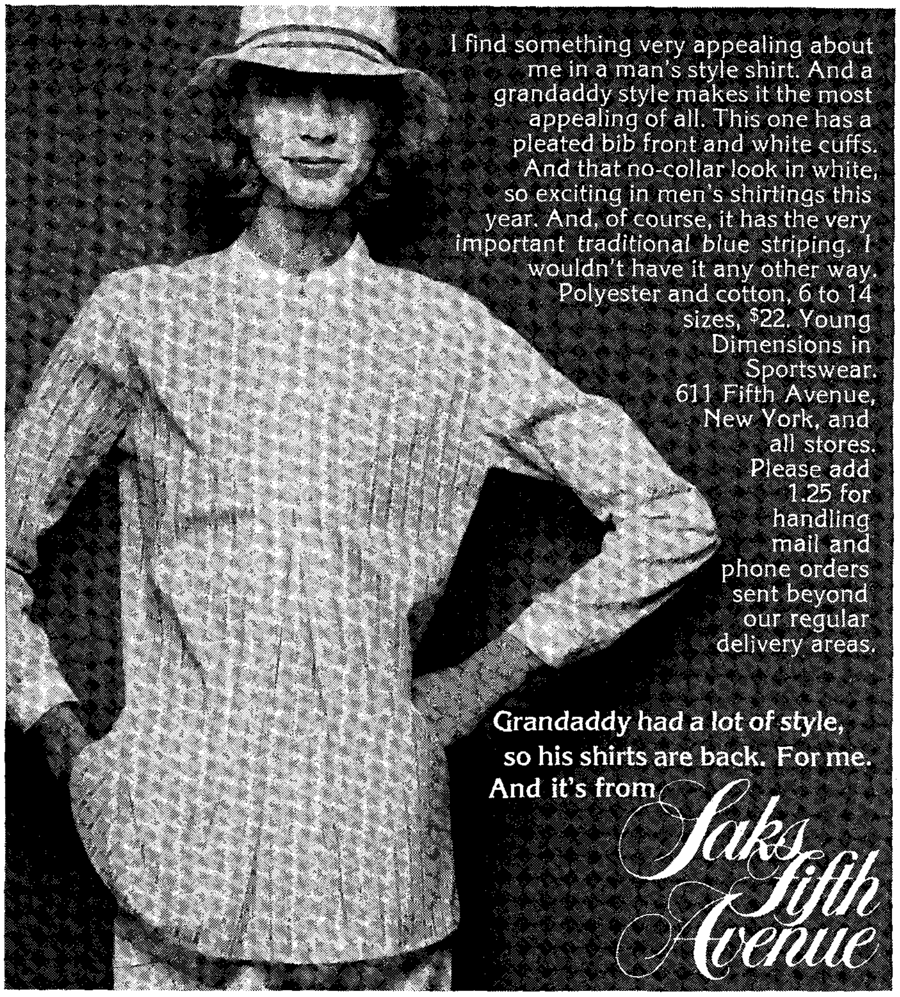
> Your son accumulated 44 days leave from 4 September 1968 through 18 February 1970. A review of his military pay record shows he used 53 days leave, or an excess of 9 days leave. Members on excess leave are not entitled to pay and allowances; therefore, pay and allowances were collected for the period 23-31 August 1969, the period of excess leave.

As was entirely normal and legitimate, Michael Mullen had taken twenty-three days' advance leave prior to his departure for Vietnam, and when these were added to his previous Christmas and other leaves, the total came to fifty-three days. At the time of his death, Michael had served only long enough to earn forty-four days' leave. The Army, therefore, billed him for the nine days he had taken but had not lived long enough to earn back.

Peg was so outraged that she telephoned the Army Finance Center the next day and asked to speak with the Chief of the Center's Claims Division, Lieutenant Colonel William Cochran. She was shifted to an aide, whom she told, "You can God damn well keep *that final* paycheck as payment for embalming Michael's body—evidently you *forgot* to bill us for that!" She informed the aide that they would never accept Michael's final paycheck until the Army returned "the nine days' pay, nine days' clothing allowance, and nine days' food ration you withheld from him."

Peg realized that the deduction from Michael's final paycheck reflected only a certain terrible bureaucratic logic: the point was not that Michael did not live long enough to earn back his advance leave but simply that he did not earn back his leave; it did not matter that the organization that was deducting the unearned leave from his pay was the same organization that had killed him, thereby making it impossible for him to earn it back. The Mullens were faced with the implacable logic of computers, of Standard Operating Procedures. This demonstration that her son's death meant no more to the Army that killed him than it did to the artillery shell—the flyswatter—that actually did it was, as Peg said to Gene that night, "the last obscenity, really."

Two weeks earlier, Peg had castigated Iowa's Senator Jack Miller for letting ten weeks pass since Michael's


I find something very appealing about me in a man's style shirt. And a grandaddy style makes it the most appealing of all. This one has a pleated bib front and white cuffs. And that no-collar look in white, so exciting in men's shirtings this year. And, of course, it has the very important traditional *blue* striping. I wouldn't have it any other way. Polyester and cotton, 6 to 14 sizes, $22. Young Dimensions in Sportswear. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Grandaddy had a lot of style, so his shirts are back. For me. And it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

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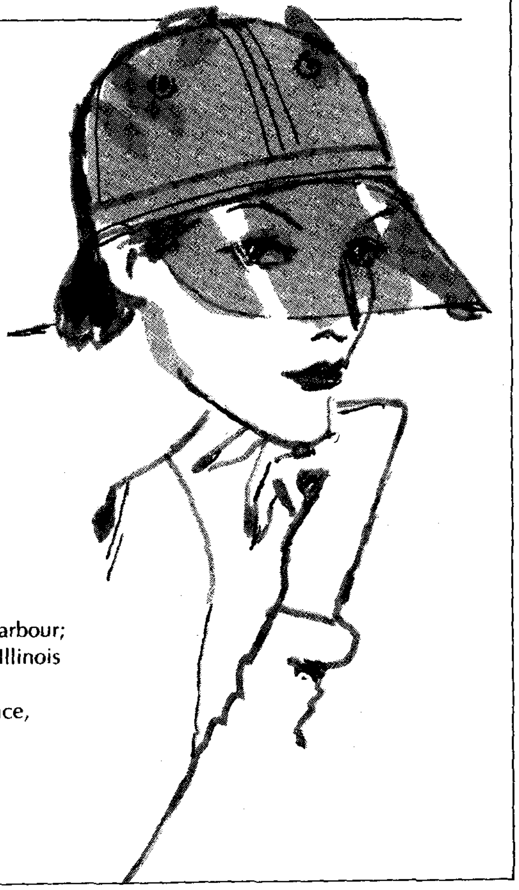

death without any expression of sympathy. "You always find time to vote in the Senate in favor of those issues which condemned our sons to death in Vietnam," Peg had written. "How is it you are unable to find time to write these dead soldiers' grieving parents?" Senator Miller's reply arrived one week after the Army Finance Center's letter about the deduction of nine days from Michael's final pay period:

> UNITED STATES SENATE
> COMMITTEE ON
> AGRICULTURE AND
> FORESTRY
> WASHINGTON, D.C. 20510
> MAY 18, 1970
>
> Mrs. Gene Mullen
> La Porte City, Iowa
>
> DEAR MRS. MULLEN:
>
> Replying to your letter of May 5th, I naturally extend my deepest sympathy to you over the loss of your son. I have written a good many letters of sympathy—not only to people like you, but to parents and wives of our prisoners of war. Also you should know that many Members of Congress have shared some tragedies and concerns of people like you. Our son-in-law flew over 120 combat missions in Vietnam, and fortunately returned.
>
> It has been my observation that, with few exceptions, the persons bearing the real burden of this war—the men who have been doing the fighting, the wounded, their wives and parents—have been the least complaining of anyone over this tragic war.
>
> I regret that you are one of the exceptions.
>
> Very truly yours,
> s/
> JACK MILLER

SENATOR MILLER'S letter reached Peg on the day that a hundred thousand hardhats and other blue-collar workers carrying thousands of American flags marched in New York City in support of President Nixon's war policy. That morning's mail also contained Senator Fulbright's reply to Peg's request for the total casualty list for the week Michael had died. The Senator wrote that he had not yet been able to acquire that information, but he did enclose the Defense Department's response to his inquiry about how non-battle casualties as a result of artillery fire were arrived at. The communication read, in part:

> One cannot assume that all such casualties [of friendly artillery fire] are included in the category of "U.S. Casualties Not the Result of Action by Hostile Forces." If it is determined that such casualties occurred during an action with enemy forces, the casualty is placed in the category of "U.S. Casualties Killed as a Result of Action by Hostile Forces."

This meant that if, for example, American troops were surrounded and

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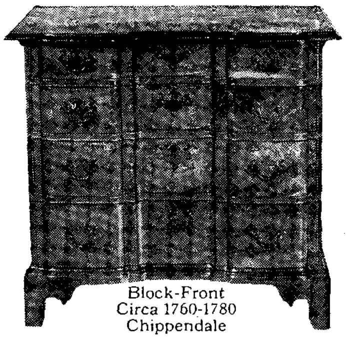

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in danger of being overrun and they called in artillery over their own position, those Americans who were killed by their defensive artillery barrage would be considered "Killed as a Result of Action by Hostile Forces," or battle casualties. This would also hold true if American troops were advancing behind their own artillery screen and a round fell short, killing a few. Both of these actions are more common than one would wish to believe; such casualties are, however, taken for granted as an ugly facet of war. At any rate, the major point was that just because a man was killed by his own artillery he need not necessarily be considered a non-battle casualty.

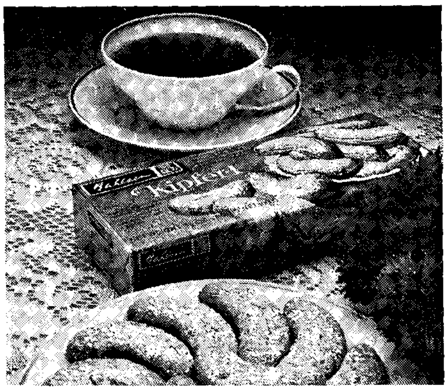
The letter from the Defense Department continued:

> All Vietnam deaths, hostile and non-hostile, are reported on the daily casualty lists which are available to the press. Only when the next-of-kin specifically object to the publication of the name of the deceased is that name withheld. The casualty is also included in the weekly *statistical summary of casualties*.
>
> I am informed that each instance where Americans have been killed by friendly artillery fire is investigated. These are included in a category designated by the Military Assistance Command Vietnam (M.A.C.V.) as "Misadventure," and are not tabulated separately.

The Mullens were so outraged to discover that the Army, with a cosmic inappropriateness that seemed to amount almost to levity, referred to the manner in which their son had been killed as a "Misadventure" that they almost missed the information that an investigation had been conducted. If they were able to read the results of that investigation, they would know exactly how their son had died. The Defense Department had neglected to mention, however, that such investigations were classified "For Official Use Only" and were not available for public scrutiny. All that the Mullens now knew was that their son had been killed by "friendly fire" and was, therefore, a "non-hostile" casualty as a result of an artillery incident officially referred to as a "Misadventure" in a war that had never been declared.

The American casualties in South Vietnam and Cambodia for the two weeks ending May 23rd were three hundred and fifty-nine dead and two thousand eighty-four wounded.

On May 25th, Peg got a telephone call from a woman in Mason City, Iowa, a moderate-sized town about sixty miles northwest of Waterloo. The woman's son had been only eleven days with Delta Company, one of the



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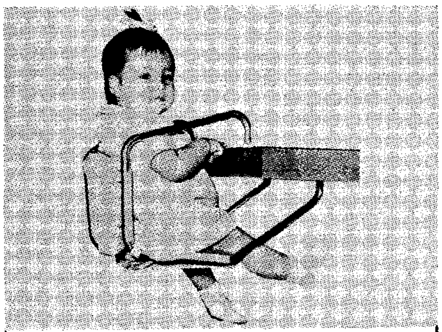

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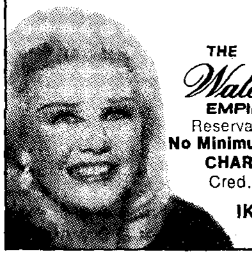

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five rifle companies in Colonel Schwarzkopf's infantry battalion, when his patrol was caught by a booby trap. Thirteen members, her son included, had been wounded severely enough to require evacuation. The Mason City mother told Peg that her son, while he was in the hospital, had met Abe Aikins, a young black medic who had been with Charlie Company the night Michael was killed. Aikins had asked her son if he had known Michael. The Mason City boy hadn't. "Well, I've read some of Mrs. Mullen's letters," Aikins said, "and Michael's old lady is telling it like it is."

The mother admitted that her family had spent several nights discussing whether or not they should call Peg. "We know how much you want to find out how your son died," she said, "so we decided to go ahead. Maybe this Abe Aikins will be able to help."

Peg was very grateful to the woman for calling. She wrote to Aikins that night.

FROM her correspondence with men in Charlie Company and with their parents, Peg got the impression that the company's casualties had increased greatly since Michael's death. She was convinced that the losses were so large that had Michael not been killed that February night he would not—could not—have survived the next three months. And somehow she had become convinced that the high casualties were entirely Colonel Schwarzkopf's fault. She recalled Michael's letter written late the previous October: "We are supposed to have the BN Co [battalion commander] out here sometime this week—kind of a laugh—for they live in a dream world! They have to have figures and nobody knows what is a VC or a plain, ignorant villager, at least in this area." Peg wrote Schwarzkopf an angry condemnation of the Army in Vietnam, and, although she did not accuse Schwarzkopf specifically, she left no doubt that she felt he was at least partly to blame not only for Michael's death but for the high rate of casualties incurred by his battalion since.

Charlie Company's casualty rate *had* increased. But what Peg didn't know was that Schwarzkopf's battalion had been sent south to the Batangan Peninsula, which had been notorious since the French Indo-China colonial war for its booby traps and overlapping minefields. The entire area of operations (A.O.), from one end to the other, was either suspected or confirmed

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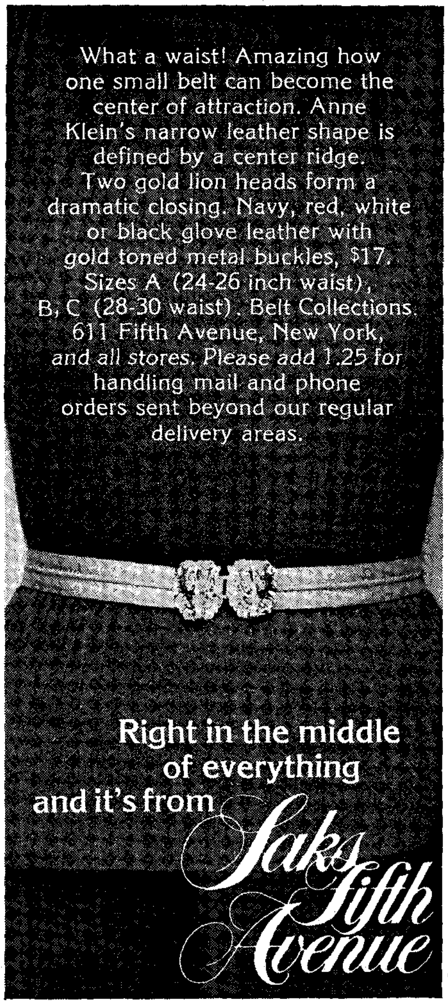
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minefields. Schwarzkopf, who had been across South Vietnam in 1965, on a tour of duty with the Vietnamese Airborne, later remarked that the Batangan Peninsula was the worst experience he had ever been through in his life. It was an entirely different sort of A.O. from the one in which Michael had been killed. The battalion's whole modus operandi changed. The primary enemy was no longer ambushes but minefields and booby traps.

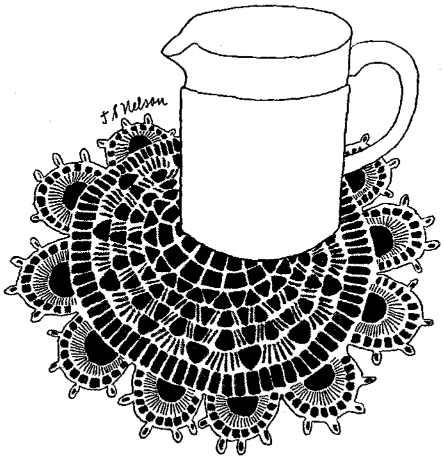
THE day before Memorial Day, the La Porte City posts of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars visited the little cemeteries in the neighboring communities and placed American flags on each of the veteran's graves. Early the next morning, Gene Mullen drove to the Mt. Carmel Cemetery and removed the Legion's flag from Michael's headstone. He did not want them to glorify the manner in which Michael had died. Toward ten o'clock, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Saddle Club, and the Navy Mothers began assembling outside the American Legion Hall in La Porte, where the Legion and V.F.W. honor guards had already formed. As the whole assemblage marched to Main Street toward the old, steel-girdered bridge that crossed Big Creek, a high-school band struck up "Anchors Aweigh." The Navy Mothers moved closer to the bridge railing and waited until the band stopped, then dropped bouquets of flowers into the creek. There was a moment of silence while the blossoms, like tiny sailor caps, bobbed and tumbled in the rushing current and were swept under and out of sight. Afterward, the drum major hoisted his baton and blew his whistle, the majorettes marked time to the drumbeat, the Boy Scouts pushed each other back into line, the drum major lowered his baton, and, to the strains of "Semper Fidelis," the Legionnaires, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Saddle Club, and all the rest stepped briskly off, toward the nearest cemetery. A brief service was held for the veterans buried there—veterans of Okinawa, of the Bastogne, of Inchon.

If anyone at the Mt. Carmel Cemetery noticed that the little American flag had been removed from Michael Mullen's grave, no one mentioned it later to his parents. Neither Peg nor Gene was present to hear the bugle play "Taps." Gene was in his cornfields; Peg was typing a mimeograph stencil. This time, her letter was to be sent certified mail, return receipt requested, to each of the hundred United States senators. It detailed all the Mullens' complaints against the Army, and it ended:

> Our son had two school loans which were cancelled because he died in the service of his country . . . but the organization that forced him into an immoral war . . . *punched his card to Vietnam* and his death, demands that he repay NINE OF his last 23 days of FREEDOM on earth. They are withholding the following: Base pay, $67.92; food rations, $11.88; clothing allowance, $1.28; FICA adj. $12.19. We are wondering if there is some way Michael in his death could bill the AMERICAL DIVISION for the days in the jungle when they failed to resupply him with clothes, food, water and medication.
>
> THROUGH YOUR OFFICE YOU HAVE BEEN ALLOWING THE MILITARY TO SPEND 36 MILLION DOLLARS A DAY. NOW WE LEARN THEY HAVE ANOTHER SLUSH FUND . . REFUNDS FROM THE DEAD.

By four that afternoon, Peg had had the stencil run off by friends in Cedar Falls who also stamped the envelopes and put them in the mail. Two days later, on Monday, June 1st, she was in Washington herself, a member of a group of Iowa clergy and laymen who were in the capital to lobby in support of the Hatfield-McGovern Amendment—a military-spending-bill amendment, sponsored by Senators Mark Hatfield, of Oregon, and George McGovern, of South Dakota, that mandated the withdrawal of all American troops from South Vietnam by the end of 1971. The group called itself CALCAV, an acronym for Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam.

ON Friday night, when Peg got back to the farm, she found waiting for her on the kitchen table the mail in response to the registered letters she had sent to the United States senators. Two senators—Birch Bayh, of Indiana, and Ralph T. Smith,



of Illinois—had telephoned. Sixteen others had written. They were:

Senator Thomas J. Dodd, of Connecticut
Senator Edward J. Gurney, of Florida
Senator Frank Church, of Idaho
Senator Vance Hartke, of Indiana
Senator Harold E. Hughes, of Iowa
Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., of Maryland
Senator Edward M. Kennedy, of Massachusetts
Senator Walter F. Mondale, of Minnesota
Senator Thomas F. Eagleton, of Missouri
Senator Carl T. Curtis, of Nebraska
Senator Stephen M. Young, of Ohio
Senator Fred R. Harris, of Oklahoma
Senator Mark O. Hatfield, of Oregon
Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota
Senator Karl E. Mundt, of South Dakota
Senator William B. Spong, Jr., of Virginia

Each of the senators agreed that the deduction of unearned leave from a dead soldier's pay was a grievous wrong. (Senator Jack Miller later introduced a bill to correct this practice.)

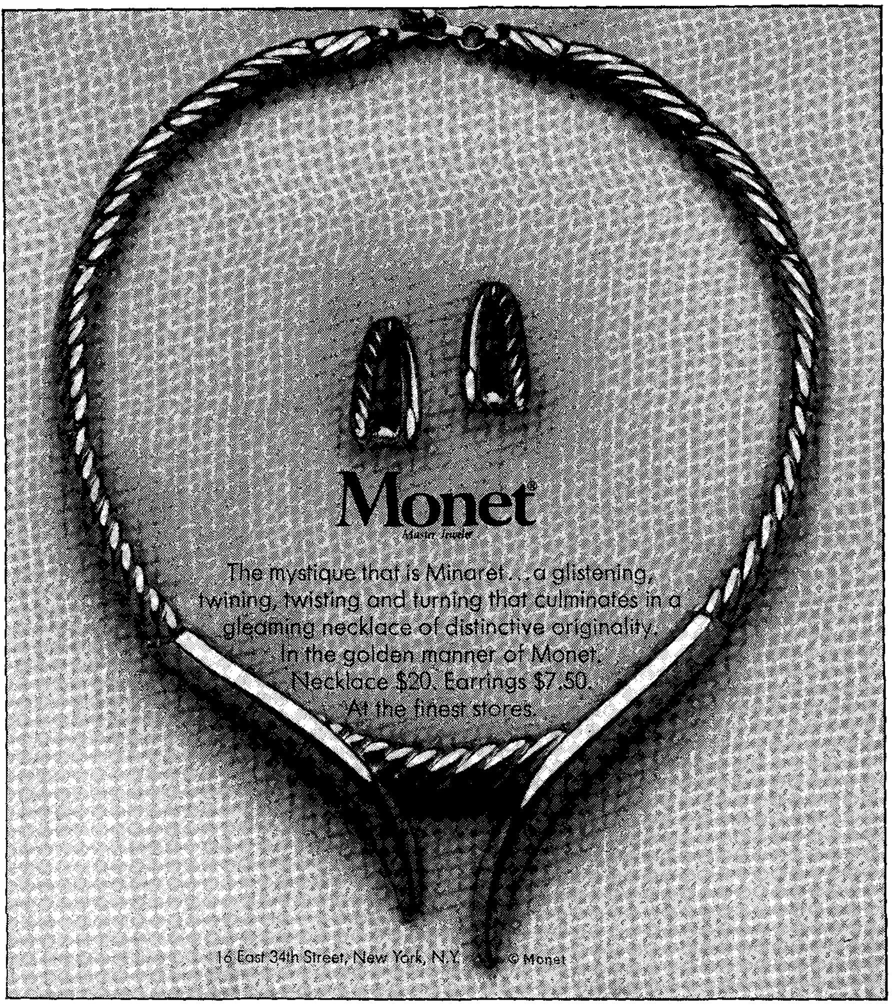
Senator Hughes later told Peg that he had received calls from a number of senators who said that since the Mullens were his constituents he should deal with their complaints.

JOHN MULLEN's draft classification had arrived in that day's mail. It was 1-A, "Available for Military Service," and Peg knew that it was wrong—that he should have been given a 4-A classification, "Sole Surviving Son." Peg wanted to telephone the draft board the first thing the following morning, but John argued her out of it. He did not want her to change the classification. He preferred the drama of confronting the draft board with its error when it attempted to induct him—and there were moments, too, when the drama of escaping to Canada appealed to him. "Mother," he said, "leave the draft board alone." (Peg abided by John's request until late in the summer, when she finally pointed out the draft board's error and had him reclassified.)

In the same mail was a letter from Abe Aikins, the young black medic who had been with Michael on the hilltop that night in Vietnam. It began:

DEAR MRS. MULLEN:

I guess you can say that it is ironic that I received your letter today, Memorial Day. Memories are difficult when one thinks of loved ones who have died in wars. It is even more difficult when one feels that a life was lost in vain. This is an unjust and inhuman war, for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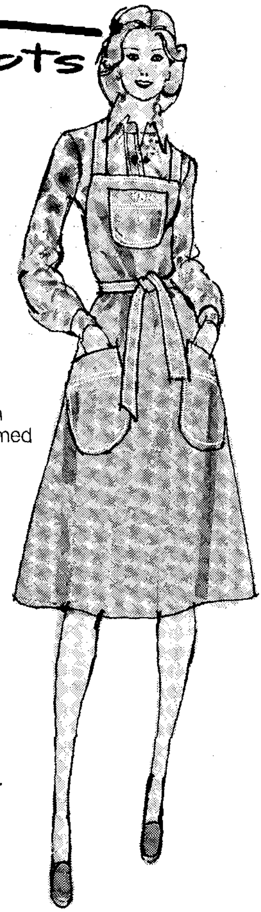

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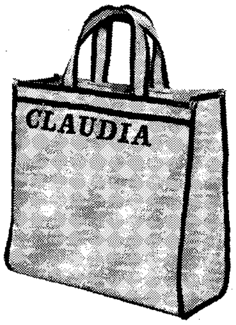

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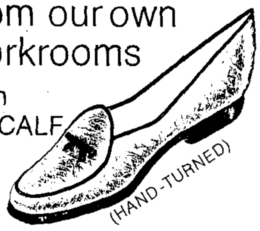

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men to give their lives for a cause that is dubious, for ideals that are talked of but never sought, those lives were given in vain.

Aikins went on to say that although he and Michael had not been very close, he had known Michael as well as anyone in the company had and that they had had several discussions about the war. He added a few details about Michael's death. Aikins did not tell the Mullens anything they did not already know except that "Mike never knew what hit him. The explosion was directly over his head. He died in his sleep." Peg was relieved to read that; she had continued to worry over how much Michael might have suffered. There was nothing very heartening, however, in Aikins' confirmation that Michael's "life was lost in vain." Aikins repeated that it had been a short round fired by United States forces. When Peg and Gene discussed Aikins' letter that night, they recalled that both Schwarzkopf and Culpepper had also written that it was a "short round." So far, however, no one had explained why the round had fallen short.

THE following week, a letter arrived from Colonel Schwarzkopf, in Vietnam. The letter, written in response to Peg's angry blast of eight weeks before, told the Mullens nothing at all. Its whole tone was strangely guarded and impersonal: "I sincerely hope that I can be of some assistance in answering your questions," it said. That was the sort of line one expected from a salesclerk in response to some shopper's query. "Michael's platoon leader was in a defensive position approximately eight to ten feet away from him. . . . The Company Commander, the Company First Sergeant, and the Battalion Chaplain were also located within thirty feet of Michael's position." No names. Just their titles. Why weren't the Mullens told *who* these people were? The answer was obvious to Peg: If she knew their names, she could write to them. "Unfortunately, United States Army, Vietnam, policy," Schwarzkopf's letter continued, "does not allow me to release the names of its servicemen"—a convenient policy, Peg felt, if the Army should have something to hide. And what sort of man would write such a letter unless there was something to hide? The Mullens were now more certain than ever that Schwarzkopf had been instrumental in both the death of their son and a subsequent coverup.

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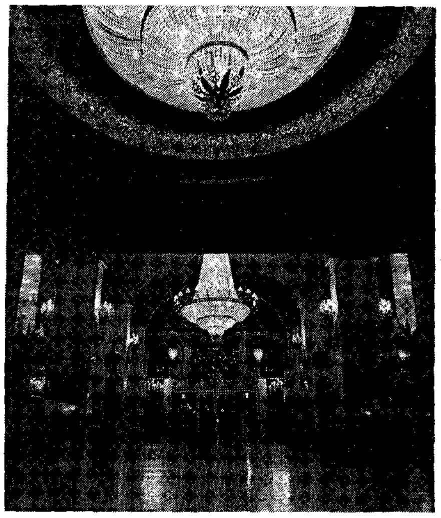

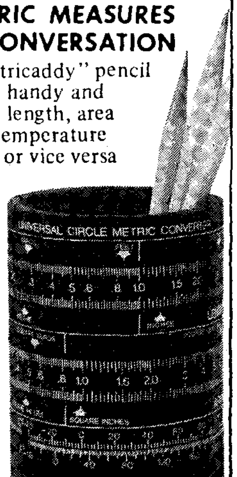

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was that the two letters they had received which were signed H. Norman Schwarzkopf had not been written by him. He had been denied authority to answer their letters.

AS the Iowa summer ran its course, black funnel clouds were sighted twice over Black Hawk County, but no tornado touched down. Though Gene Mullen received twenty cents more per hundred pounds for his hogs than he had the year before, the increase did not cover the rising cost of feed, and in the end he lost a thousand dollars on his hogs. However, the prices of corn and soybeans had risen, too, and he had a hundred acres in those crops. The yield had been good, so his profits from his fields offset his losses with his hogs. But the Mullen farm was beginning to show the effects of Michael's absence.

There is an Iowa saying "You can tell a farmer by his fences." Gene's fences were sagging, and those around the hog pen were patched with baling wire. Another Iowa saying is "If you take care of the land, the land takes care of the barn. Take care of the barn, and the barn takes care of the house." Gene's barn and outbuildings lacked paint, although they were sound otherwise. Some of the machinery was in need of repair. The farm's slow deterioration reflected not only a lack of interest but a failure of the spirit. When Michael died, Gene's devotion to the land died, too. He still went through the motions: he ordered seed, tended the chickens, patched up what needed work most, but his heart wasn't in it. Michael was to have inherited the farm; John's plans were uncertain, but he knew he didn't want it. Who was it that Gene was supposed to be preserving the farm for? Not Mary. She was at Rockhurst College, Michael's alma mater, in Kansas City, and certainly didn't want to work a farm. And not Patricia. She seemed almost as lost to Gene as his son Michael, for she had married, and Gene had convinced himself that once Patricia married he would never see her again. Patricia had wanted to marry Alan Hulting, a young man whom she had met at the University of Iowa, in the spring of 1969 but had decided to wait until June of 1970. But as the June date approached, the Mullen family's emotions were still in such turmoil that the wedding was postponed. Finally, unwilling to wait any longer, Patricia married Alan in August. Gene and Patricia both cried during the cere-

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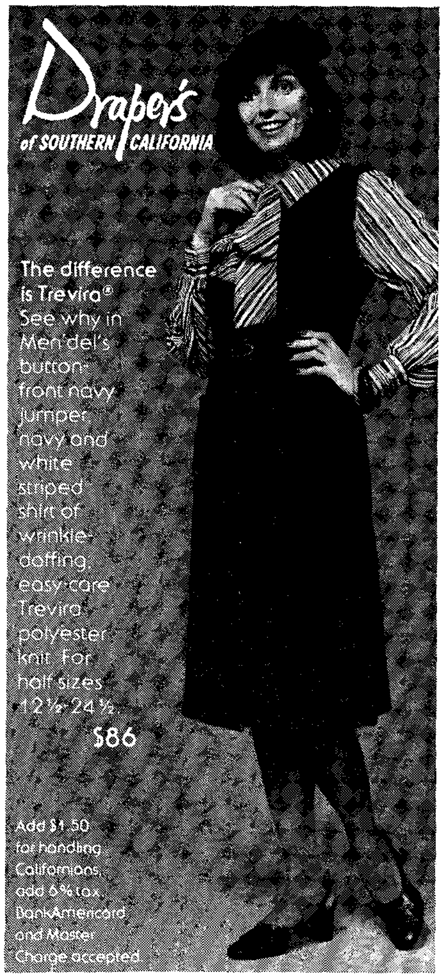
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mony—Gene for the daughter he feared he would never see again, and Patricia because her father could find no joy in her wedding day.

THE Mullens' obsessive correspondence, their bitterness, their inability to talk or think about anything but the war, their impatience with any divergent point of view, their continuing belief that a conspiracy existed to prevent them from discovering the details of their son's death were symptoms of their terrible grief. On August 28th, they received a letter that had been forwarded to them by Senator Jacob K. Javits, of New York, who had received it from the Army. Javits, like all the other senators, had been furnished with a compilation of the Mullens' grievances, suspicions, frustrations, and rages, and he had turned it over to the Army, where Major Thomas F. McMorrow, a General Staff officer in the office of the Chief of Legislative Liaison, was assigned the task of providing answers.

McMorrow confirmed that Michael's death "was caused by a missile wound to the chest, which was the result of an artillery round that exploded when it hit a tree in his company area." But because McMorrow added, "He died before he could be removed to a medical facility," the Mullens now wondered if Michael had *not* been killed instantly, as they had been told, but instead had lingered suffering for an unspecified time. McMorrow's letter continued, "Accordingly, the only medical record available is the Certificate of Death which was completed at the mortuary, signed by a medical officer and a mortician. A copy of this document, which confirms the cause of death, is inclosed." The enclosure was the same Department of the Army Form 10-249 that the Mullens had received back on March 17th, listing the mode of death as "accident," the interval between onset and death as "unknown," and the cause of death as "missile wound of chest." The Mullens still wondered how it was possible for their son to have been killed by artillery and be perfectly whole. And if the only wound that had been found at the funeral home in Waterloo was a puncture above his right kidney, why did the Army insist that the wound was in Michael's chest?

"On 22 February," McMorrow's letter continued, "the Chief of Support Services, Department of the Army, sent a message to Private Mullen's father." McMorrow's reference to their son as "Private Mullen," not "Sergeant Mullen," was the sort of needless error that infuriated the Mullens. The telegram containing information on the return of Michael's body had mistakenly listed his rank as private first class. The indifference to the details of their son's life suggested to the Mullens an equal indifference to the details of his death.

The final part of McMorrow's letter was devoted to an itemization of Michael's final paycheck, including the deduction for unearned leave.

> Payment of the sum of $97.46, reflecting net unpaid pay and allowances, has been held in abeyance by the Finance Center pending receipt of the claim form signed by Mr. Mullen. That sum reflects a careful determination of remaining monies due him as beneficiary.
>
> Your interest in this matter is appreciated.
>
> Sincerely,
> s/
> THOMAS F. MCMORROW
> *Major, GS*
> *Office, Chief of Legislative Liaison*

Gene and Peg never did sign the claim form; to have signed it would have meant that they accepted the Army's right to deduct nine days' pay from Michael's final check.

Iowa's summer had given way to fall by the time the Mullens heard from Major McMorrow again. McMorrow's second letter had been written to Senator Harold Hughes, in response to the Senator's request for information; the Senator had forwarded it to the Mullens.

McMorrow repeated the previous details of Michael's death, then continued:

> Added information from the oversea command revealed that the artillery fire had been requested by the forward observer assigned to that company from the supporting artillery unit. It should be noted that an assigned forward observer for a company habitually lives and works with the supported unit at all times.
>
> At the time of Sergeant Mullen's death, the forward observer was within the overall defensive area and was preparing to adjust fire on four specific locations. This is a standard precautionary measure, even though there was no contact with the enemy at the time. The preparatory action assures the rapid and

Judith Shahn

accurate delivery of artillery fire at predetermined locations in the event of an enemy attack, without requirement for the adjustment of fire during the attack itself. It is confirmed that the unit firing was a platoon of a US Army artillery battery.

For the first time, the Army had admitted that an American forward observer called in the artillery that killed Michael Mullen. Peg believed that the one young man who could answer all their questions would be that forward observer. But, of course, the Mullens did not know his name, and, remembering Colonel Schwarzkopf's second letter ("Unfortunately, United States Army, Vietnam, policy does not allow me to release the names of its servicemen"), Peg was sure she would never learn the name through the Army. McMorrow's letter continued:

> Michael was not the acting platoon sergeant at the time of the incident, but he had previously performed in that capacity since he was a ranking enlisted man.

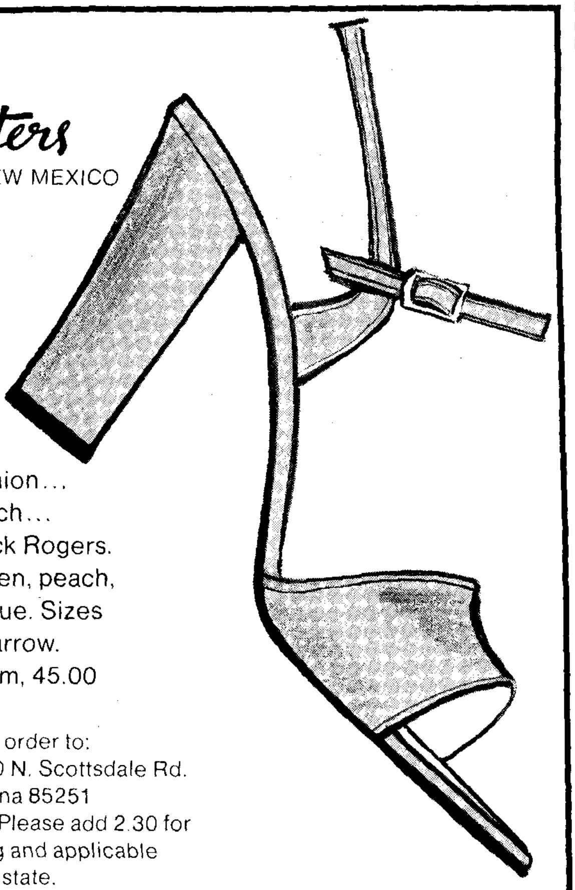
This statement was in direct conflict with Culpepper's letter of March 16th: "Your son was acting platoon sergeant at that time. He was a soldier like us all, but he was fair to everyone because he believed in right."

> At the time of the accident [McMorrow went on], his platoon leader was in a defensive position approximately eight to ten feet from him. Other members of the unit within the immediate area included the company commander, the company first sergeant, and the battalion chaplain, who were located within 30 feet of Sergeant Mullen's position.

Peg read that paragraph twice. At first, she wasn't sure what bothered her about it. It wasn't simply the lack of names; she was accustomed to that. It was something more. Then she recalled the description of the incident in Colonel Schwarzkopf's second letter, and searched through her papers until she found it:

> When the tragic incident occurred, Michael's platoon leader was in a defensive position approximately eight to ten feet away from him. Other members of the unit were within the immediate area. The Company Commander, the Company First Sergeant, and the Battalion Chaplain were also located within thirty feet of Michael's position.

The almost exact duplication of the wording was more than just coincidence, Peg felt; the descriptions had certainly been coördinated. But whether or not the similarities provided concrete evidence of a coverup conspiracy,



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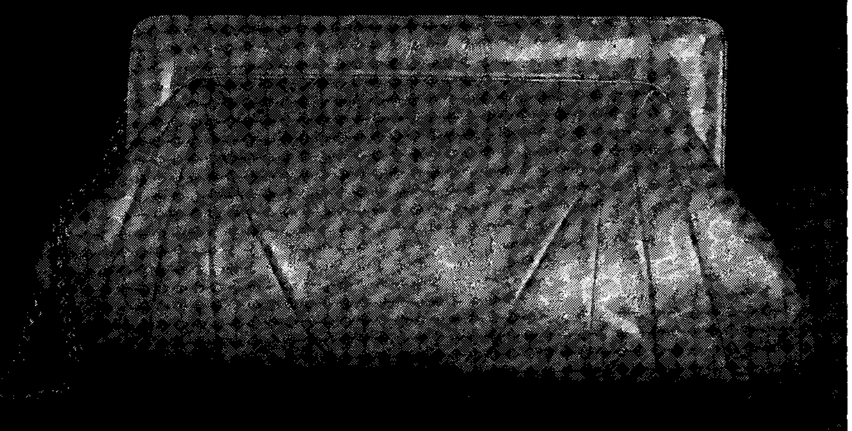

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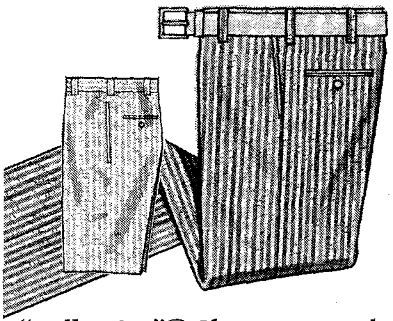

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Peg couldn't be sure. She went back to McMorrow's letter:

> Every incident in which our personnel are fired upon by friendly forces is thoroughly investigated so that any warranted corrective action may be taken to preclude any recurrence. The loss of life of an Army member under such circumstances is a matter of deep concern to all commanders and is a source of untold grief to all those immediately involved.

Peg seized upon that first sentence about an investigation. Somewhere, a report of an investigation of what had gone wrong on the night of Michael's death must exist. If Peg could read it, she would know exactly what had happened to her son.

McMorrow's next two paragraphs were in response to the Mullens' demand to know why no one was permitted to write to them and why they had not heard from any of the other officers in Michael's unit.

> Under established procedures the commander of a deceased or missing member's unit of assignment, the chaplain servicing that unit, or the installation commander will write a letter of sympathy to the next of kin and to his parents if they are not the designated next of kin. In accordance with the policy of the 1st Battalion, 6th Infantry, the battalion commander sent letters of sympathy in behalf of the battalion. In addition to the letter of sympathy, the battalion commander forwarded a letter dated 10 June 1970 to Mrs. Mullen in response to an inquiry he had received.
>
> There is no censorship of mail from Vietnam. A serviceman who wants to communicate with the next of kin of a deceased comrade is not prevented from doing so; he is often encouraged. However, the member is under no obligation to correspond, and the extent of his communication is a matter of personal choice.

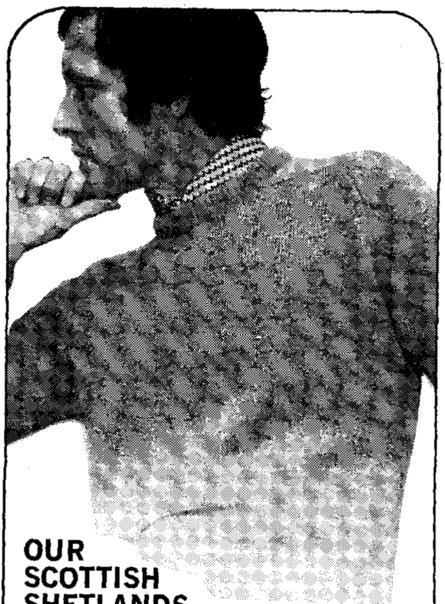
The Mullens did not believe this. They had Culpepper's letter of May 9th, in which he said that all mail from a war zone could be censored and that any member of Michael's unit could be court-martialled for writing to the Mullens if the Mullens had the letter published.

McMorrow then defended the Army's classification of Michael as a non-hostile casualty:

> It has been definitely established that Sergeant Mullen's death was not directly related to hostile action, nor was the presence of the enemy a contributing factor. Therefore, his death was correctly classified as non-hostile.

The Mullens still smarted over that judgment. Michael, they knew, had been going out on a combat mission.

That night, after he had read the McMorrow letter, Gene said, "What



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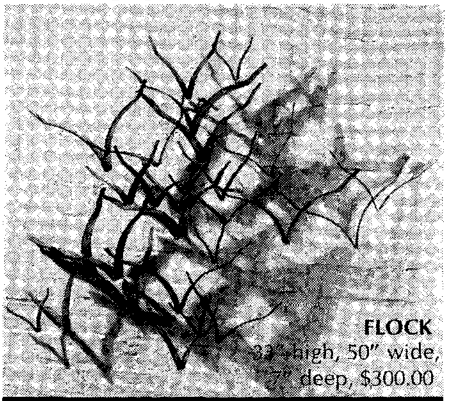

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are you going to do about that investigation report? Do you think they'll ever let us see it?"

Peg shrugged. "I'm going to write General Ramsey and tell him to send it to us. I don't know what else we can do."

Several weeks passed, and then they received a letter from General Ramsey's adjutant saying that a summary of the results of the investigation would be sent to them. The Mullens waited. The letter never arrived.

ONE Saturday in early October, while Peg and Gene were listening to the morning news, there was a knock at their kitchen door.

"I'll get it, Mother," Gene said. He went to the door, opened it a crack, and saw a young black man. "Yes?" Gene said. "Can I help you?"

"Mr. Mullen? Mr. Gene Mullen?" the young man said.

"Yes, that's right."

"I'm Martin Culpepper."

Gene took Martin's hand in both of his and squeezed it in joy. Then he whirled and shouted, "Mother? *Mother?* It's Martin! Martin Culpepper. He's back from Vietnam!"

"Well, for heaven's sakes, Gene!" Peg called back. "Don't just stand there! Let Martin come on in!"

Martin Luther Culpepper was then twenty-one years old. He was born in Mississippi, but when he was three months old his family had moved to Waterloo, Iowa, where his father, the Reverend G. L. Culpepper, became the pastor of the New Zion Baptist Church and also took a job with the Rath Packing Company. Martin attended local schools, and upon receiving his high-school diploma he, too, went to work for Rath. He was drafted six months later. "It's the only way they would have gotten me," he told the Mullens.

Culpepper was nineteen when he was inducted. Like Michael, he was sent to Fort Polk, Louisiana, for basic infantry training. He arrived in Vietnam a few weeks after Michael. Culpepper was pleased to be assigned to Charlie Company. He had been told that more Iowans were there, and that "if things got hot, Charlie Company had the most dependable people—they didn't get rattled." And so, he told the Mullens, he chanced to be with their son on that night five months later when Michael died.

"All right, now, Martin," Gene said, hitching his chair up to the kitchen table, so that he and Culpepper could sit close. "We want to know

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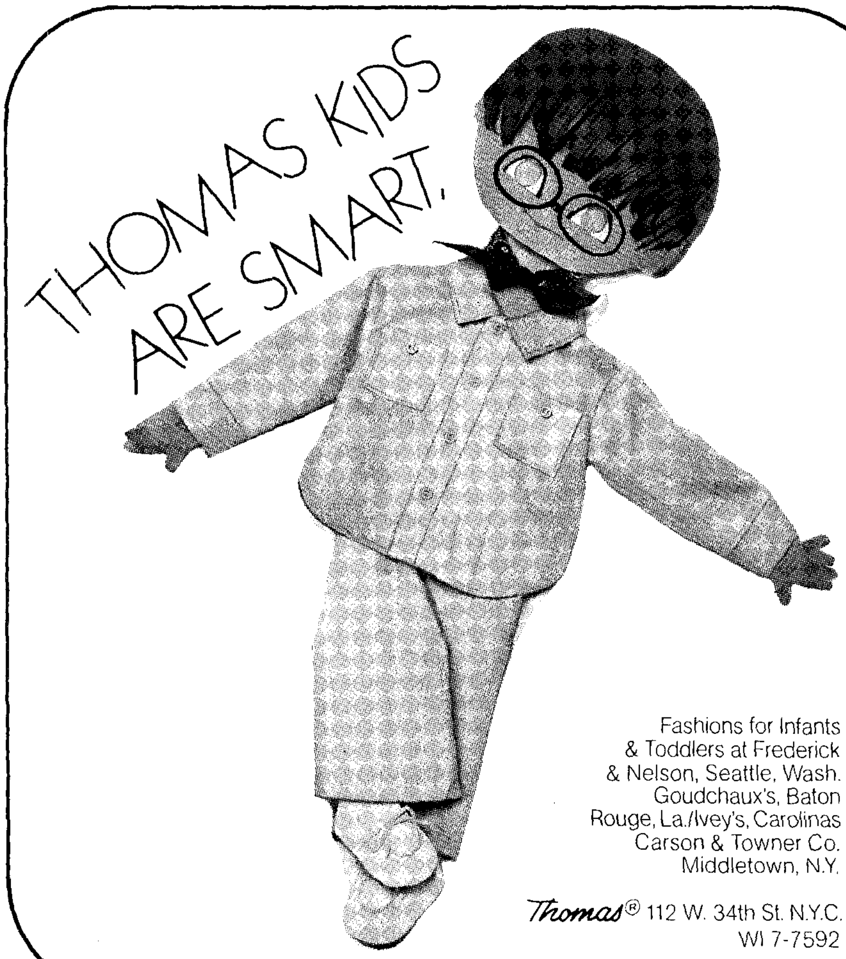

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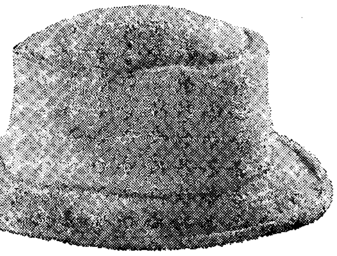

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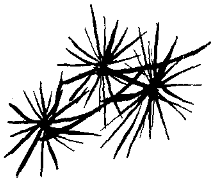
what happened. Who was responsible that night? Who called in the shot? *Who killed our boy?*"

Peg had a pad of paper and a pencil, and was prepared to take notes. "We want you to tell it like it really is, Martin—give us their *names*," Peg said. "What were you doing that night? There was no enemy around. Why were you in the mountains? Why did they call in artillery? Start at the beginning and tell us everything."

"Well, we heard it might have been any one of three things," Culpepper said. "We were told that the gun was the same gun that had killed some guys in Bravo Company a couple of months before—"

"The *same gun!*" Peg interrupted. "There was something *wrong* with it?"



"We heard something about a gun that always fired short," Culpepper said. "We also heard that one of the officers in charge of the guns was drunk, or that the guys firing were drunk and—"

Gene slammed his fist on the table in rage. He pointed his finger in Martin's face. "Now, I want you to tell me this, Martin. Who was drunk? *Who was drunk* and killed my boy?"

"I don't know who it was, Mr. Mullen. Nobody ever told us any names."

"You heard one of the officers was drunk—am I right?" Gene asked.

"Well, we heard that, yes. But we also heard there was something wrong with the gun."

"Martin, you said it could have been any one of three reasons," Peg said. "What was the third?"

"There was a rumor that someone back on the hill they were firing from had failed to correct for the height of our hill," Culpepper said. "When the career Army guys, the lifers, came out the next day, they tried to get us to say it had been Vietcong."

"That's typical," Peg said disgustedly. "They wouldn't want to accept the blame. Because somebody was drunk or high on drugs or something."

"Was there a lot of drugs around?" Gene asked.

Culpepper looked uncomfortable, "While I was there, they called us in the Third Platoon a bunch of dope addicts, potheads, acid freaks—you name it. But we weren't, really. We smoked, sure. At one time, everybody in the platoon had smoked pot except the lieutenant. He knew they sat around and smoked their bowls and he asked one day if he could join in, but they said, 'Nope.' They said, 'It's like this, sir. We like you. You're a pretty good officer. You don't harass us. But if you were to sit in on one of our parties and then squeal on us, we might have to D.X. you.' "

" 'D.X.'? What's that?" Gene asked.

"It means 'direct exchange'—turn him in for a new lieutenant," Culpepper said. "In other words, kill him. They weren't going to do no jail time for enjoying themselves smoking."

"Did Michael . . ." Peg began.

"Smoke? No, no, Mike never smoked," Culpepper said. "I didn't know Mike all that well— I *knew* him, you understand, but we were in different platoons. I liked him. He was just a regular guy, calm and quiet. He didn't do too many things to excess. He didn't gamble, or anything, like the other guys did. Everybody on payday— Well, somebody would get out the dice, they'd scrape some place out on the ground, get out the money and the dice. Mike would come around and watch once in a while, but he didn't gamble. There was one kid nicknamed Perfect—everybody had nicknames." Culpepper smiled. "There was Perfect and Razzle-Dazzle and The Prince. Nobody ever calls you by your full or last name. You get a nickname and everybody sort of adopts it. Everybody called me Pep, for instance, or Pepper."

"Did Mike have a nickname?" Gene asked.

Culpepper thought for a moment, then shook his head, "No, I don't think so. Everybody just called him Mike. This one guy, though—Perfect—he could gamble damned good. He'd sometimes send home as much as a thousand dollars a month. Bought himself a brand-new Dodge Charger with it. It was waiting for him when he came home—only he got killed." Culpepper began to fiddle with a pencil. "He got hit sixteen or seventeen times—not the same night as Michael. It was later on." He looked up at the Mullens. "People don't realize the feelings of people who have been to Vietnam and what happens afterward. The average G.I., when he comes back, he don't say nothing about the war. The first thing everybody asked me when I got back was 'Hey, man, did you kill somebody, man?' That's the first thing my old buddies ask me. They always want to know if you killed somebody. 'No, you didn't,' they'd say. 'You didn't kill nobody.

I don't believe you.' They want to know, 'Did you see any action?' I said, 'Yeah, we got shot at.' 'Really?' they'd want to know. 'Yeah,' I'd tell them. 'We got shot at. I saw some action.' But you don't want to talk about it. You don't want to talk about it too much, because it brings up bad memories. Like the night Perfect got killed. And Coconut. They were two of my best buddies." Culpepper tried to explain the anguish their deaths had caused him—how he had felt the pain that one experiences losing a close member of the family. "It hurts so much," he told Peg, and he added, "But you know the kind of hurt I mean."

"I know," she said. "So does Gene."

Culpepper glanced at Gene. "I wanted to kill people after that."

"Did you kill people?" Gene asked.

"Yes." Culpepper nodded.

He told them about the time his machine-gun squad had been sent out with a different infantry company and set up along a hedgerow. Culpepper's assistant machine gunner had spotted a North Vietnamese Army (N.V.A.) regular crawling toward a young American soldier who was sitting relaxed, his helmet beside him, his M-79 grenade launcher open on his lap. Culpepper could tell that the N.V.A. soldier would emerge from the hedgerow between the unwary American soldier and his own position. Two other G.I.s were at the other end of the hedgerow. The N.V.A. soldier would be trapped between them. Culpepper and the others could walk up behind him and capture him alive. "The kid with the M-79 was just sitting there playing," Culpepper said. "The gook got right up to the corner and saw him. He didn't run. He just stopped and froze. I was standing in a crouch. All I could see was the top part of him. Then he saw me and made a quick move toward his shoulder, whirled around toward me, and I stitched him—*buh-buh-buh-bup!* I felt so damned *good!* I'd killed me one of them son-of-a-bitchin' gooks!" Culpepper paused, half embarrassed by his language. Gene indicated with a little wave of his hand that it was all right—that Culpepper should go on.

Culpepper told how he fired fourteen times, knew he'd hit the North Vietnamese soldier in the chest. "I saw him laying there and he was dead," he said, looking down at his hands. "I saw him dead and I realized I'd killed another *human being*, you know? It made me want to cry. I can't explain the feeling. I haven't gotten over it

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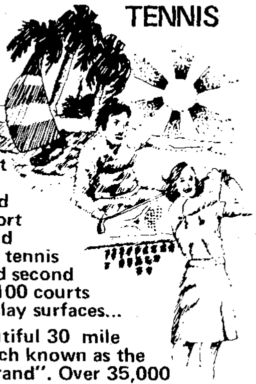

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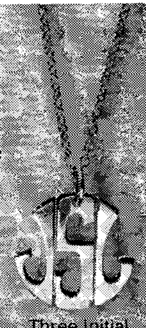

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yet." He looked up at Gene. "He had had two grenades. I thought he'd had a pistol. That he was reaching for a pistol, see? There was no way to tell. I felt *so bad* about killing him. Here I was sinking down lower and lower, feeling worse and worse all the time because I'd killed a human being, and everybody was pounding me on the back saying, 'Man, you got that son of a bitch! You killed one!' After that, I started getting scared.

"When I got out of the field and back to the rear, I'd sit down to eat and my nerves were so bad, my hands would start shaking and I'd have to stop in the middle of the meal. Put my hands under the table, because I was embarrassed, you know? I didn't want people to see. My hands still shake. My nerves are still bad. I guess I'm going to be that way for a long time."

"Martin?" Peg said quietly.

"People don't realize the feelings of people who have been there. What happened to them afterward," Culpepper was saying. "They don't understand. They can't."

"Martin?" Peg repeated. "What was it like the night Michael was killed?"

FOR the rest of the day, the Mullens' kitchen became that jungle hilltop in Vietnam. The more Martin Culpepper spoke, the less aware of his surroundings he seemed to be. Culpepper wasn't just talking about what had happened that terrible night; he was there. As Peg and Gene watched uneasily, Culpepper stormed about the kitchen, hacking and chopping at the dense jungle growth. The Mullens could only try to visualize what the young man still saw so clearly: helicopters swooping down for a combat assault, shark-faced Cobra gunships circling just beyond their kitchen window; a white-phosphorus artillery-marking round exploding with a soft, plushy *foop!* above their stove; flares popping high in the night sky, illuminating the horribly wounded who lay groaning and bleeding about the Mullens' yard. Vietnam's tight coil within Culpepper had not yet unwound. Through it all, Peg was taking notes.

"Did you know about the boy who went berserk?" Culpepper asked.

Gene looked at Peg, who shook her head.

"His name was Polk," Culpepper said. "He was a black private in the 1st Platoon. He was asleep between Mike and Leroy Hamilton when they died. Polk wasn't even touched. He went crazy that night."

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"What happened to him?" Peg asked.

"He was court-martialled," Culpepper said. "He's in jail at Leavenworth. Mike was always looking out for Polk. Whenever Polk got in an argument, Mike would try to calm him down, say something like 'Man, you're here. We're *all* here. We can't do anything about it.' Mike and Sergeant Gregory would try to talk to him sensible. But the other guys in the 1st Platoon wouldn't have much to do with Polk. They said he was a troublemaker."

"We need names, Martin," Gene said. "We want to know who was with our son."

As Culpepper talked, Peg added new names to a list in her notebook:

Polk, Black private, went berserk. Court-martialled. Leavenworth. Friend of Mike's.
Sgt. Gregory, 1st Platoon.
Captain (—) Cameron, Company Commander, Charlie Company.
Lieutenant (—) Rocamora (sp?), Forward Observer w/ Charlie Co.
Sgt. Hank Webb, 3rd Platoon, now in Des Moines.
Russell Schumacher, 3rd Plt. Still in Vietnam. Iowa boy.
Albert Gaynor, 3rd Plt. Back in States. Still in Army.

"Did you know that our platoon and Mike's platoon traded positions that night?" Culpepper asked. "We were originally supposed to set up on their side of the hill."

"Whose decision was that?" Gene asked. "Schwarzkopf's?"

"No, it was the lieutenant's," Culpepper said.

"Martin, what was Schwarzkopf really like?" Peg asked.

"He was a real gung-ho sort of man. He just wanted to get promoted."

"How old a man is he?" Peg asked.

"Thirty-two? Thirty-three? I know he was a *young* lieutenant colonel," Culpepper said. "The kind who wants to make brigadier general by the time he's thirty-five."

"No matter how many boys he lost?" Peg asked.

"We hardly lost none until the night Mike and Leroy died," Culpepper said. "After that, we started losing a lot."

"We heard that Charlie Company had about a hundred and twenty casualties in the next three months," Gene said. "Could that be so?"

"Could be," Culpepper said. "I don't really know. It was a *lot*, though."

"Another thing, Martin," Gene

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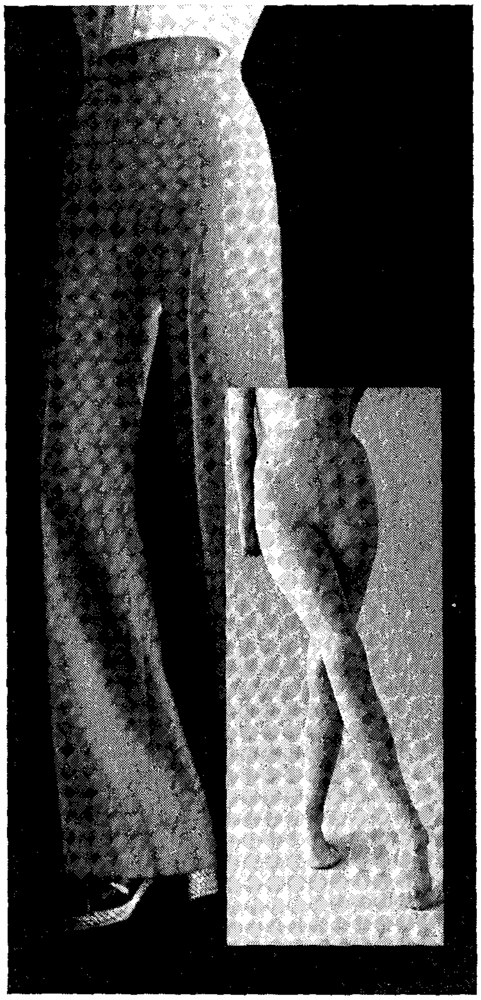

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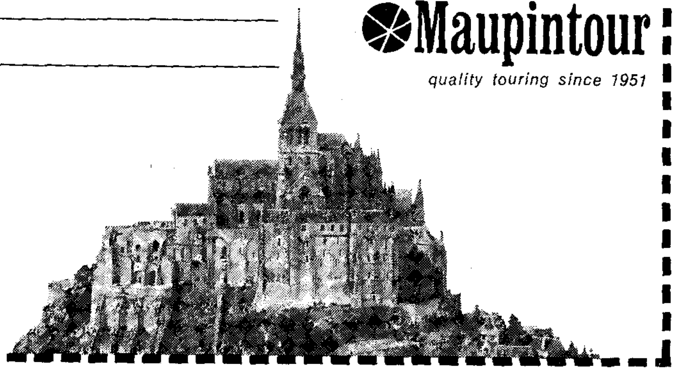

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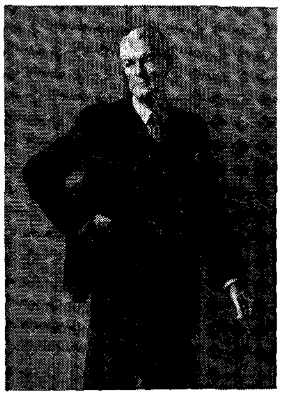

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said. "Why did they fire the artillery so late?"

"They told everybody as soon as we were dug in to put on their steel pots, because they were going to fire the D.T.s [defensive targets]. That's when everybody started making smart cracks about the helmets, 'They aren't any good nohow.' 'What good do they do? Don't stop nothing.' Things like that. That would have been about five-thirty, six o'clock, somewhere in there. It wasn't dark yet, I remember. They said Rocamora was going to call them in. And everybody was to get into their foxholes in case the arty [artillery] wasn't right. But they didn't fire them. They called the D.T.s off. We all knew the D.T.s were for our protection. Schwarzkopf told us, 'If they want to get to you, let them come through a ring of steel.' *Ring of steel!*" Culpepper laughed, shaking his head. "All this gung-ho stuff they used to feed us!"

"But, Martin," Gene asked again, "why did they fire the D.T.s so late?"

"I don't know," Culpepper said. He explained how the artillery investigators had arrived on the hill the following morning. They had looked at where the shell had hit, and had asked if the men were sure it hadn't been a Vietcong mortar round. "Everybody just started cussin' at them," Culpepper told the Mullens. "Someone said, 'It wasn't no mortar round,' real quiet-like. 'You know what it was! You know who fired it!' Finally, they ordered us to be quiet, to return to our side of the perimeter. But even as we were walking back we heard the artillery 'experts' saying things like 'Well, it could have been an ARVN round.' "

"An ARVN round?" Peg asked.

"But we knew it wasn't the South Vietnamese," Culpepper said. "These lifers were going around—'Well, we have to examine all the possibilities,' they said. 'It may not have been an error. It could have been the enemy.' We *knew* it wasn't."

As soon as Culpepper left that evening, Peg threw a quick dinner together for Gene, swept the kitchen tabletop clean, and sat down to write to Russell Schumacher, an Iowa boy, still with Charlie Company in Vietnam. He would tell her the truth. Hank Webb, according to Culpepper, was back in Des Moines, and he would probably know Albert Gaynor's address. So Peg now had the names of three other young men who had been with Michael on the night he was killed. She had specific questions to ask them, and, for the first time, could expect to receive specific answers. Peg heard first from Russell Schumacher:

> Yes I remember the night of February 18th, when your son was killed. I was on guard talking with Albert Gaynor at his foxhole. I think Al & I were talking about how close they were firing Defensive Targets, "DTs." I was telling Al how funny it was to fire them at all, much less at around 2:30. Then the 5th artillery round came in & hit in the trees near your son's hole. We knew it was in the perimeter and secounds later we heard guys in pain.... Your son died in a few minutes after he was hit. He probably never woke up to feel any pain. Leroy Hamilton died very shortly after being hit too. It was a bad night that sure none of the guys that were there will ever forget.
>
> The next morning the lifers came out to investigate.... They said I think that morning the officer in charge of the artillery gun mite have been drunk. Then later a rumor was it was the same gun that killed a guy—maybe two—in another company earlier this year. Then later we were told ... that someone mite have not figured out the elevations of the hill the artillery gun was on & the hill we were on right. How ever it happened there was no reason at all to be firing artillery at [that] time in the morning. There were no fresh signs of any enemy around.
>
> Many of the guys that knew Mike & know what your trying to do believe your right. Do what you can & may God give you a hand.
>
> Truly,
> RUSSELL

During the first week in November, the Mullens visited Hank Webb in Des Moines. Webb repeated the rumors that Culpepper and Schumacher had mentioned: that there had been a faulty gun, that the men had been drunk, or that the elevation had been incorrectly figured. But, he added, he didn't think the forward observer, Lieutenant Rocamora, had called in the shots. Webb explained to the Mullens that Rocamora wasn't a "lifer," and had no great loyalty to the Regular Army. Rocamora always alerted the men when the D.T.s were to be fired. If Rocamora had called in the artillery and not alerted the men, the men would have blamed him. "They would have made it so uncomfortable for Rocamora he wouldn't have wanted to remain with the company," Webb said.

"Did he stay?" Gene asked.

"Oh, sure," Webb said. "Everyone liked him. When the shell hit, there wasn't any warning. I thought it was an attack. I can remember sweeping—just *throwing*—the men into their foxholes!"

Like Michael, Webb had been an acting platoon sergeant. He had been in the 3rd Platoon, along with Culpepper, Gaynor, and Schumacher.

Polk, however, had been in Michael's 1st Platoon.

Schumacher had written that he remembered Polk: "He had been afraid & quite a troublesome guy before. I think he had bad nerves for one thing. On the night your son died, he was sleeping right next to him. That really got to his mind. I could see how he cracked up. He was almost in shock that night."

Webb told the Mullens, that afternoon in Des Moines, that Polk had "gone crazy." Some of the men from Webb's platoon had had to knock Polk out, to restrain him, before he could be loaded onto a helicopter and flown out of there.

Gaynor, however, wrote:

> As to your question about PVT Polk, it seems theres some sort of mix-up. As far as I know nothing happened that night with Polk. I'm not sure, but I heard nothing of it. To my knowledge he was sentenced because of incidents a few days following the night of the 18th. Possibly the 20th or 21st. There were charges brought against him for a number of things. Hitting an officer and a non-commissioned officer, firing his weapon at civilians, and some other things which I do not know. Anything related to the night in question, I'm not awhere of.

Gaynor had rotated out of Vietnam and was stationed at Fort Hood, Texas, when he wrote. He described the firing of the D.T.s on the night of Michael's death, and then concluded:

> We were told that it was the artillery peoples fault. They told us that some officer and some sargent were being held responsible. There were rumors going around about the people firing the artillery being drunk and some sort of neglect was evident. Neglect isn't uncommon in Vietnam. This wasn't the last instance of it. There was much, much more to come in the following months.
>
> I don't know if Hank Webb told you but at one time we wrote a letter to you about the February 18 incident and some of the conditions afterward. It was signed by about 60 men in the company. That letter was never mailed because the Company Commander got word of it. We were threatened with reprisals and also he said that our mail could be censored. The letter was destroyed. When your in the army you don't have quite the freedom civilians have.
>
> Mrs. Mullen, I think you are doing the right thing. If more people in the United States were as concerned as you are about the war, possibly something could be done.
>
> ALBERT GAYNOR

Gaynor's corroboration that censorship had been imposed on the men of Charlie Company infuriated the Mullens. Peg had now spoken or corresponded directly with four of the men who had been present the night Michael died; each of them had verified

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that American artillery had killed their son. The Mullens possessed, in addition, Colonel Schwarzkopf's letter of March 2nd, stating that "during the testing Michael received a fatal missile wound when an artillery round fell short of its intended target and detonated near his position."

Over and over, the Mullens had been told that Michael was killed because an artillery round had fallen short. Both Peg and Gene knew that "short rounds" were an inevitable fact of war and must be anticipated. They would have understood, and might even have been able to accept, that a short round caused their son's death if it had not been for the Army's seeming unwillingness to provide them with details. It seemed obvious to the Mullens that it wasn't *what* had happened but *how* it had happened that the Army was so determined to hide.

The Mullens were now certain that they knew what had happened: for no apparent reason, an American artillery unit had suddenly and without warning begun firing over Charlie Company's night defensive perimeter at approximately three o'clock in the morning, taking the company by surprise. None of the men Peg had communicated with believed that the artillery had been requested by Rocamora, the company's forward observer. There was no reason for the artillery to have been fired at that hour; there were no signs of enemy activity. One of the artillery shells fell short, detonated when it hit a tree above the company perimeter, and killed Leroy Hamilton and Michael Mullen and wounded six others.

The Mullens were also now certain that they knew why: the men back at the guns were drunk.

—C. D. B. Bryan

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

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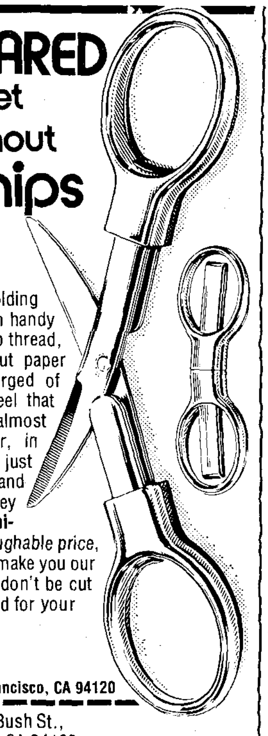

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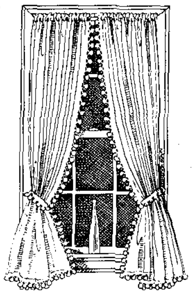

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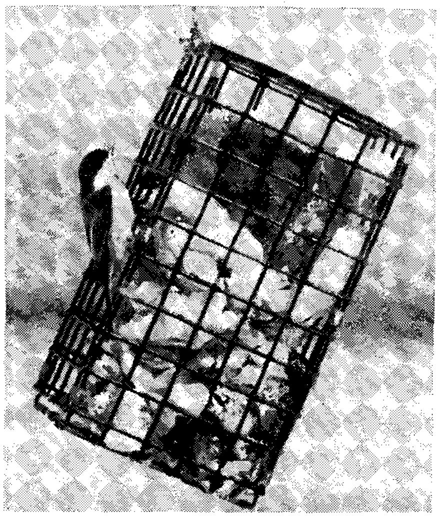

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THE RACE TRACK

A Champion on His Way

IT'S a good bet that those who watched Bert Firestone's Honest Pleasure take the Flamingo Stakes by eleven lengths at Hialeah last weekend were seeing the winner of this year's Triple Crown. I caught the race on television and was impressed no end. Honest Pleasure's action was as flawless as ever, and his stride seemed longer than it did last year. As he rolled down the stretch, he reminded me of Secretariat. Of course, when a horse wins by so wide a margin, there is always the possibility that he was just too good for his opposition, and, indeed, the seven colts behind Honest Pleasure seemed to be running in glue, even though the condition of the track was listed as fast. The victor's time for the nine furlongs—outpacing such previous Flamingo winners as Bold Ruler, Northern Dancer, and Top Knight—was 1:46⅘, a stakes record. His trainer, LeRoy Jolley, will give him a week's rest before getting him ready for his next start, the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on April 3rd. Then he'll go in the Bluegrass Stakes at Keeneland on April 22nd, followed by the Kentucky Derby on May Day.

Other things happened in the Flamingo. Mount Sterling stumbled coming out of the starting gate, unseating his rider, Maple, who escaped with a mild shaking up. And at the end, Inca Roca saved second place by a nose from Togus, whose number was taken down afterward for crowding and bumping Johnny Appleseed in the stretch. Johnny's stable received third money to make up for it. I was surprised to see Proud Birdie out of the picture all the way, finishing fifth; it seems he didn't like the track.

IT was no day for Proud horses at Aqueduct, either. In the Next Move Handicap, for fillies and mares at a mile and a furlong, Proud Delta, carrying 124 pounds, tired and ran out of the money. Yes Dear Maggy, who carried 119, won the race by thirteen and a half lengths. Pass a Glance was second, and Mary Queenofscots third. Yes Dear Maggy, a lively roan daughter of Iron Ruler, had won her previous outing, the Black Helen Handicap at Hialeah, a fortnight earlier. She is owned by J. C. Oxley, a Floridian.

ALL sorts of surprises came out of the San Antonio Handicap at Santa Anita, the stepping stone to this weekend's Big 'Cap, as the $250,000 Santa Anita Handicap is called out there. Lightning Mandate, who was fourth in the betting in a field of ten, was smartly ridden by Cordero and won by two lengths from Dancing Papa, a long shot. Messenger of Song was third. Top Command, the favorite, lacked his usual drive in the stretch and finished sixth, and Ancient Title, one of California's leading handicap horses, had no speed at all and finished last.

RACING has lost one of its top horses. Hail to Reason was eighteen and had been in failing health since last autumn, and last week, when he could no longer get up in his stall (at Hagyard Farm, near Lexington, Kentucky), he was destroyed. By Turn-to out of Nothirdchance, he raced in the colors of Patrice Jacobs (now Mrs. Louis Wolfson) and was trained by her father, the late Hirsch Jacobs. Hail to Reason was the champion two-year-old of 1960, and later sired enough classic winners to make a list as long as your arm. By the end of last year, his get had earned $9,400,479.

Frank McMahon's Diabolo, one of the leading four-year-olds in California, fractured the short cannon bone in his right hind leg and suffered severed tendons in a race at Santa Anita on the Washington's Birthday holiday. He has been operated on twice in an effort to save him for the stud. The vets have hopes. And at Garden State Park, Bombay Duck came out of the Rancocas Handicap, in which he beat Royal Glint, with a broken bone in his left front foot. His owner, Roland Aristone, Sr., announced that the four-year-old's racing career is over. He will definitely be retired to stud.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The French resistance place was owned by a woman. It was located on the River Thames in the Latin Quarter, a stone's throw from Notre Dame. The name, Chat Qui Peche, means the Cat Who Fishes.—*Albany* (*N.Y.*) *Knickerbocker News.*

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JAZZ

Big Sid

Sidney Catlett, the magisterial drummer who died in 1951, has yet to be matched. He has outstripped two batches of pursuers—the drummers of his own generation or persuasion and the modernist drummers. The first group includes Jo Jones, Buddy Rich, Louis Bellson, Shelly Manne, and Joe Morello, and the second includes Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, Elvin Jones, Tony Williams, and Milford Graves. And he has remained the Master despite those periods since his death when almost none of his recordings were available in any form—when, in truth, he was in oblivion. But a Catlett renaissance began several years ago, and there are now a dozen or more L.P.s in which his work is handsomely represented. Of these, at least eight are indispensable—"Jammin' with Lester: Lester Young" (Jazz Archives JA-18); "Benny Goodman: Solid Gold Instrumental Hits" (Columbia PG 33405); "Hot Lips Page: Play the Blues in 'B' " (Jazz Archives JA-17); "Tootin' Through the Roof" (Volume I, Onyx ORI 209); "52nd Street" (Volumes I and II, Onyx ORI 203 and 217); "Satchmo at Symphony Hall" (M.C.A. 2-4057); and "Louis Armstrong at the Eddie Condon Floor Show" (Queen Disc 10).

Here are the bones of Catlett's life: He was born January 17, 1910, in Evansville, Indiana, and was raised on the South Side of Chicago. There he attended Tilden Technical High School. Between 1929 and 1944, he worked for Sammy Stewart, Elmer Snowden, Benny Carter, Rex Stewart, the Jeter-Pillars band, Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, and Teddy Wilson. He led his own groups from 1944 to 1947, and then joined the Louis Armstrong All Stars, which included Barney Bigard, Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, and Arvell Shaw. A heart attack in 1949 forced him to leave the All Stars. During the last two years of his life, he shuttled back and forth between Chicago, where he was the house drummer at Jazz Ltd., and New York, where he might turn up at Central Plaza or Jimmy Ryan's. He died backstage at the Civic Opera House in Chicago, of a heart attack, on Easter Sunday. He had gone there not to play but to visit with his friends, who were legion, and some of whose voices will be heard here. The first is the singer Helen Humes:

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"There was a whole bunch of us standing around backstage at the Opera House, where a concert was going on. Sid had come over to say hello from Jazz Ltd. He was standing behind me and had his arms clasped around my waist, and he was telling one of his stories. It came near time for me to be onstage, so I said, 'Sid, let me go put some powder on. I'll see you after.' I walked away, and right off I heard this funny sound: a kind of *whummpp*. I turned around and there was Sid lying on the floor, and that was all there was to it. He died right away."

Arvell Shaw (bass): "He had his first heart attack at Billy Berg's club, in Los Angeles, in 1949. He complained of pains in his chest one night after work. He left the All Stars at the Blue Note, in Chicago, not too long after, and Red Saunders took over until Cozy Cole arrived."

John Simmons (bass): "It's a wonder he lasted as long as he did. After his first heart attack, Joe Glaser sent him to the mountains for a rest, but he didn't stay long enough. But way before that I'd say to him, 'Sid, one of these days you're going to crumble up in small pieces.' The reason was that he never went to bed. After work, he'd go to after-hours places, and when he'd finished playing in them he'd go out and play the numbers all day."

Johnny Williams (bass): "He'd go home after work and take a shower and change his clothes. Then maybe he'd stop in at the Apollo and sit around backstage and gab and play cards. Then it was over to an after-hours place on the Hill, where they served whiskey in coffee cups. Then he'd go home again in the morning and take a shower and change his clothes and go back out and be on the streets all day, until it was time to shower and change again and go to work."

Simmons: "He'd get home an hour and a half before work and sleep some. By the last set at work that night, his eyes would be at half-mast, but later he'd pep up and start the same old routine again."

Shaw: "He loved life. He loved to play cards. He loved to gamble. He loved women. He liked to be around the guys. He didn't like to waste his time sleeping."

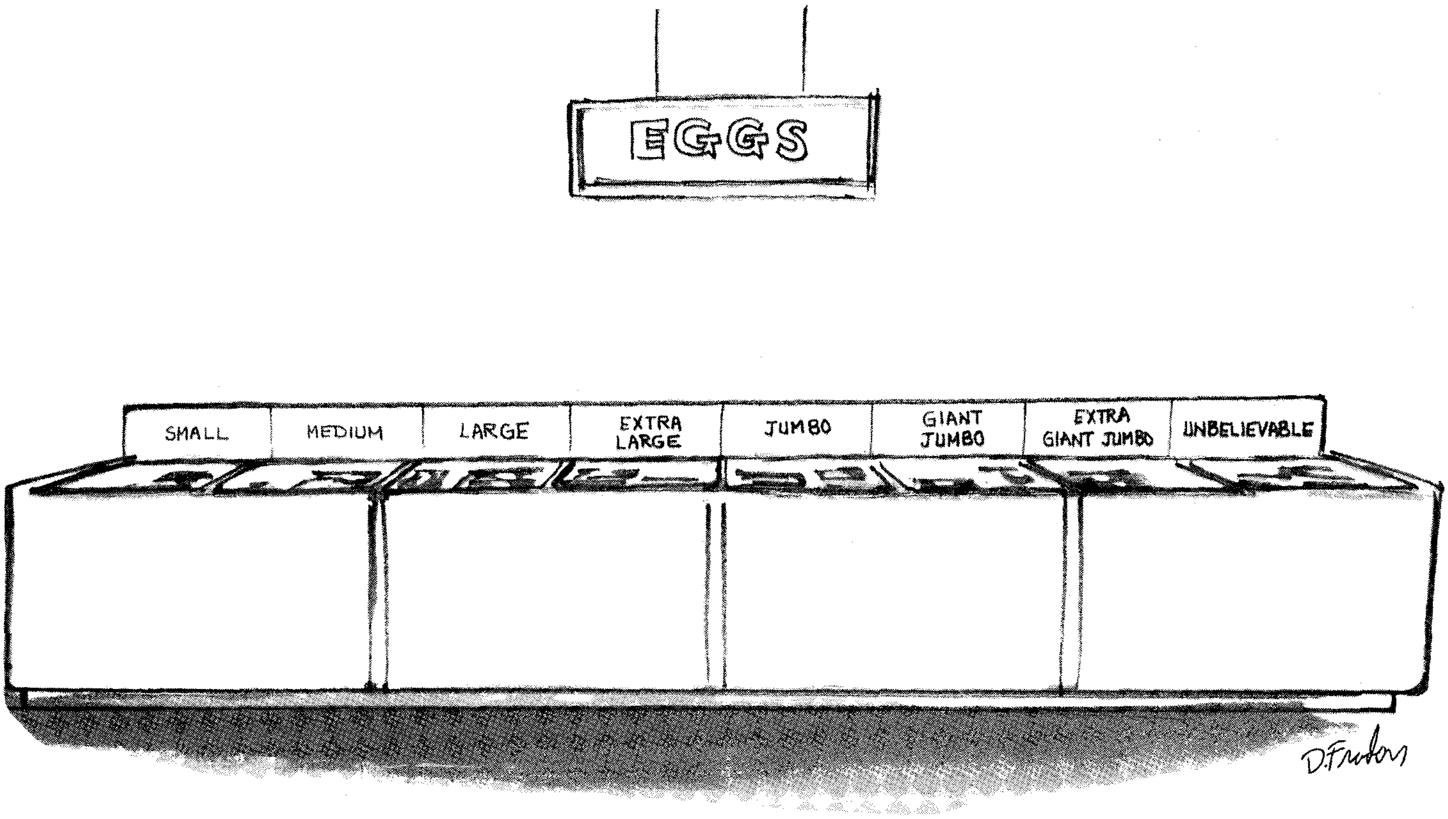
John Hammond (entrepreneur): "I don't know how many hundreds of dollars he was in to me over the years. I never knew anyone so crazy about gambling."

Ruby Braff (cornet): "He was not a well person in the last couple of years of his life, and it showed. If you asked him how he was, he'd say, 'What do you care?' "

Gladys Catlett (his widow): "He had rheumatic fever as a child and that gave him an enlarged heart. And he had dropsy at the end, too. He didn't rest enough after his attack. He wasn't supposed to be going up and down stairs and climbing all those hills around a Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street, where we lived. And he had no business being out there in Chicago working."

Catlett was nobly constructed. He was six feet three or four inches tall, and everything was in proportion: the massive shoulders, the long arms and giant, tapering fingers, the cannonball fists, the barn-door chest and the tidy waist, the big feet, and the columnar neck. His head was equally imposing. He had high, flaring cheekbones, large, wide-set eyes, and a full, governing nose. His forehead was high, and he wore his hair flat, as was the custom. Majestic expressions flowed across his face when he played. He would stare into the middle distance and look huge and mournful, or he would send out heavy, admiring glances to the pretty women in the room. Big men are often more graceful than small men, and Catlett was no exception. He could swim, play football and basketball, and dance beautifully. But he never learned to drive a car.

Simmons: "He was a good athlete. His mother didn't want him to play football, but he did, and one day he came home wearing his football uniform. When she opened the door and saw him standing there in all those shoulder pads and such, she said, 'What have they done to my son?' Oh, my, he'd laugh so hard when he told that story. He was a great storyteller and a



great comedian. When we were in Louis Armstrong's big band, Louis and Sid would sit up on the bus or train and tell each other jokes, from town to town, all night. Louis would type some of them up, and I think he even had a little collection called 'The Big Sid Joke Anthology.' Louis always typed up jokes that way, and instead of writing people letters he'd mail them a joke. Anyway, Sid could have become a comedian or a dancer or a singer. He was a good singer, and he even wrote songs, which were good, too. He was a marvellous dancer. He learned by watching and listening to dancers like Teddy Hale and Baby Laurence. He'd back them up, and then play exactly what they had danced on his drums."

GLADYS CATLETT: "His parents were very unselfish, loving people. He was an only child, and they thought there was no one good enough on the earth for him. His father chauffeured and his mother was a good cook, who worked for wealthy people. I believe his Aunt Minnie worked for those same people. It was through them that he took some drum lessons from an old German teacher. Sidney was the only colored student he had. His mother wanted him to be a lawyer, but the teacher told her, 'You let this boy play the drums and he'll be the greatest drummer in the world.' "

MILT HINTON (bass): "I knew Sid at the Wendell Phillips High School, at Thirty-ninth and Calumet. He went to Tilden, but it seems he must have hung out a lot with us. You hear about the Austin High School in Chicago, but not much about Wendell Phillips. Ray Nance went there, and Nat Cole and Lionel Hampton and Hayes Alvis and Razz Mitchell and myself. The bandmaster was Major N. Clark Smith. He was a Negro, and he was a stickler for dignity and discipline who wasn't above throwing a drumstick at your head and knocking you down if you didn't behave. Zutty Singleton was *the* drummer in Chicago, and Sid learned from him, pestering Zutty to let him sit in. Sid also learned from Jimmy Bertrand, who was with Erskine Tate at the Vendome Theatre. Bertrand could read music. He could play the xylophone, and he had a solo he played on tuned tympani. And there was a drummer around Chicago named Jimmy McHendricks. He was dark and short and had a lisp, but he had flash, throwing his sticks in the air and carrying on like that. Hampton and Sid would watch him all the time."

EARL HINES (piano): "Sidney and Louis Armstrong and I ran together in Chicago in the late twenties. We were full of jokes and were always kidding each other, and we were all batty. We drove around in this old, broken-down automobile we had, and when we got home after work we'd leave it parked in the middle of the street or in front of someone else's house. Sid left Chicago for New York in 1930, in Sammy Stewart's band. It was a hotel-type orchestra, a hicky-dicky group. Stewart only hired light-complected guys, so when the three of us went to see him for jobs he took Sid but he wouldn't have anything to do with Louis and myself."

TOMMY BENFORD (drums): "I believe he picked up a lot around New York when he first came from Chicago. He listened to Kaiser Marshall and George Stafford and Walter Johnson and old man Brooks, who played at the Lincoln Theatre. And he learned a little from me, too."

HAMMOND: "I'd grown up thinking Gene Krupa was a great drummer. I had heard him on the McKenzie-Condon records in 1928, and I heard him in the pit band at Gershwin's 'Girl Crazy.' He was always George Gershwin's favorite drummer. In 1931, I was at Yale and playing violin in a string quartet, and every chance I got I went up to Small's Paradise, in Harlem. Elmer Snowden had the band, and in it were Sid and Roy Eldridge, who both had just come in from the Midwest, and Dickie Wells and Don Kirkpatrick and a sax section of Wayman Carver and Otto Hardwick and Al Sears. I would go night after night with Artie Bernstein, the cellist in my quartet, and what did I hear? This huge, powerful drummer, this huge, powerful ensemble musician who made that whole band go, and I realized: *here* was a great drummer."

DICKIE WELLS (trombone): "When you came into Snowden's band, Sid asked you what you wanted him to play behind you. If you told him brushes, he'd play brushes. If you told him sticks, he'd play sticks. If you told him the Chinese cymbal, he'd play the Chinese cymbal. And he'd do whatever it was until you told him to change it. He was a dear, a beautiful person, the prettiest person in the world."

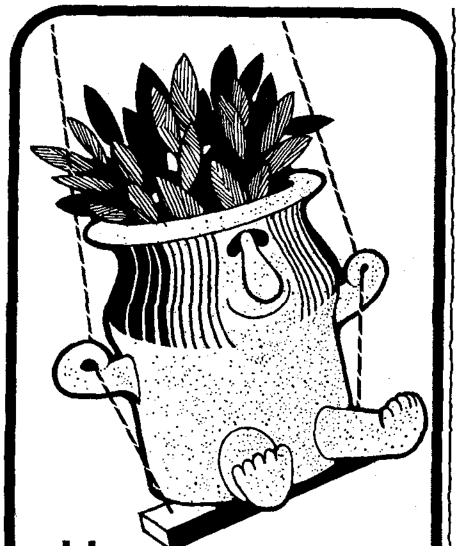
ROY ELDRIDGE (trumpet): "Sid was a big cat, a fun-loving cat, and very nice. I can't recall any time he'd get so upset he'd want to go to war. What was so amazing about him, for all his size, was he was so smooth. He was smooth as greased lightning. Me and him and Chu Berry would hang out together in New York. We'd make sessions after work, and sometimes we didn't get home until two or three in the afternoon. That was where you did your practicing, at those sessions. We all drank in those days, but Sid was always clean on the job."

HINES: "He was a great soloist and a great accompanist. He never overshadowed whoever was performing around him. He had a feeling for embellishment, for what you were doing in your solo, that made it seem like he knew what you were going to play before you did yourself."

BRAFF: "He arranged his drums so tightly around him they looked like little balls hanging off him. Watching him take a solo was a thrill. He hypnotized you. His sticks went so fast they were blurred. But they also looked like they were moving in slow motion. Each solo had a beautiful sense of composition. Most drummers can't even count, but if he took a twelve-bar solo he played exactly twelve bars and if he took a thirty-two-bar solo he played exactly thirty-two bars. And each solo sang its own song."

CATLETT'S accompanying had an unfailing freshness and authority. He made everything that went on in front of him sound new. "Why, man, I never heard you play *that* before," he seemed to say to each instrumentalist. His wire brushes achieved a singular, graceful, padding effect at slower tempos and a precise, hurrying, relentlessly pushing effect at faster tempos. When he switched to drumsticks in mid-performance, as he often did, it was dramatic and lifting. His library of accompanying techniques was endless. He used different cymbals behind different instruments—a heavy ride cymbal behind a trumpet; the high hat, its cymbals half closed, behind a trombone; a Chinese cymbal, with its sizzling sound, behind a clarinettist. All the while, his left hand worked out an astonishing series of accents on the snare drum. They never fell where you expected them to, and they were produced in a variety of ways. He would hit the snare directly, or hit the snarehead and the rim (a rim shot), or rest one stick on the snarehead and hit it with the other, or tick the snare rim. His bass-drum accents were loose and booting and startling, and were scattered ingeniously through these punctuations. Catlett was supremely subtle. He implied more than he stated in his background work, yet he controlled every performance. He told Ruby Braff he could swing seventeen men with a single wire brush and a telephone book to play it on, and he was right. He reined in the obstreperous, pushed the laggardly, and celebrated the inspired. His taste was faultless, his time was perfect (most drummers, no matter how proficient, play a split second behind the beat, but Catlett was a split second *ahead*), and the sound he got on his drums was handsome, careful, and rich.

Most drum solos exist for themselves, but Catlett's heightened the mood and texture around him, and they were remarkably free of clichés. His solos on alternate takes of his recordings are invariably different, and so were the solos he played during a night's work and from night to night. They were rhythmically irresistible. There is a section of his long and empyrean solo in "Steak Face" on the "Satchmo at Symphony Hall" album in which he plays a repeated figure with a loose, and then increasingly complex, arrangement of rim shots, and it is astonishing. It makes you want to dance and jig and shake. Its timing and taste and impetus are such that the passage stands at the very heart of rhythm. One of his simpler solos might start with unbroken, surging, snare-drum rolls, whose volume rose and fell sharply and quickly, and whose wavelike patterns became more and more intense before suddenly exploding into rim shots. Then a stunning silence—followed by lightning shots delivered all around his set, by another silence and several choked-cymbal beats, and the solo was over. His solos grew more complex at faster tempos. They also had an urgent, but-



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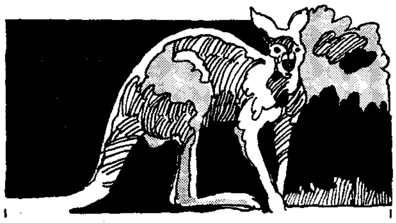

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tonholing quality. He'd start with a fusillade of rim shots, sink into a sashaying figure that strode back and forth between his tomtoms, go back to his snare for more crackling rim shots, this time unbelievably laced with double-time strokes, drop into a silence, wade heavily and joyously through his cymbals, start roaring around his set, and finish with a sequence of funny and limber half-time bass-drum beats. His solos had an uncluttered order and logic, a natural progression of textures and rhythms and timing that made them seem predesigned. One was transfixed by the easy motion of his arms, the postlike rigidity of his great body, and the soaring of his huge hands, which reduced his drumsticks to pencils. He was also a sensational show drummer. He'd spin a stick in the air, light a cigarette, and catch the stick. Or he'd bounce his sticks off the floor and catch them. Or he'd get up and dance around the set. But it wasn't disruptive clowning; it was cheerful and enhancing and breathtaking.

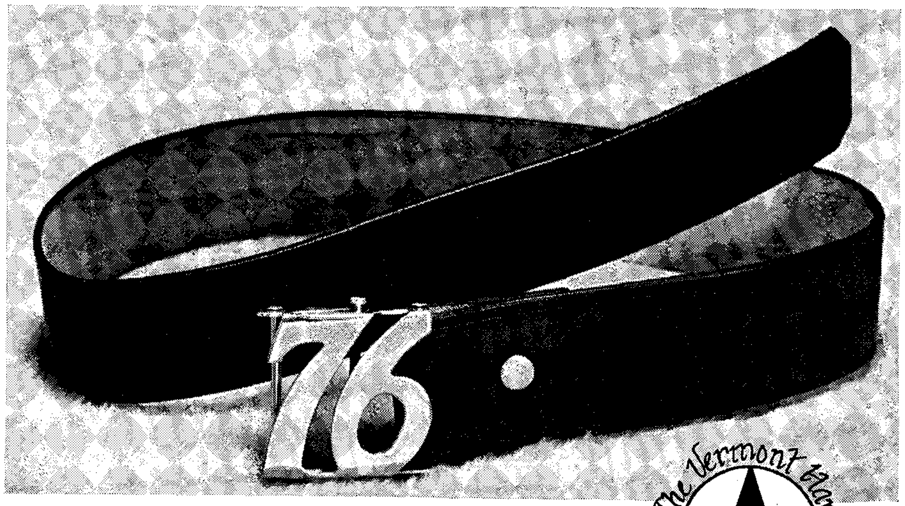
HINES: "I loved Sid very much. He was a very jovial fellow. In fact, the only harm he ever did in his life was to himself. He never knew how to say no, and he never raised an arm in anger. I saw him stand up and cry in front of Louis. Louis would say things once in a while to Sid that weren't tasty, that weren't nice, and Sid would bite his lip and cry. Yet Sid was always Louis's favorite drummer."

TEDDY WILSON (piano): "He was a great big nonviolent man, and yet he was very emotional. His feelings were easily hurt. And he could shed a tear when that happened. He was also quick to laugh, and in between shows at Café Society Uptown he'd entertain us backstage for forty-five minutes at a time with his jokes."

HE also entertained everybody out front. One night, he filled in, at Teddy Wilson's behest, for a member of the floor show who was late. He started on his cymbals with his wire brushes, a whispering of breezes, and ended fifteen minutes later with his sticks, having reached a density and momentum that were volcanic.

BARNEY BIGARD (clarinet): "He was like a big baby, real gentle, real fine. There's nothing bad anyone could say about Sid."

SHAW: "When I first joined the Louis Armstrong All Stars, I was real



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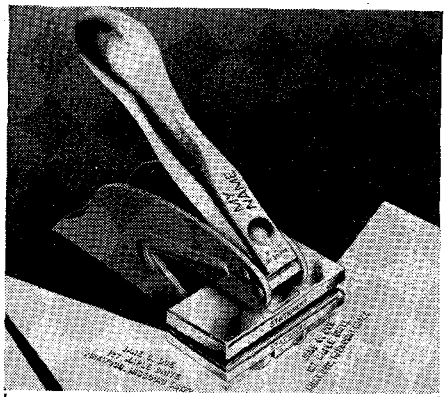

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green. Sid took me under his wing. He taught me about show business, about how to be on the road, about the music. He said the drums and bass should be a single pulse, and he taught me how to produce my part of the pulse. He'd say to me, 'If you're not going to do the best you can when you go onstage, why go on at all?' "

Braff: "He took me everywhere with him when I first came to New York from Boston. He'd arrive at a job and tell the manager, 'I brought the other person.'

" 'What other person?'

" 'Ruby Braff.'

" 'I didn't hire him.'

" 'If you hired me, you hired him.'

"And I'd be hired."

Simmons: "Sid loved children. They called him Uncle Sid, and he always gave them silver dollars from the roll he carried with him."

THREE scenes from a life spent travelling:

Shaw: "He and Earl Hines were deathly afraid of flying, and when the All Stars went to the Nice Jazz Festival, in 1948, he and Hines walked from New York to Paris on that plane. Up and down, up and down. Every bump, Sid's eyes would get as big as pizzas. He was a nervous wreck when we landed."

Braff: "I'd drive him around in the Chevy coupe I had, and he always sat in the front seat. In fact, he was a famous front-seat driver, and I don't know how many front seats he ruined, pushing his knees into the dashboard and leaning back in the seat until it nearly broke. When he got into my coupe to come to New York, the right side of the car went down until it about touched ground. I thought Sid had broken the springs. So I said, 'Sid, get out a minute, and let's see if the car comes back up again.' Well, it did, so he got in again and off we went, the right side down low and the back of the car piled with suitcases full of his clothes, which he had so many of it was unbelievable."

Williams: "When we'd cross the country on the train in the early forties with Louis Armstrong's big band, Sid and I would go back to that little platform outside the observation car. We'd sit there and get all smutty, get sand in our noses and mouths, and we'd listen to the humming of the wheels on the tracks, to the different rhythms the train made when it went over a crossing, to the changes in the rhythms when the train slowed or speeded up. Sidney would tap out the rhythms with his hands on the railing around the platform, and later I'd hear those rhythms in one of his solos."

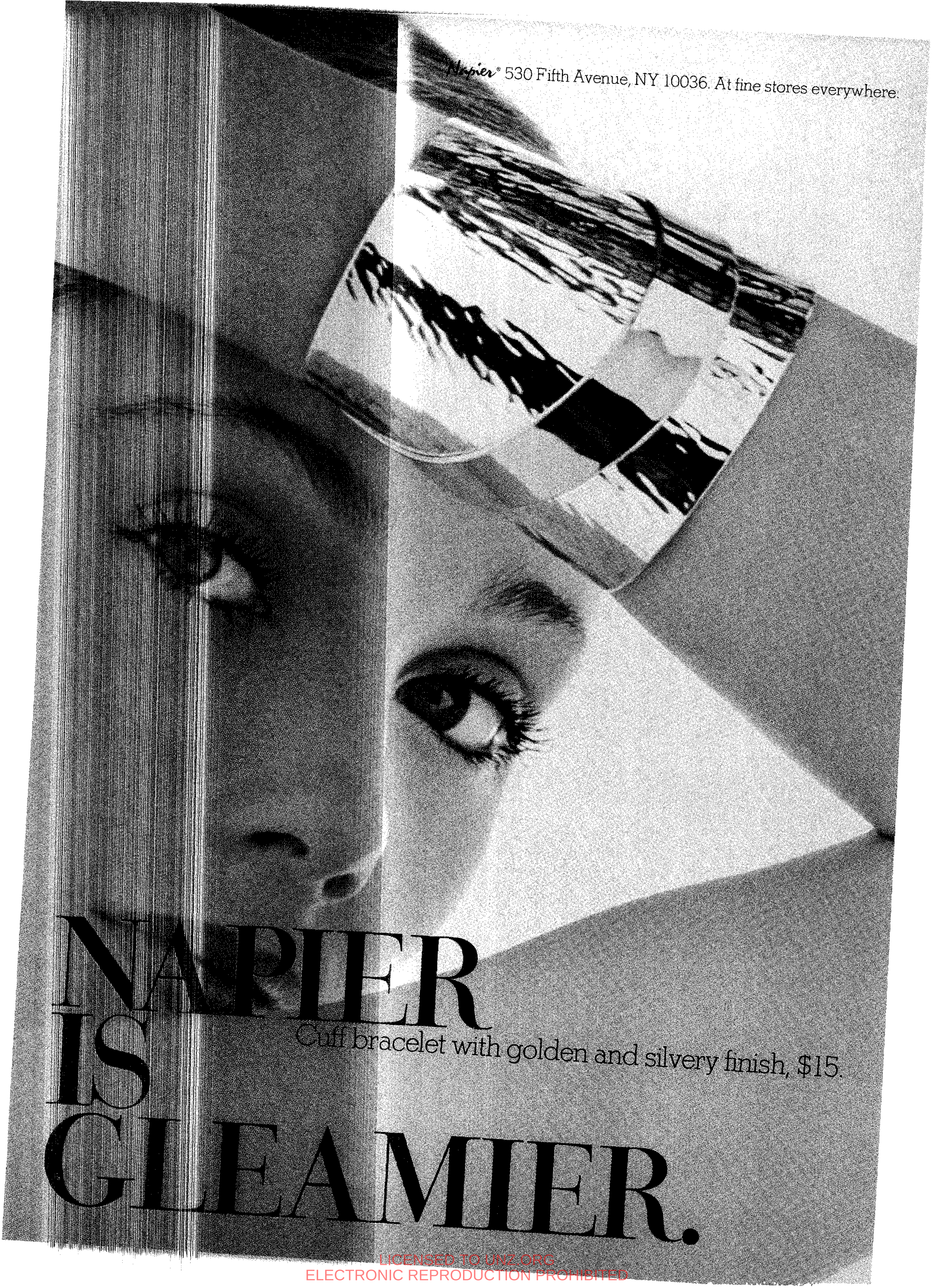
CATLETT's adaptability was endless. Some of the musicians he recorded with between the end of 1943 and the end of 1945 were: Eddie Condon, Lester Young, Louis Armstrong, Art Tatum, Albert Ammons, Ben Webster, Billie Holiday, Harry the Hipster Gibson, Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, Sidney De Paris, James P. Johnson, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Sidney Bechet, Don Byas, and Duke Ellington.

Musicians revered Catlett, but his name never got before the public in the way that Gene Krupa's and Buddy Rich's did. The closest he came to celebrity was during the short, disastrous time he spent with Benny Goodman in 1941. Catlett was with Goodman three or four months, and then Goodman fired him. The episode has long been a puzzle, but now it grows clearer:

Hammond: "The rhythm section that Benny put together in 1941 terrified him, and he had no control over it. Charlie Christian was on guitar, John Simmons on bass, Mel Powell on piano, and Big Sid on drums. When I heard that Sid had nearly caused a riot with his solo during Benny's concert at Soldier Field in Chicago, I thought, Oh, Jesus. Sidney's cooked."

Simmons: "We played a concert at Soldier Field, and Sid took a solo in 'Don't Be That Way.' Well, he started playing and then he threw a stick in the air—and dropped it. On purpose, of course. He got up and walked around in front of his drums and picked up the stick and sat down and started playing again. Then he threw the stick in the air and dropped it again—and so forth. They were rolling in the aisles, and when he finally stopped horsing around and got down to business, that place nearly blew up. I remember watching Benny's face. It wasn't a cheerful sight. Benny didn't like anyone taking away the spotlight.

"When we got back to New York, we had a little layoff, and the night Sid reported for work at the hotel where Benny was, he found another drummer sitting up on the bandstand in his place. Benny gave Sid two weeks' notice and told him to report every night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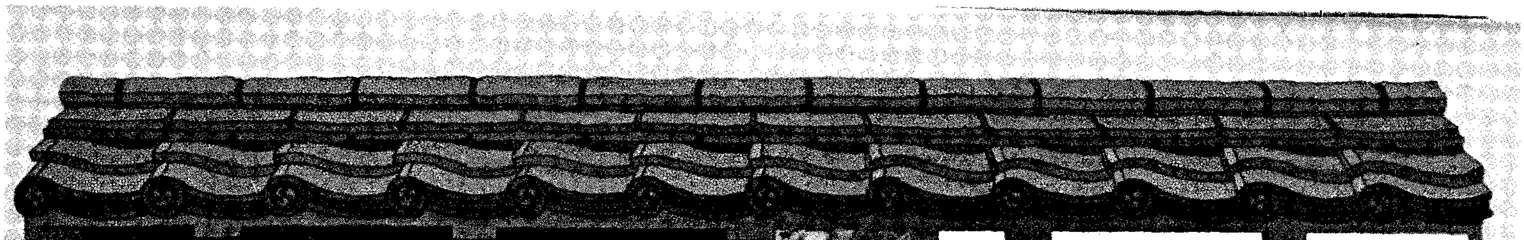

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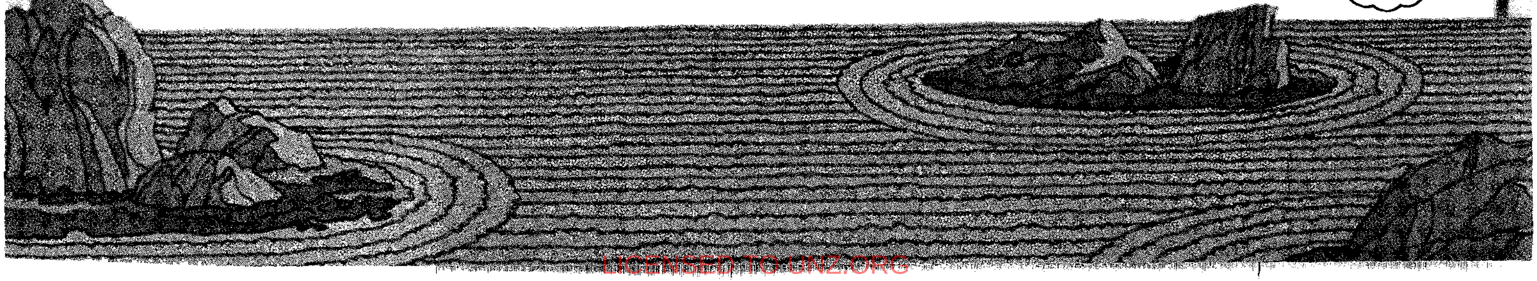

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at nine until his time was up—just in case he needed him."

HINES: "He loved to play just for the sake of playing, and he loved to play the way he wanted to play. Which is one of the reasons he and Benny Goodman couldn't get on. In the old days in Chicago, when all the young musicians would come in to where Louis and Sidney and myself were playing they'd ask to sit in, and of course we'd say yes. But Benny wanted to *be* asked, and Louis would never do it. So there Benny'd stay, standing over behind a pillar."

THERE are four numbers in the Goodman reissue that make it clear why Goodman and Catlett came to grief. They are "Clarinet à la King," "Pound Ridge," "The Count," and "The Birth of the Blues," and Catlett has the band in his pocket in all of them. Listen to the way he backs Goodman and Cootie Williams and Mel Powell on "Pound Ridge" and "The Count," and to the furious, take-that! eight-bar solo he plays at the end of "Pound Ridge." This was Goodman's best band, and it reached its peak during Catlett's stay. "Hot Lips Page: Play the Blues in 'B' " is notable because it offers two of the handful of recordings made by Teddy Wilson's famous Café Society Uptown band. The group includes Page, who was sitting in, Emmett Berry, who is not listed in the liner notes but who takes the trumpet solo on "Honeysuckle Rose," Edmond Hall, Benny Morton, Wilson, Al Hall, and Catlett. They play a blues, and on the fine "Honeysuckle Rose" Catlett takes two choruses with his mallets. The occasion was a concert in New York, and the time the spring of 1944. Two months earlier, Catlett had taken a quartet involving Ben Webster, Marlowe Morris, and John Simmons to Chicago, and it recorded four classic sides—"I Surrender Dear," "Perdido," "1-2-3 Blues," and "I Found a New Baby." "I Found a New Baby" is a marvel. Catlett takes two solos—one on brushes and the other on sticks—and both are superb. These four sides are in Volume II of "52nd Street." Later that year, Catlett went to the Coast and appeared briefly in Gjon Mili's prize-winning short, "Jammin' the Blues." The musicians in that film recorded six tracks that are on "Lester Young," and the best is a medium-tempo "Sweet Georgia Brown." Harry Edison and Young are magnificent, and there is a rocketing double-time Catlett solo. The first volume of "52nd Street" has a wild, buoyant session Catlett led in 1945, with Coleman Hawkins and Tyree Glenn. All four numbers, including a good ballad, are by him, and on the fast "Mop de Mop Mop" he takes a brilliant solo that is also a parody of military drumming. The "Tootin' Through the Roof" album has six sides with Catlett, and the best is "Happy Medium," which is very fast and has a superb, hustling wire-brush solo. "Satchmo at Symphony Hall" has two monumental solos—"Steak Face" and "Boff Boff." They are, without question, among the highest moments of recorded jazz. "Louis Armstrong at the Eddie Condon Floor Show" is taken from one of Eddie Condon's 1949 weekly television shows. It offers Catlett with Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and he plays a fine program-opening solo, and succinct statements in "Them There Eyes" and "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," the second of which also has one of his hell-fire closing four-bar breaks.

BIG SID used to go over to Jimmy Ryan's on Monday nights around 1949 or 1950 and sit in. Tommy Benford remembers: "I have a pair of Sid's drumsticks, and this is why. I was at Ryan's with Jimmy Archey's band, and one Monday, after Sid had sat in, he left his sticks behind on the stand. I called to him as he was leaving, 'Sid, you left your sticks,' and he said, 'That's all right, man. I'll be back next week.' But he hasn't been back yet."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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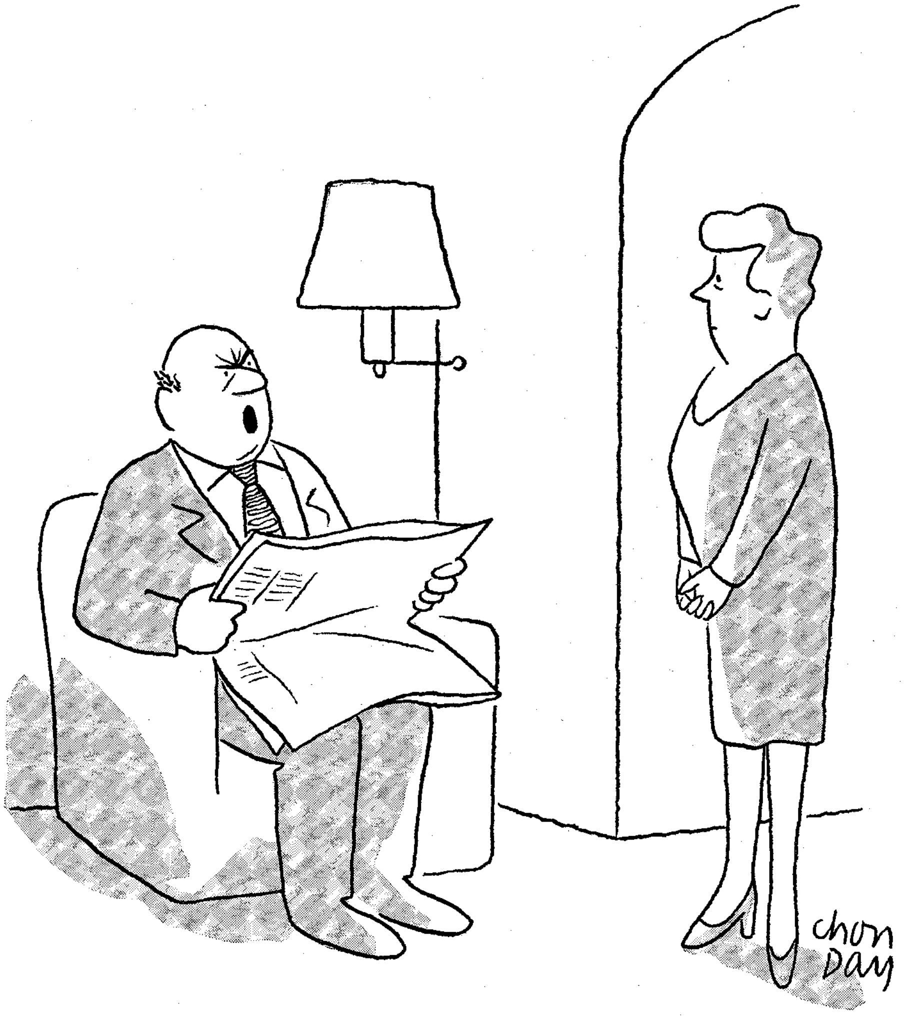
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 28

IN theory, preferential primaries, a twentieth-century innovation, are instruments of direct democracy—an extension of the one-man-one-vote principle that very often allows a registered voter to cast two votes. In the states in which they are held—twenty-eight this year—they give rank-and-file voters a voice in the selection of the candidates among whom they will choose in the general election. In practice, however, they seem wanting in many ways. For one thing, the results are frequently ambiguous. In New Hampshire last Tuesday, Ronald Reagan very nearly tied Gerald Ford, but in the voting for delegates to the Republican National Convention nineteen pledged to Ford were elected, as against two for Reagan, and it will be the delegates, not the voters, who will speak for New Hampshire in August. The recent proliferation of primaries (their number has doubled in the last decade) has been occasioned by several factors—one being the promotion of tourism—of which perhaps the principal is that they provide a way of circumventing some of the rules of delegate selection adopted by the major parties in the interest of a broader representation of minorities. Choices made by leaders in closed caucuses can be challenged as violations of democratic procedures, but when they are made in a free and open election there is no way of saying that the people's will has not been done, even though, as is often the case, only a small percentage of the electorate participates. The campaigns waged by candidates in the primaries that receive broad press and television coverage serve to acquaint the nation with the personalities of the aspirants, but they do little to stimulate debate, even on important local and regional issues. In New Hampshire, for example, and in all of New England, there are few economic matters as important as the cost and supply of energy, but neither the President nor Reagan seriously addressed himself to the question. Some of the Democrats did, but the man who came in first, Jimmy Carter, moved on to Florida without having established any clear position on energy—or, for that matter, on most of the other large issues.

In the general elections, a winner is always a winner, but in primaries the loser may be declared a winner, and may go on to be the choice of the delegates in convention assembled. In New Hampshire in 1972, Edmund Muskie got forty-six per cent of the vote, as against George McGovern's thirty-seven, but because both Muskie's campaign managers and the press had believed he would do much better it was regarded as a McGovern victory, and McGovern became the Democratic candidate at Miami Beach in July. In 1964, Henry Cabot Lodge won in New Hampshire, with more than thirty-five per cent, while Barry Goldwater, who came in second, with twenty-two per cent, had been travelling around the country and quietly securing commitments from Republican leaders, who later gave him the nomination on the first ballot in San Francisco. Four years later, Lyndon Johnson won the primary with nearly fifty per cent of the vote, but Eugene McCarthy, who had mounted a bold, imaginative campaign and got forty-two per cent of the vote, was held to be the real winner; the nominee, though, was Hubert Humphrey, who had not been a contender in any of the early primaries. And many observers here, President Ford among them, believe that Humphrey, who got a write-in vote of six per cent last Tuesday and appears to have the support of nearly all of the Minnesota delegation, will end up heading the Democratic ticket in New York in July.

Before the voting four days ago, the general view was that the Ford-Reagan contest and the contest between Carter and his four Democratic rivals would turn largely on personality and to some degree on what many said was a strong mood of dissatisfaction with the central government. It was thought that the elocutionary skills Reagan acquired as a radio announcer and as an actor would count more heavily in his favor than the issues that he and Ford stressed and the positions they took; similarly, Carter's folksiness, his fixed grin, and the fact that he, like Reagan, had never been part of the Washington scene were held to be his principal assets. But when the returns came in, they seemed to support a more ideological interpretation. Though there had been little discussion of issues—and most of that superficial—and though political scientists find it difficult to say which of the two Republicans is the



"Certainly I remember the last time I smiled. Why?"

more conservative, or the less liberal, it seems clear that the voters considered Reagan the conservative and Ford the liberal. Post-primary analyses—particularly a study conducted by CBS and the *Times*—show that Reagan did best among those to the right of the Republican center, and Ford among those in the center and to its left. Though the two men seem to have identical views on government spending—both are opposed to most of it, except the part that goes to the military—Reagan was favored by fifty-eight per cent of those who said they shared this view, Ford by only forty. Carter, probably the most conservative of the Democrats in the primary but in any event the one seen as being on the right, did best in districts with a history of supporting conservatives, his four rivals splitting the vote in the districts that in the past have backed liberals. Thus, Carter's strong showing is being held as a victory for conservatism, and, in a sense, it has to be read that way. But if, as seems to have been the case, the voters were consciously choosing between right and left, the left was clearly in the ascendancy. The ideological ground that separates Morris Udall, Birch Bayh, Fred Harris, and Sargent Shriver seems about as narrow as that separating Ford and Reagan; the four liberals, though, shared sixty per cent of the vote (or sixty-six if Humphrey's write-in is added) to Carter's thirty. Carter got the vote of most of the Democrats who went over to Richard Nixon four years ago. Since, according to the private canvasses, Udall was the second choice of most who voted for Bayh and Harris, it would appear that if he or another liberal had been the only Democrat to challenge Carter, the conservative would have lost.

The Reagan forces are claiming a victory in New Hampshire because Ford, with all the advantages of incumbency, had a majority of only thirteen hundred votes—two per cent, or roughly four votes per precinct. They are saying, as they did in the first phase of the campaign, that Reagan was one more New Hampshire underdog who beat the odds against him, which they once rated as favoring Ford by fifty-five per cent. In the last few weeks, though, they said that late reports showed Reagan to have moved into the lead, and they were encouraging the press to forecast Ford's defeat. Nine days before the election, Governor Meldrim Thomson said on NBC's "Meet the Press" that he expected Reagan to win with fifty-five per cent—a substantial margin in Presidential

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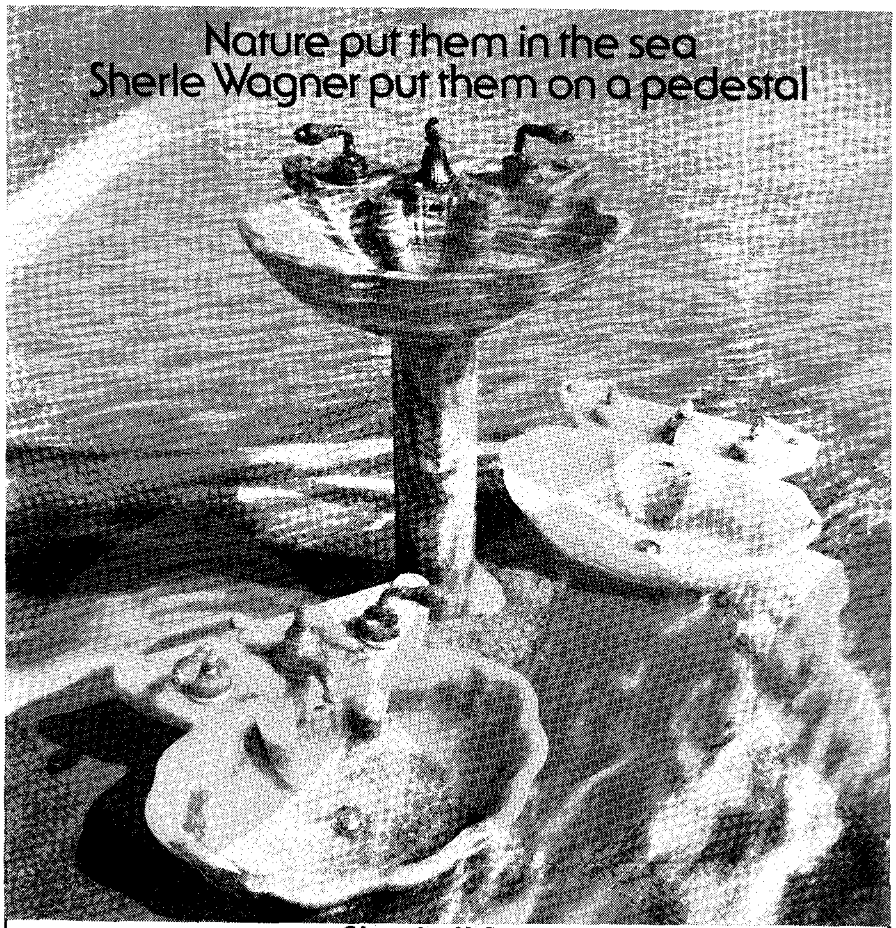

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politics and a landslide against an incumbent. When Nixon, to the distress of Ford and his managers, went to Peking and freshened memories of Watergate and the pardon, Reagan spokesmen began saying that their man would do even better than Thomson had estimated. Then, when the Ford vote narrowly topped Reagan's, the President's strategists were in a position to say that Reagan could claim no victory of any sort, having forfeited the right to do so by all those confident preëlection assertions. This is the view of more disinterested persons here as well. There is probably no place in the country where Reagan will find the political climate as favorable as it was in New Hampshire, where he had the backing of the governor and the only statewide newspapers—William Loeb's scabrous Manchester *Union Leader* and New Hampshire *Sunday News*, which not only compared Ford ("Jerry the Jerk") unfavorably with Reagan but Mrs. Ford with Mrs. Reagan. Now the Reagan managers in Florida and elsewhere are revising their estimates so as to be able to minimize the significance of any Ford lead. Last November, L. E. Thomas, who is directing the campaign in Florida, predicted that Reagan would carry the state by two to one; now he has scaled his estimate down to fifty-five per cent, and no one will be surprised if in the next few days he brings it below fifty, though he has said that any Ford majority would be "disastrous." Playing the same kind of game in reverse, Ford said after the primary that he thought the Nixon trip had probably hurt him in New Hampshire, thus implying that if the ex-President had stayed in San Clemente, Reagan would have done less well. There is no evidence that this was the case; no one had made an issue of the pardon, and it was clear well before Nixon's departure that Ford was gaining. Still, liabilities, real or imagined, can at times be as helpful to politicians as assets.

As primaries have increased in number, there has developed a growing skepticism about their value as a political institution. It is generally conceded that some of them—most recently the New Hampshire one that McCarthy entered eight years ago—have been instructive to voters and have brought national issues into sharper focus. But their educational usefulness has not been enhanced as more states have held them and as more and more candidates—encouraged by the limitations on spending and the pro-

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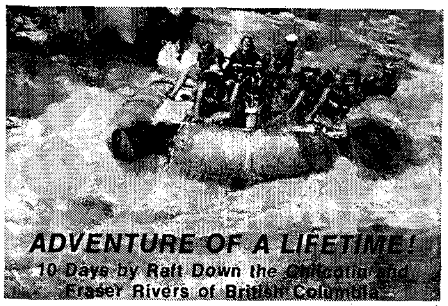
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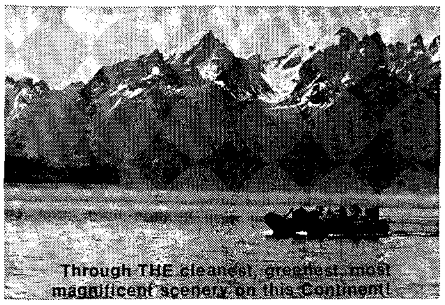
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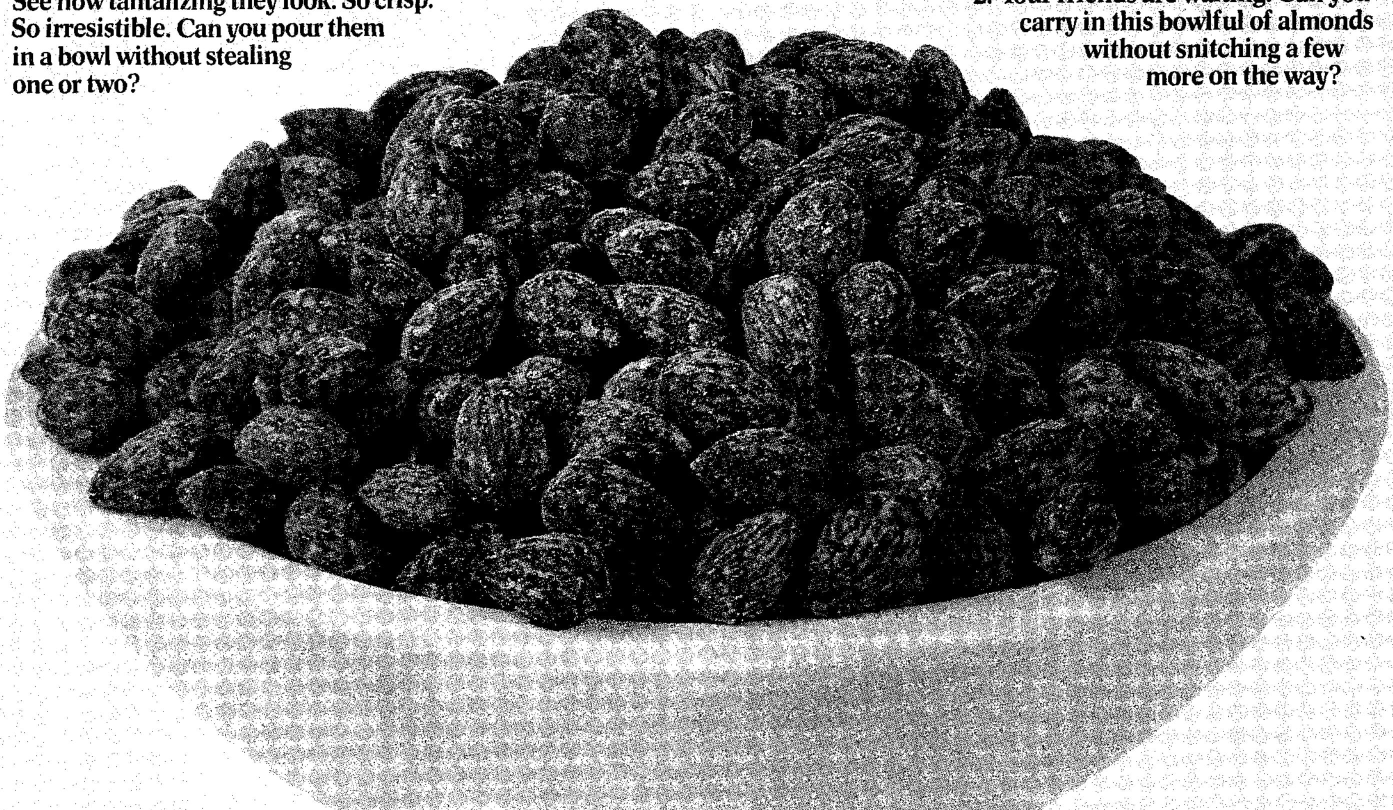

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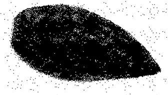

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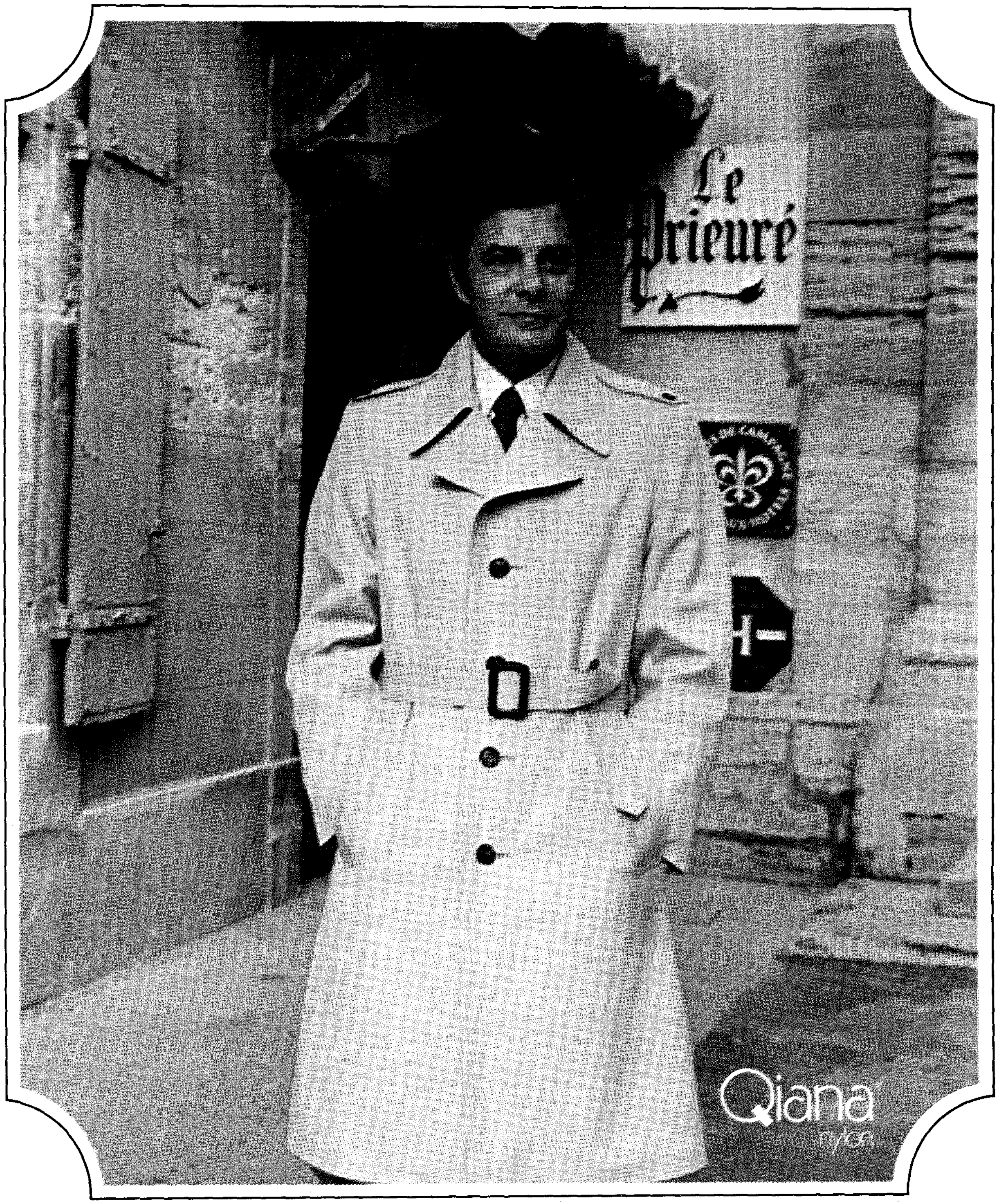

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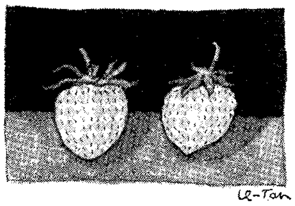
vision for public financing in the Federal Elections Campaign Act of 1974—have participated. The substantive content of debate tends to become diluted, and as states try to get ahead of one another in scheduling, the political process is needlessly prolonged. (In New Hampshire, there is now a law providing that no matter what date any other state sets for its primary, New Hampshire's will be a week earlier. It has been moved back almost a month since 1968, and in time there may well be a full year between the first primary and the general election.) The mental and physical strain on the candidates is immense, and the strain on the resources of newspapers and television is such that few primaries can be covered with any thoroughness, and some go almost unreported. While attention was centered on New Hampshire and Massachusetts, Vermont was preparing for its primary, to be held the same day as that in Massachusetts, but most candidates and journalists were ignoring Vermont, which is in several ways closer to being typical of the country as a whole than its neighbor to the east. (New Hampshire, for instance, is the one state that has neither a sales nor an income tax and the only one in which a single publisher—William Loeb, of Manchester—has what very nearly amounts to a monopoly.) If so much campaigning is hard on the candidates, it tends to exhaust both the patience and the interest of the electorate. Moreover, it has recently been demonstrated that the measure of public sentiment that primaries provide is less reliable than that of privately conducted polls. This is confirmed in the spring issue of *The Public Opinion Quarterly*, in which James R. Beniger, having studied both primaries and polls, writes, "The conventions almost always nominate the candidates with the greatest support among party voters (as measured in the popularity polls). . . . The candidate who stands highest in national opinion [polls] has the best chance of winning . . . the Presidential election."



No one, of course, would propose that the primary system be abolished and reliance be placed solely on surveys made for profit. There have, however, been several proposals for reform. One of the earliest, though not one currently favored by many, is for national primaries—primaries to be held in all states on the same day. Politicians tend to reject the idea, because it would leave little for them to do at the Conventions except ratify the choices already made. This is for many a selfish objection—for those who attend them, Conventions often combine the delights of vacations and reunions—but there are principled objections as well. It is only at the Conventions that the major parties function as national institutions; in the four intervening years, they are loose and fragile coalitions of state and local organizations. If there were national primaries, each party platform, now subject to negotiation and bargaining among factional and regional interests, would probably be a paraphrase of the winning candidate's speeches and position papers, and while there is generally some intellectual dishonesty involved in the compromises candidates accept, the bargaining does provide a way of resolving internal party conflicts. But the clinching argument against national primaries, many people feel, is that if they had been held in any of the last several Presidential years George Wallace would have emerged as the Democratic candidate—and even this year, with the anti-Wallace vote as splintered as it currently is, and with such well-known figures as Senators Humphrey and Kennedy not running, he may well place first. A reform that some find attractive is one put forward by Senator Walter Mondale, of Minnesota, in which there would be six regional primaries. Though regional interests can also be highly parochial, they are at least broader than state interests. A candidate appealing to all New England, for example, would not have much to fear from the wrath of the Loeb newspapers and would have little to gain by courting the favor of Governor Thomson, whose main concern currently seems to be the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment, which he thinks would clear the way for prayer periods in New Hampshire schools and give the state the right to deal with those of its citizens who are offended by the inscription "LIVE FREE OR DIE" on their license plates and seek to conceal it. But those who most strongly object to national primaries fear that they would be all but inevitable if there was a move from state to regional ones. The prospect, then, is that in 1980 there will be at least as many primaries as in 1976. The trend may someday be reversed if people tire of quadrennial invasions by hordes of outside politicians, Secret Service

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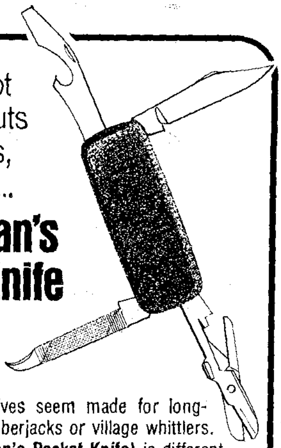

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agents, reporters, and television crews, or—perhaps a stronger possibility—if the newspaper and television people feel that primaries are a waste of expensive manpower, newsprint, and viewing time. Many here hope that Vermont may provide a key to the future.

INTEREST in the Florida primaries on March 9th centers less on the relative strength of Ford and Reagan than on that of Carter and Wallace. A lopsided Ford victory would probably put Reagan out of the running, but nothing of the sort is anticipated. Ford is not running against the governor (a Democrat) or an influential and hostile newspaper, but the state is not one in which he is thought to have much strength. There are about fifty thousand Republicans of Latin-American origin, of whom eighty per cent came as refugees from Cuba after Fidel Castro took power, in 1959. Most of *them oppose détente with the Soviet* Union and would welcome a more belligerent policy toward Castro, and they have been assured that Reagan as President would satisfy them. And many surveys show that elderly conservatives in the retirement communities find Reagan the more sympathetic character. After New Hampshire, Ford could easily survive a narrow defeat, and now that Reagan's managers have lowered their sights on the size of his vote, Reagan could survive trailing Ford by two or three per cent. But if Carter places ahead of Wallace—and particularly if he gets a majority of the Democratic vote—Wallace will no longer be regarded as a serious threat; similarly, if Wallace gets a majority, Carter, whose support by Democrats in other sections of the country is based largely on his assertion that he is the only candidate who can beat Wallace and, if necessary, carry the South against him in November, would lose much of his attractiveness to others in his party.

For most people here, Wallace is an open book. He has been in national politics for twelve years, and while his rhetoric has lately been somewhat more moderate, few are in doubt about where he stands and what he stands for. Carter, on the other hand, remains, even after two years of non-stop campaigning, one of the most enigmatic public figures of this part of the century. He is plainly a shrewd, intelligent, and engaging man, and those who have studied his record as governor of Georgia say that he was efficient, honest, and at times innovative. But he seems also to have a rather innovative

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imagination. "I grow peanuts in Georgia," he tells rural audiences; in fact, he has become wealthy in the warehousing business and as a trader in the commodities market. "I'm the first child in my daddy's family who ever had a chance. . . . I made it to the U.S. Naval Academy and became a nuclear physicist under Admiral Rickover." In fact, his training was not in physics but in engineering, and he holds no advanced degree. "I was never a liberal," he has told Georgia audiences. "I am and always have been a conservative." Now he says, "I've always been a liberal on civil rights and social needs." But when running for governor in 1970 he said that he was "proud to have Lester Maddox as my running mate." According to Steven Brill, in an article in *Harper's*, he referred to Maddox, the most unabashedly racist politician in recent years, as "the essence of the Democratic Party." There are only a few issues on which his views are clear. He favors strict enforcement of anti-trust legislation, the enactment of gun-control laws, and many welfare programs. On foreign policy, he has said that "détente has been pushed too far," though how much too far he has not explained. In 1971, he said he was against the war in Vietnam, but in 1972 he sponsored a resolution at the Democratic Governors' Caucus against making the war a political issue and later explained that he felt that the participants "should have appreciated and supported Nixon's efforts." Although he favors amnesty for Vietnam draft evaders, he has said that he feels that "the right thing to do is to go and fight, even if you think a war is immoral." If he survives Florida, his views and record will be subject to more detailed scrutiny, and he may be able to resolve the seeming contradictions, but as of now he appears to be a bundle of them.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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[*From "The Straw Man," by Doris Miles Disney*]

Albert Hussman, who was in his late seventies, was waiting on a customer at the greeting-card counter. Albert Hussman, who was in his late fifties, was leaning on the opposite counter looking dreamily into space.

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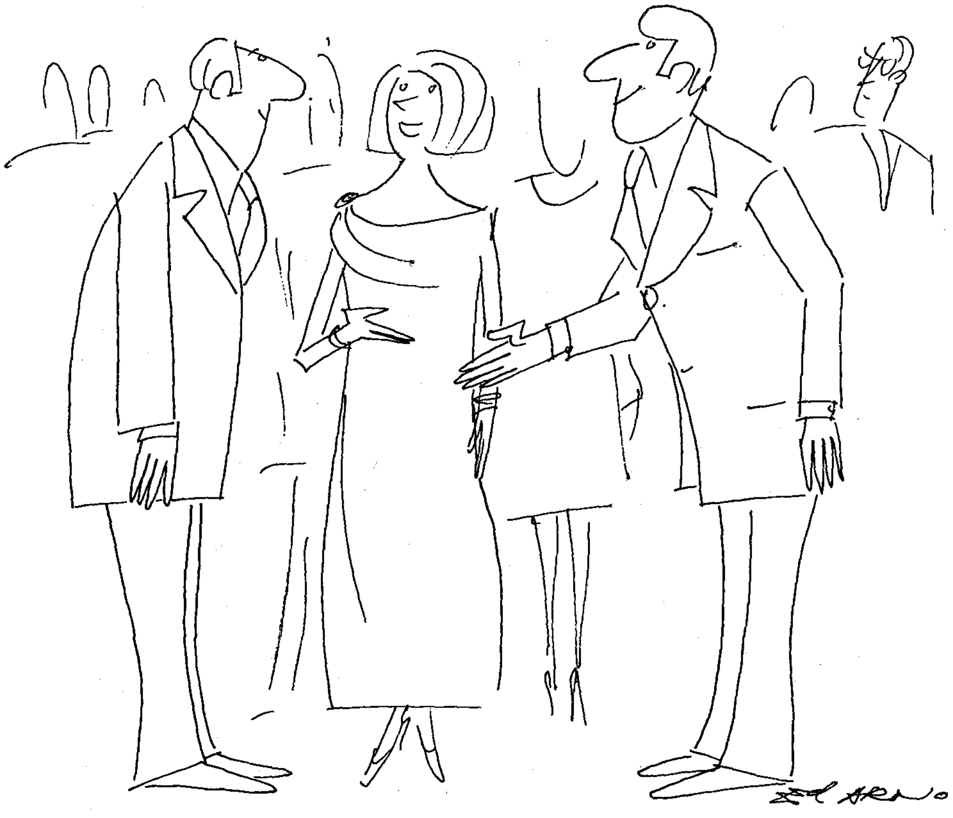
MUSICAL EVENTS

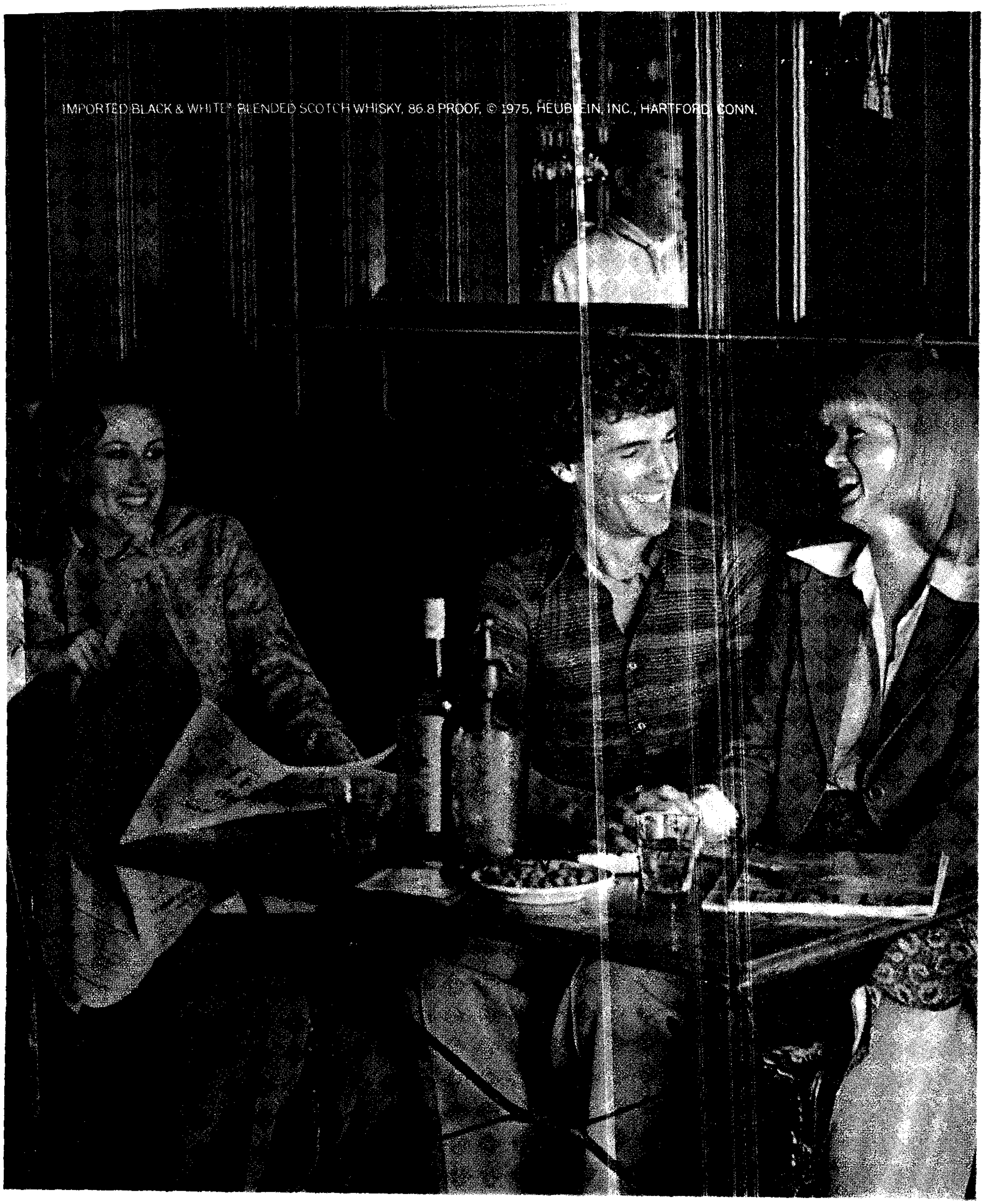
Reflections

WHEN an important composer who for years has worked only with the "abstract" imagery of instrumental music returns to words, the result is likely to be arresting. And when that composer is Elliott Carter and the words he sets are by Elizabeth Bishop, two masters of rhythm and of imagery meet. Carter's latest composition, "A Mirror on Which to Dwell," is a setting of six poems by Miss Bishop, for soprano and an instrumental ensemble of nine players. The first performance was given on Tuesday of last week, in Hunter College Playhouse, by the Speculum Musicae, who commissioned the piece, and Susan Davenny Wyner. Carter has alternated poems of observation and description and poems founded on the affections. That Wordsworthian distinction does not mean that Miss Bishop's descriptive poems are not emotional or that her poems of troubled passion are not illumined by images of things seen; but there is a difference between "Anaphora," "Sandpiper," and "View of The Capitol from The Library of Congress," the first, third, and fifth of the poems Carter has chosen, and "Argument," "Insomnia," and "O Breath," the other three, and his music reflects the difference. Music has many abilities, and among those it may employ when brought to bear upon a poem are the heightening of emotion, the intensification of the poet's prime or incidental imagery, and the sustaining of simultaneous images in a way that mere words cannot so readily achieve. Someone who speaks, say, the line "I see the mountain peaks before me" can do so in accents of dread or of exultation, but he can hardly convey by his inflection of those words that he is at the same time thinking of a fair maiden he left behind in the valley below, several strophes back. Such communication is a musical commonplace. More: a singer with instrumental accompaniment can by his utterance of that single line let his listeners know that he not only sees the mountain peaks before him but anticipates meeting there a fearsome dragon who guards a magic ring that the singer plans to secure for the fair one left behind in the valley below. A melodic phrase, a harmony, a rhythm, an instrumental color—any and all of these can express "fearsome dragon," "magic ring," and "fair maiden." The composer who adds music to words has an invisible chorus to echo, amplify, elaborate on, perhaps even contradict the plain sense of the text. His resources are almost limitless. The singer can fall silent while the music makes explicit the course of an interior monologue. In a calm melody, he can protest that calm has reëntered his soul—while a nagging accompaniment figure proclaims that he lies. That happens in Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride." In the last scene of Bellini's "I Puritani," a simple, beautiful musical reminiscence tells us—though the words do not—that Elvira is recalling the dawn of what should have been her wedding day. By unstable harmonies, Mozart can throw into question an apparently serene moment of reconciliation. Musical allusiveness—not just the plain labelling of objects or emotions but the complex play of thought upon thought, of one idea passing into another—was brought to its highest pitch of development by Wagner. The procedures involved were implicit from the moment man began to sing to accompaniment, and their application is not only operatic. All song composers use them.



"I'd like you to meet Francis F. Shepard. Mr. Shepard has just been cleared by the Food and Drug Administration."

"Sandpiper" is the most picturesque of the songs in Carter's "A Mirror on Which to Dwell." When I first read the poem, I assumed that the bird had been watched on the seamarge of Jamaica Bay, running through the ripples of the retiring waves, undisturbed by the monstrous mechanical birds roaring in and out of Kennedy Airport ("The roaring alongside he takes for granted,/and that every so often the world is bound to shake"). But perhaps simply the Atlantic breakers are meant. In any event, Carter lets the lines pass, so to speak, and builds the song on the double imagery of the quick, finical bird, intent on the observation of what lies between his toes, and the motion of the huge slow sea. (Beneath the poem there seems to lurk Blake's line "To see a World in a Grain of Sand;" the words "Blake," "sand," "world," and "grains" rise up through Miss Bishop's lines to be assembled, almost subconsciously, in the listener's mind.) The surface imagery of the song is a rapid, delicate piping on the oboe, at once onomatopoeic and evocative of the bird's movements. Double bass, cello, and chords low on the piano evoke the long flat beach and the long slow swell of the water, a sheet unbroken except where it hisses on the sand. Carter's favorite care for investigating the results of two kinds of musical gait, simultaneous but not synchronous, illumines the poem. The prowess of the Speculum oboist, Steve



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Taylor, enabled the composer to use most effectively the very high notes, the color changes in the course of repeated-note calls produced by alternative fingerings, and the mysterious chords that have recently been added to the repertory of sounds achievable on the instrument. "View of The Capitol from The Library of Congress" describes a scene that I, a tree-lover, had contemplated with pleasure before ever reading the poem, and adds to it a fancy that will enliven the sight for me next time I visit Washington: that, when the Air Force Band plays hard and loud on the east steps but "the music doesn't quite come through," it's because "the trees must intervene,/catching the music in their leaves/like gold-dust, till each big leaf sags." The fancy lends itself to musical depiction: *maestoso*, the scene is set; *quasi da lontano*, piccolo, oboe, high clarinet, side drum, and big bass drum strike up, and snatches of their music, but snatches only, "come through." "Anaphora" opens the composition with a blaze of energy. I'm not sure where Miss Bishop lived at the time, that each day should begin "with birds, with bells,/with whistles from a factory," but it seems to be a New York morning light she describes, white-gold, energetic. The paean turns to lament; the declamation grows heavy; time is stretched; and Carter's music stresses the repetitions—"instantly, instantly falls . . . mortal/mortal fatigue . . . endless/endless assent"—that give the poem its title.

I include "Insomnia" among the love poems because its last words suddenly color the conceits of a looking-glass world where all is reversed, left is right, shadows are body—a world where (the final phrase, breaking the established rhyme scheme, catches one by surprise) "you love me." But the poem begins with an image, "The moon in the bureau mirror," and this has prompted Carter to a high, sustained, quiet-shining music for piccolo and violin, disturbed by a restless flickering from marimba and viola. To these two kinds of motion the voice, in rhythms determined by the verse, adds a third; for much of the time the soprano voice is the bass line of the ensemble. The composer sustains his initial imagery throughout the song; I am not quite sure whether his ending fully reflects what happens in the poem, when the carefully controlled Audenesque metre ("So wrap up care in a cobweb/and drop it down the well") collapses, and emotion is no longer to be ordered by poetic disci-

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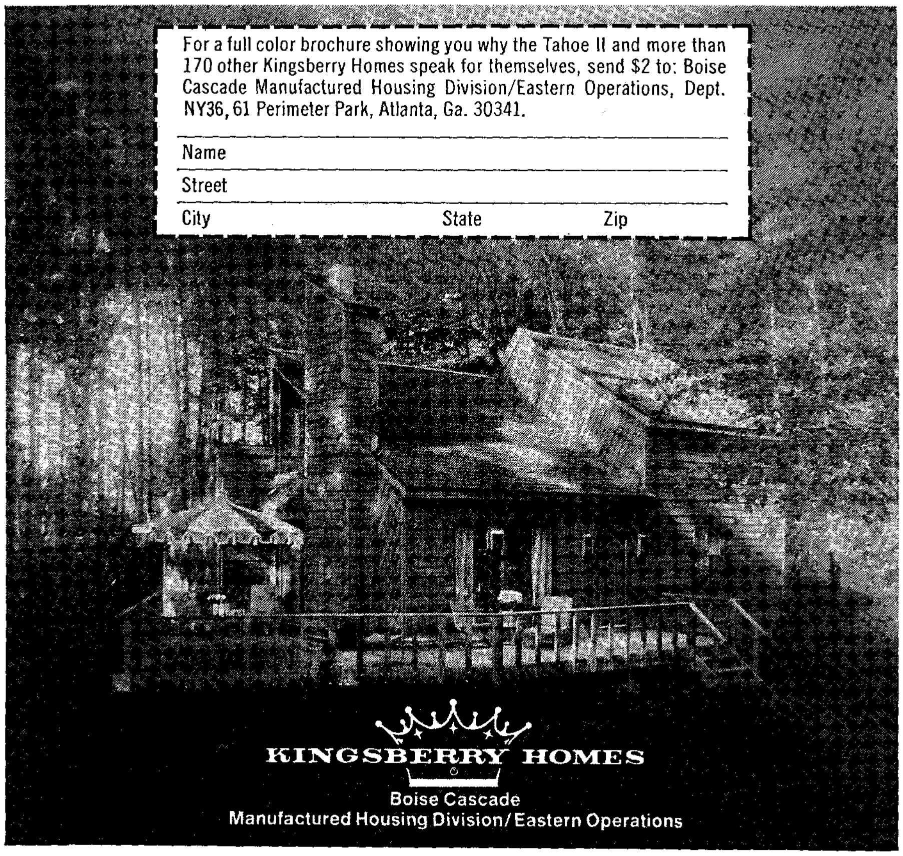

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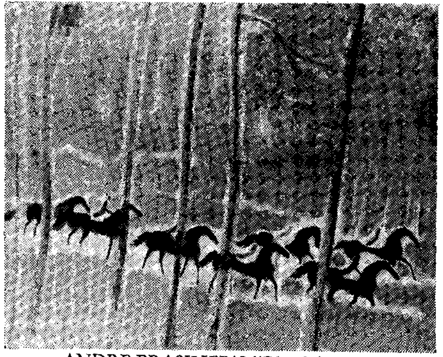

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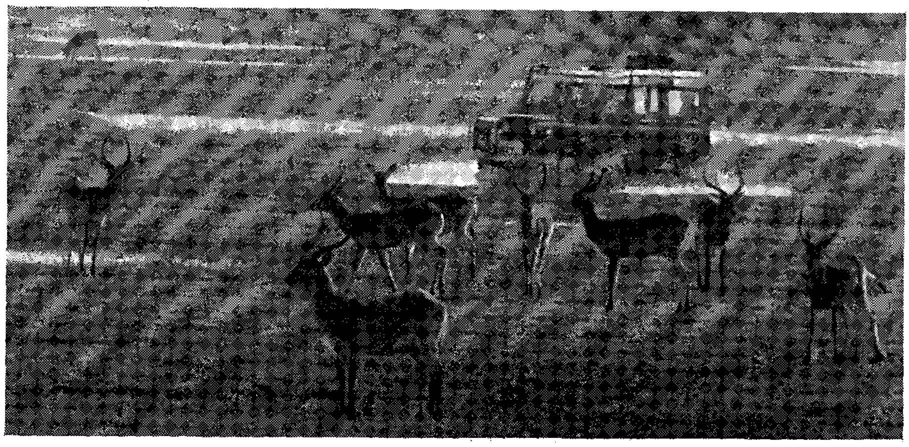

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pline. The two kinds of movement in "Argument" are a rhythmic interchange between piano and bongos, and occasional sustained notes from the voice or sustained chords from the instruments which seem to pick up the phrases "all that land/beneath the plane" and "dim beaches deep in sand/stretching indistinguishably." The verse moves in lines long and short, rapid and then suddenly arrested; so does the music. The words "Days" and "Distance" punctuate the poem, and the music emphasizes the repetitions by setting them always to the same notes. "O Breath," the final song, is marked *tranquillo;* the instrumental music is tranquil while the vocal line moves in soft rapid steps and breaks into roulades of quiet rapture. The effect is as of intense, troubled contemplation, with observant eyes and a quivering heart, of a sleeping and beloved form.

Only the first and fifth songs use the full ensemble: flute (also piccolo and alto flute), oboe (also English horn), clarinet (B-flat, E-flat, and bass instruments), percussion (vibraphone, marimba, side drum, bass drum, bongos, suspended cymbal, triangle), piano, violin, viola, cello, and double bass. "Argument" is for bongos and piano, flute and clarinet, and the lower strings. "Sandpiper" is for oboe, piano, and strings. "Insomnia" is for piccolo, marimba, and the upper strings. "O Breath" uses the three low wind instruments, the strings, and soft, shuddering rolls on cymbals and bass drum. The vocal line spans two octaves, from the B below the staff to the B above; it is rhythmically intricate but "grateful" to sing—or at any rate Miss Davenny Wyner made it sound so, in a performance at once intelligent, expressive, and beautiful. The playing of the Speculum Musicae, conducted by Richard Fitz, was superb. The problems of balancing voice and a large "solo" ensemble are formidable, but in the hall they were solved. (Not so by the WNYC engineers, to judge by a tape recording made from the broadcast of the performance.) The program book, twenty-four pages long, contained no program notes, but, rightly, a text sheet for the poems was provided and the lights were left up. The work lasts about twenty minutes, and I am eager to hear it again. —ANDREW PORTER

●

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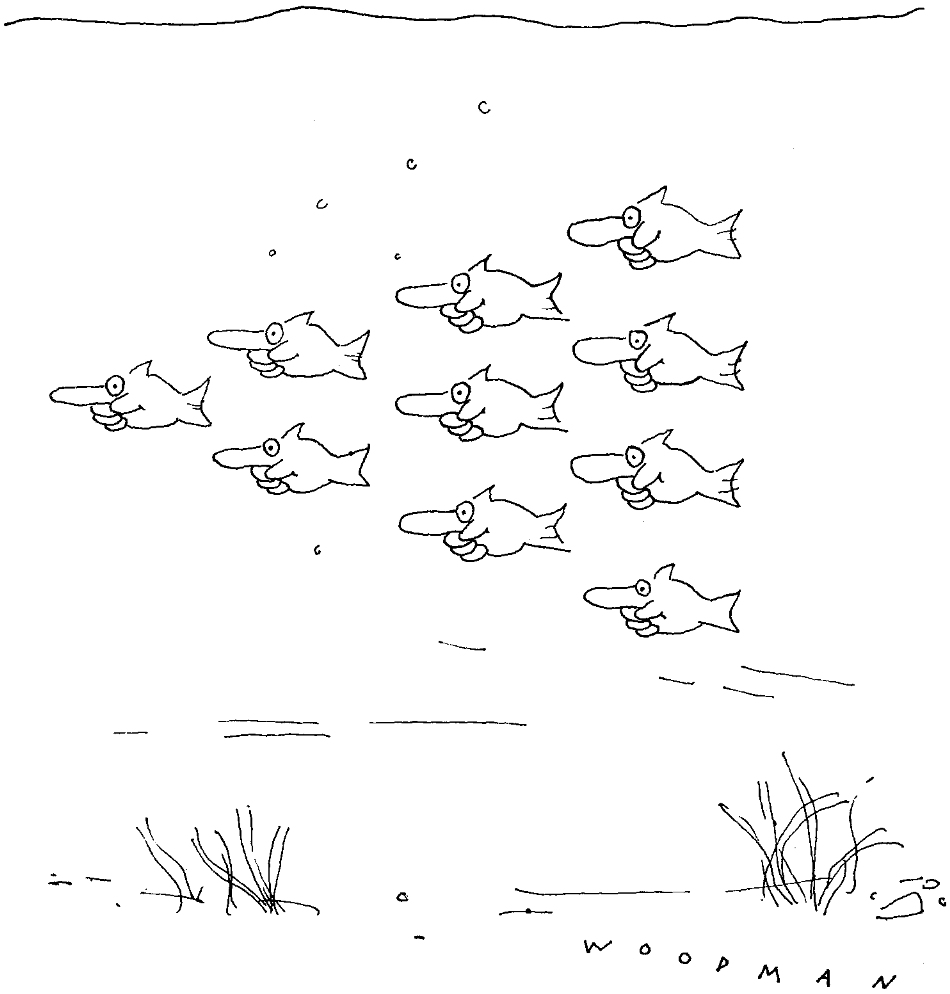
BOOKS

The Quintessential Puzzle

"The Existential Pleasures of Engineering," by Samuel C. Florman (St. Martin's), is an engaging short book that is accessible, and frequently enchanting, to the nonspecialist reader. Mr. Florman, an engineer, has a gift for prose and is, besides, a kindly, clear thinker. His subject—finding appropriate uses for technology, and reappraising the engineer's role in society—is important. Florman argues that it is, in fact, more important than many of us realize, for technology, like art, works on a "commission" from society, sometimes explicit, sometimes not. Decisions to build or to invent are not imperative in technology but arise from a variety of human impulses. Insofar as it is possible, Florman would like broad technological issues in our country, at least, to be stated explicitly and decided by the voters. He prefers democratic control of technological policy for two main reasons. First, engineers, even when they agree on a technical matter, often are not heeded; Florman mentions as an example the ineffectual efforts of engineering societies during the nineteen-fifties to interest the federal government in programs to combat air and water pollution. And, second—Florman repeatedly stresses the point—many decisions that concern technology are primarily political. They involve value judgments: the stringent conservation of resources, say, versus Third World agricultural development. Some instances of technology gone sour—the Aswan Dam, the Concorde—are the result of national leaders' quests for international prestige; a powerful guild, a priesthood, of engineers might have decided against such projects, but Florman emphatically rejects any commanding role for his profession.

Nonetheless, as Florman notes in his book's first section, during what he calls the Golden Age of Engineering—1850 to 1950—many advanced thinkers wanted engineers to accept exactly this kind of responsibility. The era placed extravagant hopes in technological advance, and had even more extravagant expectations of the spread of the engineer's way of thinking. These dreams of progress envisioned the practical application of scientific laws to social problems, solving each one as elegantly and definitively as Roebling solved the technical problems of the Brooklyn Bridge. (In "The Engineers and the Price System," Thorstein Veblen, though himself an economist, imagined economists as no more than advisers to reigning engineers.) Florman chooses 1950—the year the Administration decided to build a hydrogen bomb—as the beginning of the end of this country's romance with technology. Since then, an increasing number of thinkers have expressed not only contempt for engineers as individuals but hatred and fear of technology itself. The new mood is a mirror image of the old: instead of machine-worship, machine-loathing; instead of joy at man's conquest of nature, regret that technology separates man from nature; instead of hopes for an ever more glorious future, laments for the glorious past—for neolithic and peasant cultures or for the Middle Ages. Florman, who finds this approach as unrealistic as the earlier one, devotes the second section of his book to arguing with the thinkers whose works, he believes, have been the most influential in expressing this new disgust with technology. They are Jacques Ellul ("The Technological Society"), Lewis Mumford ("The Myth of the Machine"), René Dubos ("So Human an Animal"), Charles Reich ("The Greening of America"), and Theodore Roszak ("Where the Wasteland Ends"). Florman is patient, courteous, and respectful in argument—far more so than debaters usually are nowadays—and probably too modest about what the Golden Age achieved.

To revert for a moment to Florman's concept of society's commissions, Lynn White's by now classic study "Medieval Technology and Social Change" offers an example from an earlier period. White mentions that continuous rotary motion feels unnatural to human beings, whose bodies seem to prefer reciprocal motion. To this fact he attributes the relatively late introduction of cranks and cranking motion. He thinks that "the earliest certain example of crank motion" appeared in China in A.D. 31, but remarks that there the crank "remained dormant for at least nineteen centuries." Medieval Europeans, however, used cranks to build machinery. Europe's search for continuous rotary motion may have arisen in part from the



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idea of a perpetual-motion machine, which originated in Hindu philosophy and reached the West in the thirteenth century. White writes, "The significant things about the idea of perpetual motion in late Medieval Europe, in contrast to India and Islam, are the indications of the intense and widespread interest in it, the attempt to diversify its motors, and the effort to make it do something useful." Though White does not employ the word, he seems to be saying throughout his last chapter that medieval Europe, without explicit discussion, commissioned technology to apply new forms of mechanical power, as medieval Asia did not. Now Florman mentions as one of the dreams of the Golden Age the hope that engineers, by freeing the mass of men from drudgery, would bring them into the mainstream of culture and spread democracy; in short, nineteenth-century Western technology was given the commission of creating a more egalitarian society. To an immense extent, it helped do so. Between 1850 and 1950, there was a great levelling up, a social lift as stunning as the Himalayas. In "England Your England," written in 1941, George Orwell celebrates this phenomenon: "The modern council house, with its bathroom and electric light, is smaller than the stockbroker's villa, but it is recognisably the same kind of house, which the farm labourer's cottage is not."

No one can pretend that this great levelling up has not been accompanied by some levelling down. This is indisputable in the material world—the floating palaces with elaborate first-class suites no longer ply the Atlantic; the number of fully staffed stately homes rapidly dwindles. In nonmaterial terms, it is much harder to assess the loss. Many people feel that education is not what it was, but when we consider the accomplishments of college graduates today and in the nineteenth century, we have to admit that heavy doses of Latin and Greek did not invariably broaden the mental horizons of the gentry. And there is reason to think that anti-technologists sometimes overpersuade themselves of the achievements of the past in other fields. The scholarly biographer Philipp Spitta, in discussing exactly how god-awful were the singers with whom Bach had to work at Leipzig, refers to a later period and quotes the opening of a textbook on singing from 1774: "Every one sings, and the greater number sing badly."

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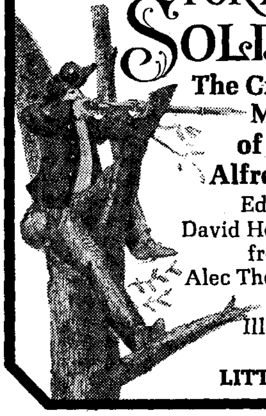

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anti-technology sounds like a quarrel with man rather than with the machine. Florman draws attention to the anti-technologists' habitual scoffing at popular modern diversions, such as bowling or watching television, and questions whether these are "inferior to entertainment of earlier days, such as bear baiting, cockfighting, and public executions." Or, one might add, getting drunk. He quotes an anti-technologist who complains about tourists—several of these authors despise them—and who finds Delphi now unvisitable, its "religious atmosphere" destroyed by tourist buses and automobiles. Yet when Delphi was the shrine of a living religion its atmosphere must have been foul. Templegoers brought gifts; delegates came to the political league that met there, and so did athletes and spectators for the Pythian games. The noise and stench created by the pack and cart animals—never mind the people—must have been formidable. Working shrines are messy and vulgar, for the gift of faith is not restricted to the decorous and well-bred. Surely there ought to be room for different styles of spirituality—silent solitude for some, ecstatic group activities for others—and for equally various kinds of diversions.

The problem today, of course, is that of many people with infinite wants up against finite matter. Florman fears that the anti-technologists' call for a unified, idealistic philosophy to guide and improve human nature could lead to totalitarianism, and he thinks that the advice given by some of them—to withdraw from modern society—may mean the loss of helping heads and hands in the difficult years ahead. (Though he disagrees with these writers, he values their minds enough to want them on his side.) Unlike Florman, I think this country could stand more philosophical agreement, especially if we are driven by the facts of nature, by shortages and scarcities, to something like social rationing—a public effort to discriminate in favor of needs over wants, and necessities over luxuries. Yet agreement will not be achieved by sneering or scoffing, especially at what no one can know—the quality of someone else's pleasure in landscape—and contempt is politically perilous. It creates resentments that are often bitterer than those created by physical exploitation.

Florman acknowledges that there is a mess. He does not think that it was caused by technology alone, or that technology alone can clear it up. One of his proposals for making future engineers

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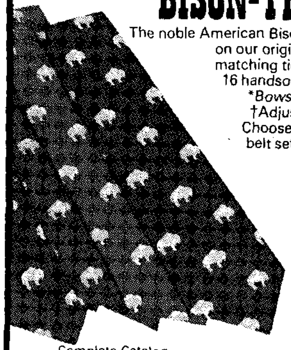

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more useful is to give engineering students sound humanities courses, so that they will be less naïve. He wants them to read Stendhal and Balzac, "where greed and ambition seethe on every page," to prepare them to hold their own with "politicians and entrepreneurs who are subtle and devious." (This is an instance of Florman's wide-ranging freshness; he finds space to remind us how much fine literature deals with base behavior.) The pleasures of engineering, as Florman describes them, are akin to pleasures that the rest of us know. He mentions his delight in the monumental, and he quotes writers as unalike as Rousseau and Ada Louise Huxtable who recognize this feeling. Their joy is not one I share; for me the human grandiose only emphasizes human smallness against the natural scale. Daring size is a competition human beings always lose, and my image of the grand or awesome is of something, like lightning, that we cannot switch on and off. Yet the engineer's pleasure in executing a plan, in bringing it to reality, may be rather like the pleasure I find in successfully cooking a complex recipe; as a puzzle fan, I understand Florman's description of the engineer's enjoyment in solving problems. Florman's general argument, though, is that the fundamental problems of human existence are not solvable; Sisyphus is his emblem. Distinguishing between problems that can be solved and problems that cannot is, I suppose, the quintessential puzzle, and on that sticky matter I am sure Florman is right: we need all the brains we can get.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL, by Ira Levin (Random House). Another made-for-the-movies terrorburger from the author of "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Stepford Wives." The villains here are a secret "Comrades Organization" of ex-Nazis, who live in Brazil and hope to establish a Fourth Reich with the guidance of the arch-villain, the chief doctor at Auschwitz. The hero is a famous aging Austrian Nazi-uncoverer named Yakov Liebermann, and the question to answer is: Why is the Organization so keen on killing ninety-four seemingly unconnected minor bureaucrats of diverse nationalities, each of whom is around sixty-five and has a young wife and an adolescent son? The writing is smooth and suspense-inducing, the

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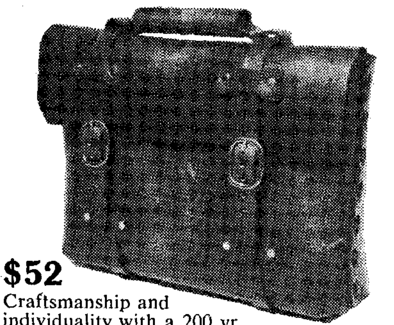

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characters are wafer-thin but plausible, and Mr. Levin once again proves himself to be an author who can tell a fairly farfetched, silly story with surprising grace. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS WORLD, by Kingsley Amis (Scribners). Kipling (1865-1936) fell out of literary fashion around the turn of the nineteenth century (although he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1907), and he is still the despair of the academic critic. He hangs in a kind of limbo: too popular, too imperialist, too military, too racist to accept, and much too good a writer (at his best) to reject totally. Edmund Wilson, T. S. Eliot, George Orwell, W. H. Auden, and J. I. M. Stewart, among others, have made halfhearted attempts to recover something of his reputation. Mr. Amis takes much the same position in this short and (in the best sense) entertaining study. He makes some strong statements: "It is hard to find anything by Kipling that is without its successful moments;" "He is clearly our best writer of short stories;" "Danny Deever" is "the most harrowing poem in our language." But he also finds it necessary to discard much of Kipling's enormous output (including the famous "Jungle Books"), and he touches sharply on his weak narrative power ("What happens in a Kipling story is hard to remember afterwards—the telling is what counts") and on his gift for deplorable titles: "Wee Willie Winkie," "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." As for Kipling the man, he remains, in spite of Mr. Amis's most diligent efforts, as strange, as withdrawn, and as mysterious as ever. Many fine illustrations.

BEGINNINGS: INTENTION AND METHOD, by Edward W. Said (Basic Books). A long, erudite essay on literary beginnings. Readers who have never stopped to think about the different points at which a work might be said to begin (at the first word? at the author's idea? at the forming of a literary mode? at the beginning of a historical period?) will be surprised, stimulated, instructed, impressed, baffled, and occasionally, no doubt, bored as Mr. Said, a professor of English and comparative literature at Columbia, examines beginnings in general, in

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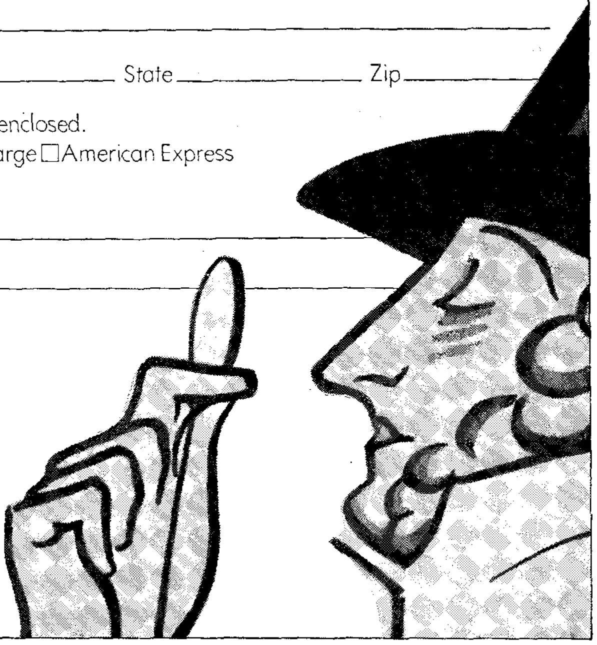

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English novels, in the writing of a text, in modern French criticism, and in the eighteenth-century philosopher Giambattista Vico. Like many serious thinkers (and like writers of books for the young), Mr. Said is not afraid of clunkingly obvious lines—"In order to be original and recognized as such, a life must be different and novel." His book is in itself a beginning, for it displays a young scholar's mastery of several fields and his suggestions for further criticism. Criticism, however, seems to be all he intends to produce, and he speaks bluntly of "a thoroughly pernicious and unexamined distinction between the primacy of 'creative' writing and secondary writing." His book will please those who wish to break down that distinction; it will not satisfy readers who prize spoken idiom and who look to literature for a heightened replica of life.

FRANK SULLIVAN

Frank Sullivan was eighty-three when he died, a couple of weeks ago, in his home town of Saratoga Springs. He wrote his first piece for this magazine in January, 1926, and the last—the forty-second of his annual Christmas poems—in December, 1974, but most of his work for us was done in the nineteen-thirties and forties. He had been a reporter and feature writer for the old New York *World*, and although at one time he was almost a cosmopolite, he was always an uneasy one, and when he hit middle age he cheerfully moved back to Saratoga Springs, where he lived in a small white clapboard house just two blocks away from the race track. He didn't get around much, and in recent years there were probably not more than a half-dozen old hands in this office who would have recognized him and greeted him if he'd turned up here. In many ways, he seemed to belong to another era. When the news came that he'd gone, we got down his thick, worn clip book and began reading him again, starting with the early stuff, and right off we came on a reference to Lord Dunsany and then the parenthesis "(short for 'Dunsanything to the wife about where you seen me last night')," and our elegiac mood vanished, destroyed by laughter. It was that way all through the book, because the main thing about Frank Sullivan, of course, is that he was terrifically funny. His pieces were short and bright and apparently offhand. They looked easy, and maybe only writers really understood how special they were, and how hard to do. Those who did understand tended to become Sullivan curators, and when they were in good company they would bring up favorites and treasures—some of the "Perverse News Items," perhaps, or one of the Mr. Arbuthnot pieces, or "A Garland of Ibids for Van Wyck Brooks" (in which the author ends up shouting at his own footnotes), or maybe only a throwaway acknowledgment at the beginning of one of the Sullivan collections: "To the Acme Comma Company of Bayonne, N.J., for the commas used in this book." Mr. Arbuthnot (the cliché expert) and the Christmas verses became institutions, honored by innumerable slovenly imitations. The inaugural "Greetings, Friends!" came in December, 1932, and the very first greetees were Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sayre. The concluding couplet of that year's poem defined the entire form and tone of the durable series to come:

I greet you all, *mes petits choux*,
I greet the whole goddam *Who's Who*.

Because gentleness and brevity and small-town life are out of fashion now, it is probably necessary to add that Frank Sullivan was never unaware of his times—these times. He dealt with them in his own way. We remember him once lightly making reference to private gloom—"when the black dog gets in bed with you," he called it. He never married, and lived his last years alone, but he kept in touch by writing letters—marvellous letters to hundreds of friends. Every year in August, during the Saratoga race meeting, some of the friends made it a habit to go upstate to visit the beautiful old track and watch the horses and to call on Frank. It was the custom to drop in on him, at 135 Lincoln Avenue, in the evening and have a drink out on the front porch; sometimes Frank would be wearing an old bathrobe, and the chairs in a circle around him were often reoccupied three or four times in an evening as visitors came and went. We like to remember saying good night to him there, as we did so often, and walking away under the heavy summer trees, with the soft sounds of talk and laughter following us through the night air.

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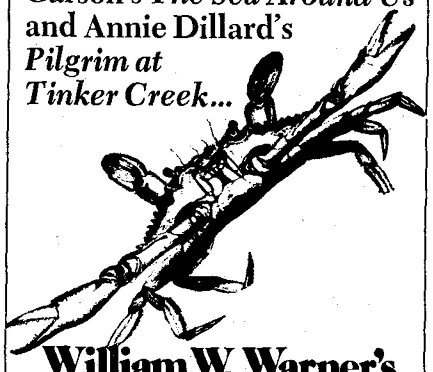

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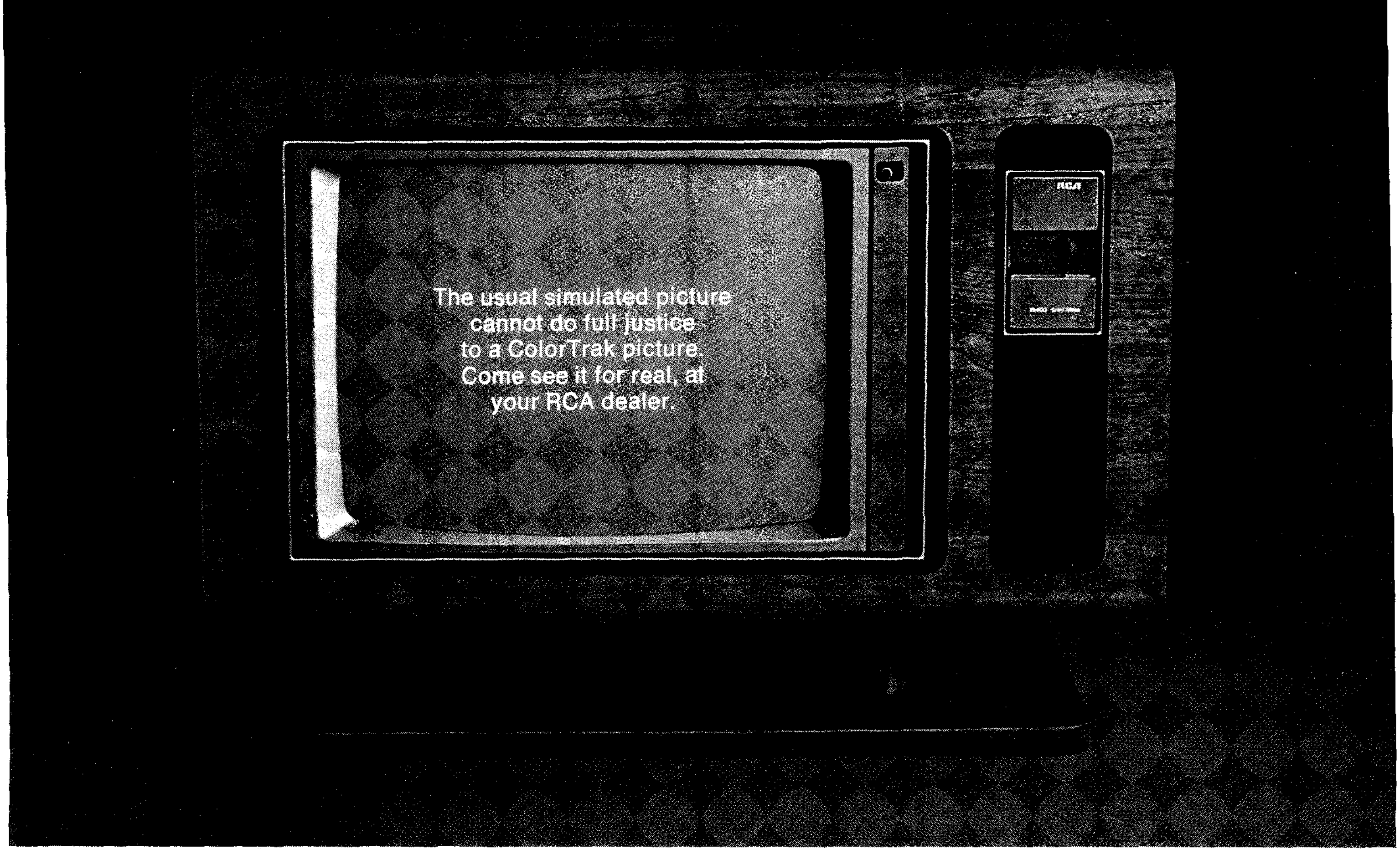
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